

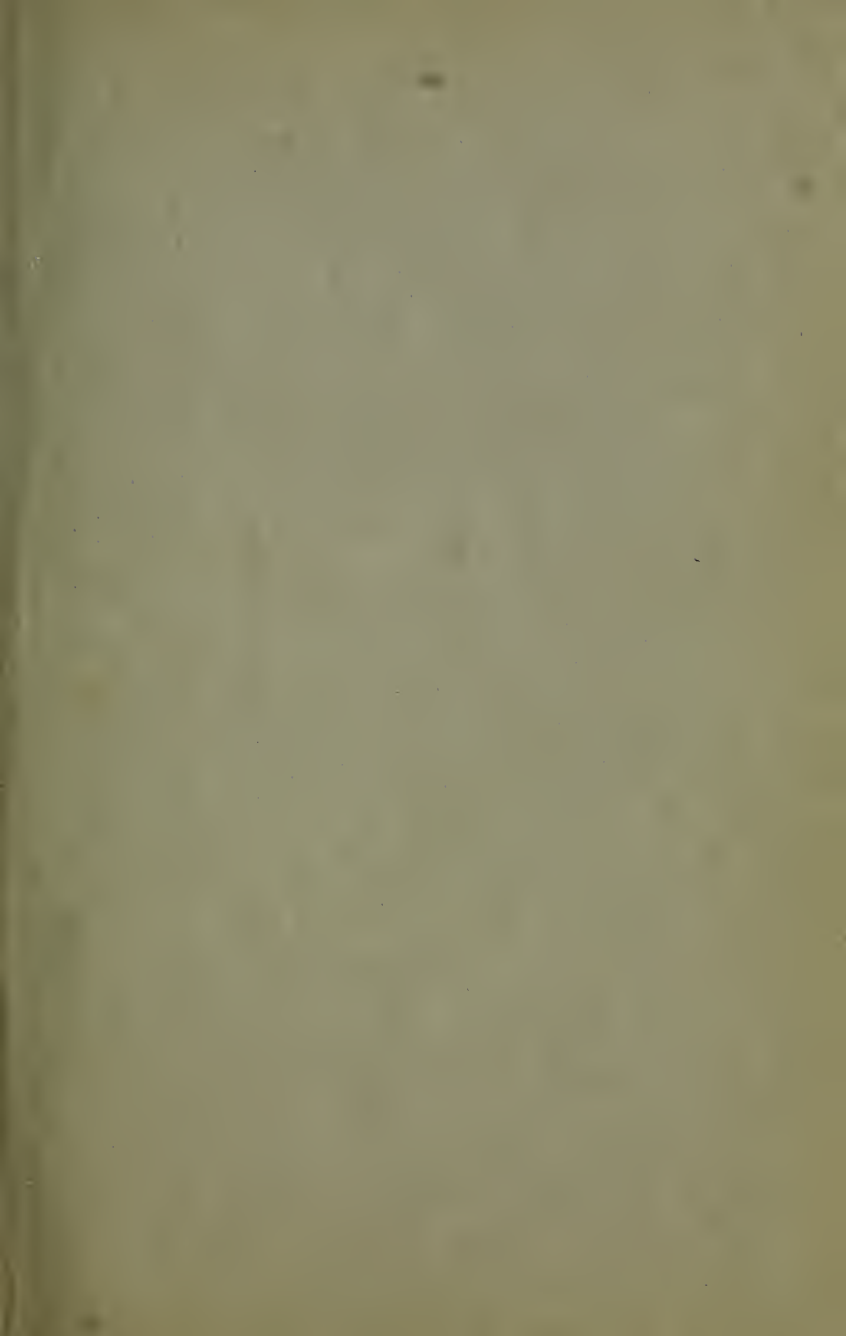


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# AROUND THE WORLD.

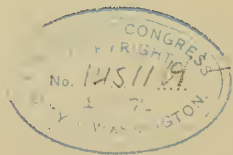
BY  
THE REV. E. R. HENDRIX, A.M.

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WITH  
AN INTRODUCTION BY THE REV. BISHOP MARVIN.

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recd. by Apr. 20/28

TO MY LITTLE DAUGHTERS,  
**EVANGELINE AND MARY,**  
WHOSE CHEERFUL PRESENCE  
WAS A SOURCE OF PERPETUAL JOY TO THEIR MOTHER DURING  
MY ABSENCE, AND WHOSE PRAYERS FOR MY  
SAFE RETURN FOLLOWED ME  
AROUND THE GLOBE,  
**THIS VOLUME,**  
DESIGNED PARTICULARLY FOR THE YOUNG OF  
THE CHURCH,  
IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED.





## PREFACE.

---

“REMEMBER that those who go owe a debt to those who stay.” Such were the parting words of an esteemed friend just as I was on the eve of starting on this long tour. That debt I tried to pay during my absence in a series of letters in the *St. Louis Christian Advocate*. The frequent desire expressed for their publication in book form has led to their careful revision for the present volume. I am gratified at the large number of fellow-tourists who accompanied Bishop Marvin and myself, at least in spirit, around the world. It will be a peculiar joy if this volume shall find a place in every Sabbath-school library of the Church, so that the youth may take the same journey.

If the volume shall result in a wide-spread and intelligent interest in Missions, and in a deeper sympathy with the great plan and purpose of the evangelization of the world, the writer will be well repaid for the many hours which, amid the exactions of sight-seeing, he was able to devote to these notes of travel. While a rewriting would have improved the volume in many respects, I have pre-

ferred generally to retain those forms of expressions originally used, which at least have the freshness of first impressions. At the same time, wherever my views changed I have said so.

E. R. HENDRIX.

Glasgow, Missouri, Oct. 18, 1877.

## INTRODUCTION.

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SOME years ago I thought there were too many books of travel, and that in the future no traveler ought to turn author unless he had visited out-of-the-way places concerning which the public had no means of information. But on this subject, as on many others, my opinions are changed. I now think it well for every man who has been abroad, and can command the public ear, to add what he may be able to the general stock of information. We ought to know all we can about the world we inhabit, and those who cannot see remote regions must get what they can from such as have seen for themselves. Every intelligent traveler sees and notes some things overlooked by others, and if he is a man of independent views he will see things in a light peculiar to his own mental aptitudes.

“No man liveth to himself.” He who enjoys the rare opportunity of seeing remote regions and strange peoples, ought by all means to open his hoard of new and singular facts to his countrymen. Let him impart all he can. Without diminishing his own store he greatly enriches others.

Besides this, the world is not at a stand-still. Even the stagnant East moves. The torpor of ages begins to yield to the forces of modern thought and enterprise. Europe is projecting herself into the Orient, and the presence of European ideas and enterprises creates fermentation and change. A consequence of this is that the book written about China, or India, or Egypt, or Syria, to-day, will not suffice for to-morrow. What was written five years ago makes it the more necessary that somewhat should be added now. There is, therefore, place and occasion for this book.

Beyond all this, there is special place and occasion for it. The circumstances of this journey around the world were peculiar. The author was not a mere tourist, but a tourist with an object. Besides the general purpose of seeing the world, he had the immediate purpose of seeing it in its relation to the kingdom of Christ, and of studying the agencies that look to the universal diffusion of the gospel. It is in the last degree desirable that the Church should be well informed on this point. This book will be found to be a valuable contribution to the general stock of knowledge on this subject. Coming as it does from a minister of our own Church, it will be read, no doubt, by thousands who would not be likely to get the information it contains from any other source.

Mr. Hendrix is a first-rate traveler, thorough-going, painstaking, energetic, readily adjusting himself to new situations, and with a quick eye for new and striking facts, as well as that hearty interest in

all human affairs which keeps him fully awake to all important events and puts his powers of observation at their best. Not many things escaped his eye. He was also, as I know, cautious and prudent in reaching conclusions. No doubt a residence of six months where he spent only a week or two would modify some of his views, but the reader may be assured that his statements are correct as to the simple facts of the narrative, and his opinions more generally so than those of the average traveler who passes as rapidly through the regions visited. It is true that in a few particulars my own conclusions differed from his, but the instances of difference were by no means numerous. Indeed, I believe that with regard to the missionary outlook we saw alike. I do not remember that there was any important matter of difference in our views in that field of observation, and I desire to commend the outgivings of this volume with respect to missionary interests to the special and prayerful regard of the Church.

*Our opportunity*, as a Church, is in China. The finger of God points us to that field. The part of the empire we occupy is not occupied by any other body of Methodists. We have room enough to call out all our energies and resources for a century. Victory already begins to dawn upon our labors. If there is the spirit of conquest in us at home we shall win a bright crown there.

When all the men and women of the Church, and all the children, shall make it a point of conscience to lay aside a piece of money every year for China; when in the morning and in the evening at every

domestic altar prayer shall be made for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon the Church at Shanghai, at Soochow, at Karding, at Naziang; when in every prayer-meeting the spirit of prayer shall come upon the Church for the salvation of China—in short, when the agony of conquest shall be felt everywhere—then will converts by hundreds and thousands crowd about their devoted pastors in that great field.

E. M. MARVIN.

St. Louis, Oct. 10, 1877.

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# AROUND THE WORLD.

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## LETTER I.

### ON THE UNION PACIFIC.

IS there greater pleasure in anticipation or in realization? This question is still nebulous in our mind, at least so far as relates to foreign travel. Delightful as have been the anticipations of a tour of the world, even from early boyhood, yet when the time comes to start we feel so loth to leave loved ones behind that we would almost be willing to exchange places with one whose duty it is to stay. There was at least not much pleasure realized in starting from Kansas City at 11 P.M., October 18, 1876, after a damp, chilly day. Several hours' rest in the sleeper on the Kansas City, St. Joseph, and Council Bluffs Railroad left us much refreshed, and brought a bright morning as we neared Omaha. A splendid breakfast at Council Bluffs made all the world look brighter. Blessings on the head of that benefactor of mankind, a good caterer! especially one who breaks the traveler's fast with oyster-patties, lake fish, the choicest of beefsteak, maple-sirup, rolls and coffee. We are satisfied that there are few such promoters of good feeling and preventives of crime among men as well-spread repasts. They at least have the effect, as in the present

case, to make the traveler commend rather than condemn.

We reach Omaha at 8:15 A.M., and have nearly four hours before leaving on the Union Pacific Railroad. It had already been our privilege to visit twenty of the States, and we now add Nebraska to the list, and hasten to see all we can of her metropolis. We are favorably disappointed. The broken plank-walks near the depot, with the temporary structures that line them, soon give place to the brick and stone pavements and the firmer buildings of the city proper. In company with Mr. Charles M. Fox and his mother and sister, of Lexington, Mo., who are to be our companions for several days on the cars, we take a stroll through the city. The most prominent building is the High-school, located on the old capitol site, which was donated to the city on the removal of the capital to Lincoln. It is the most commanding site in the city, and the building is a credit to the State. The total cost was two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The number of pupils, plain and colored, is over seven hundred. We were greatly interested in the scientific department, taught by a lady. There was evidence of thorough work done. Each member of the chemistry class had a separate table for the purpose of a practical handling of the apparatus, and for the combination of the different chemicals to form any given acid or gas. The class in physiology were busy both answering and asking questions, the best evidence of attentive study. After visiting the Custom-house, a fine stone building, costing about three hundred thousand dollars, we returned to the depot, to find the magnificent Union Pacific train rapidly filling with passengers. The first thing is to have your baggage weighed. All over a hundred pounds is charged extra, at the rate of fifteen dollars a hundred to San Francisco.

The amount of baggage is very large, itself filling several cars.

It is like going on board a ship for an ocean voyage—this loading up in Omaha for San Francisco, nearly two thousand miles distant. Many passengers go with lunch-baskets filled for the entire trip. They are thus not dependent on the eating-stations, which, though excellent in themselves, yet if the train should be, as it is to-day, several hours late, are reached at very inconvenient hours. On account of being together for so long a time, most pleasant acquaintances are made during the trip. A party are now entertaining their fellow-passengers with choice music, one playing the guitar and others singing. Another Pullman car in front is provided with a parlor organ. These Pullman palace cars are indispensable to comfort for so long a journey. The Union Pacific Railroad has the use of them for its passengers, being responsible for all damage done by accidents, while the Pullman Palace Car Company collect from every passenger an extra charge at the rate of eight dollars a berth to Ogden. As there are twenty-four berths, the car, if filled, nets its owners at the rate of seventy-five dollars a day, deducting salaries of conductor and porter. The Union Pacific Company think that this is making money too fast, and want some different arrangement, but the contract entered into is for fourteen years, and a fortune will be made out of it. The trains run at the rate of only twenty miles an hour, and the road is so very straight and smooth that one can write with almost as much ease as at home. The ladies, who have a happy faculty of writing anywhere, are busy with pencil and postals, and they have tempted us to make these notes as the train hurries us on. The ride is in pleasing contrast with one we had on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad a few weeks ago,

when, owing to the short corners and the great speed, a number of the passengers were quite seasick, as much so as if they had been on an ocean steamer.

The Union Pacific Railroad studies the comfort of its passengers in the arrangement of its timetable so as to pass over the uninteresting portion of the road at night. The first afternoon the scenery is somewhat varied, and we do not reach the flat country until over thirty miles out. Then the traveler is interested in the immense burnt districts, the prairie fires having extended as far as the eye can reach, only a hay-stack, protected by a furrow, now and then escaping the flames. We infer that the grasshopper is not unknown here, since a rude painting of one about the size of a cat designates a building at Waterloo as the "Grasshopper Saloon." From its desolate look we hope that is only patronized in the time of the plague, and that by the grasshoppers themselves. Darkness comes on as we near Grand Island, the Platte River, like a silver thread in the tall grass, bounding our vision on the left, while the unbroken plain stretches as far as the eye can reach on the right.

The morning of the second day finds us several hours late, from a slight accident to the engine. We are glad that the train runs no faster, as we do not fancy a breakdown where the stations are so far apart, and surgical aid, in the event of serious accident, impossible. We reach *Alkali* at seven o'clock. We are in the desert, and travel nearly all day without seeing a single tree, save for one brief moment some sort of an evergreen on the bluffs in the distance. The only fences we saw were at the stations, and they were made of old ties or of pieces of sod laid on top of each other. A few sod houses also were seen now and then, and one adobe house. This is made of layers of large sun-dried brick.



plastered with mud. "Dug-outs" appear frequently, but are more suitable for vermin than men, and are best filled with the former. Occasionally a herd of cattle are seen grazing in the distance attended by the herdman. A flock of antelope, ten or twelve in number, scamper away to the hills as the train thunders by. Prairie-dog villages are on each side of the track, but only now and then do the cunning little fellows give us a glimpse of their antics before they disappear in their holes. Clumps of cactus add to the desolation, while over the whole plain a high wind is raging, limiting the speed of the train and making overcoats a necessity all day long. We are now near Cheyenne, over six thousand feet above the level of the sea, and steadily climbing toward the summit of the Rocky Mountains. We are reminded of the winter, not by the whistling and bite of the wind simply, but by the snow fences on the north side of the track to protect the cuts from being filled with the driving snow. The monotonous and cheerless landscape without causes the passengers to seek entertainment in each other's society. We are introduced to Mr. Metcalf, wife, and daughter, of Boston, who are to be our fellow-travelers to China, sailing on November 1st. A retired merchant, having seen Europe, he now wants to "do" China, and perhaps India. With his son-in-law living in Shanghai he proposes a trip as far into the interior of China as it is possible or safe to go. Fond of gunning, they propose to see what game abounds on the way.

Our train illustrates the scripture, "From him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath." Having lost over an hour's time, we keep losing more all the while, having to give way to other trains, which, by being on time, have the right of way. Like a man that is down, everybody passes him by. We may miss in consequence



some of the grandest scenery on the way, as, being four hours late, we shall probably reach Ogden several hours after dark on Saturday.

At Cheyenne we are forcibly reminded of the Indians. During the day they have been committing depredations within thirty miles of the town. About two hundred or more succeeded in stealing a number of horses, but without shedding blood. A car of soldiers is here attached to the train, partly to guard it for about four hours, as far as Fort Sanders. A soldier is stationed on the platform at each end of the car, to give the alarm, and we move slowly for fear of obstructions on the track. General O. O. Howard and three Indian commissioners are with us, on the way to Oregon to arbitrate some difficulties between the whites and Indians there. Many are of the opinion that the Indians here are getting ready for a winter campaign.

About 9 P.M. we reach Sherman, the highest point on the road, being eight thousand two hundred and forty-two feet above sea level. Until recently this was the highest point ever crossed by a railroad, but now there are several places higher in South America. Two engines pull us up this steep grade of two thousand two hundred and one feet in thirty-three miles. We are now really over one thousand feet higher than we shall be at the summit of the Rocky Mountains near Creston. Of course the tops of the mountains are higher, but we now speak of the highest point reached by the railroad track. Here, as the train stops, we step out to view the scenery, and we find the ground covered with snow. Snowballs are made and passed into the train for the inspection of such of the ladies as do not dare venture out on the platforms. Specimens are gathered from the rocks, of which quartz is the principal component. We cannot see very far, but the country looks comparatively level, and is covered with its

thin garment of snow. Here in this pure air, and amid perils seen and unseen, a cultured Christian woman, by means of her quiet devotions before retiring, rebukes the pride of such as are ashamed while traveling to have themselves known as followers of Jesus. Reading a chapter in her Bible, it is passed from one to another in the vicinity, and it proves a magnet for every Christian heart. One after another asks for it, and several read a chapter aloud, the promises of our Heavenly Father being very precious amid these scenes of danger. The ladies are kept uninformed of their peril, lest they pass a sleepless night. Soon the hush of quiet sleep falls on the car, and committing ourselves to the care of Him who inspired the ninety-first Psalm, we awake on the morrow to find every word fulfilled.

With the morning of the 21st the snow becomes visible in every direction. We observe it falling for a little while, but it soon ceases, while the plains and mountain tops remain covered all day. The Uintah (pronounced *Wintah*) Mountains appear on our left, lifting their snow-capped summits to the sky. They have been snow-crowned all the year. Glimpses of the distant Wahsatch Mountains greet us as we near Ogden. Occasionally a Chinaman is visible at a station or among the workmen on the road. Mountain lions and eagles, all safely caged, excite the passengers' wonder at Green River. Vast alkali districts, covered with sage-bush, abound on the way. The water-courses are more numerous than we had expected, and (save the Green River, rightly named from the deep emerald of its water) are generally clear, though the water is strongly tinged with the alkali of the soil. A poor brakeman fractures his leg, and must be carried two hundred miles before he can have a surgeon. He is brought into our sleeping-car, and every attention is shown him by all on board. But most touching of

all, when he reaches Evanston, where he is to be removed from the car, his rough companions place him tenderly on a stretcher, and one, with "Ain't you cold, Dick?" removes his coat and places it upon the prostrate form of his comrade, and in his shirt-sleeves, in the cold night wind, joins the others, who, with softened voices and lifting with tender care their burden, bear him away to the surgeon's table. We reach Ogden at 10 p.m. The mountains all around the town are white with snow, and will glisten like burnished silver under the morrow's sun.

We paused here to visit Salt Lake City, our impressions of which will be given hereafter.

## LETTER II.

## AMONG THE MORMONS.

SUNDAY and Monday we spend in "the City of the Saints." We expected to reach there by Saturday night, but our train being several hours late, we were unable to make connection. One of three courses remained—either to continue our journey to San Francisco, traveling all day Sunday, to avoid which we had purposed spending the day in Salt Lake City; or to spend the Sabbath in Ogden; or to take the early train Sunday morning to Salt Lake City. Ogden is the second city of the Mormons, and is beautiful for situation, nestling at the foot of the mountains, whose summits are perpetually tipped with snow. A Sabbath might have been spent here most pleasantly, were it safe to do so; but that terrible pestilence the small-pox had been raging here for several weeks, no less than fifty or sixty cases having occurred. During the two days we were in the vicinity eleven new cases were reported. The mayor used all precautionary measures, discontinuing the schools and public gatherings of all kinds, and requiring a yellow flag to be displayed at every house where there was a case of the pestilence. The disease had so spread, however, that no proper quarantine seemed possible. But one safe and proper course remained, and that was to leave Ogden on the first train for Salt Lake City. In company with most pleasant traveling compan-

ions—Mr. Stickney and wife, of Washington, Mr. Barstow, of Rhode Island, and Mr. Jerome, of Michigan, Indian commissioners, on their way to Oregon, together with several others, among whom we especially mention Mr. Stephen Ballard, of Brooklyn, a most delightful companion by day and a *very* musical one at night—we are soon within sight of the dome of the tabernacle in the center of “the City of the Saints.”

As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so also they encircle Salt Lake City. There is every thing in his physical surroundings to impress a Mormon—his Dead Sea, with a Jordan emptying into it, fresh water soon becoming brackish, and without an outlet, is as near his Zion as the no more mysterious Dead Sea of Palestine is near the Holy City. The specific gravity of the water of Salt Lake is exactly that of the water of the Dead Sea. No fish are found in either body. The only living thing in the waters of the Salt Lake is a kind of insect which lives on the surface and feeds on the salt water. It is supposed that no bird can fly over the Dead Sea, and the citizen of Utah will tell you that the grasshopper meets his fate which tries to fly over the waters of the lake. The per cent. of salt in these waters is so great that five barrels of the water will yield one barrel of salt. About this season of the year, when the waters are lower after the immense evaporation caused by the heat of the summer, large quantities of salt are found in places along the borders of the lake. It is shoveled up by the wagon-load, and is ready for market. In fact, when an analysis of the waters shows them to be over one-fifth chloride of sodium, we can readily believe that here is a source whence the whole country may be supplied with salt for years to come. The supply would cease in time, however, as the waters are becoming perceptibly less brackish. It

is a somewhat startling fact that the waters of the Salt Lake are constantly rising. The rate of the rise is at least one foot in two years. When we remember that they have no outlet, we naturally fear that the time will come when the whole plain will be covered by the lake. The city, however, is a hundred feet higher than the level of the lake, and in the event of the continued rise of the waters, owing to the greater depression on the west side of the lake, some fifteen or twenty feet above their surface, they will find an outlet on that side, and in time form another lake hardly less large than the original. So that sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. The present dimensions of the lake are about one hundred miles in length and forty in breadth. A steam-boat accommodating three hundred passengers plies between different points.

The mountains which look down upon the city and the plain are the Wahsatch on the left and the Oquirrh on the right, as you run over from Ogden. The snow is visible on their summits the whole year round. The Twin Mountains, which overlook the city, are eight thousand feet above it. They hardly appear five miles distant, but are really more than twenty. The whole range of the Wahsatch is rent at different points by *cañons*, or deep ravines. Through these passes run the railroads and highways to other parts of the Territory. Those little bushes on the sides of the mountains are the red pine, white pine, balsam, and quaking ash, many of them sixty and seventy feet high. They furnish the lumber for much of this valley. The water which we see running in ditches comes down those *cañons* from mountain springs or snows, and, washing out the alkali of the soil, fertilizes all the plain. Those fields of green are lucern, like the alfalfa of California, and afford three crops of hay annually to the industrious scythe of the farmer. The same



source of supply of water for the farmer is that also of the people of the city. City Creek is tapped back of the residence of Brigham Young, and while there is an abundant supply afforded for the city water-works in the pipes below the surface, it sends a running stream through ditches in every street. These ditches are tapped at different points, and irrigating streams are turned off into the gardens and orchards with which the city abounds. The gurgling of these mountain streams, which greets the ear of the traveler wherever he goes in the city, is one of the most delightful experiences. Aside from this mountain water is hot or warm water bursting forth in a spring at the foot of the mountains. The former, a couple of miles from the city, is hot enough to scald the hand. We took an invigorating plunge-bath at the Warm Springs in the suburbs of the city. Even here the water is so hot as it bursts from under the mountain that cold water has to be mixed with it before one can endure it. Elegant bathing-rooms are fitted up for ladies and gentlemen, and, with attendants to serve you, a more pleasant and safe bath is not to be had.

Take Salt Lake City as it greets the eye from the top of the tabernacle or of the Walker House, and a more beautiful place of residence is not to be found anywhere. Above you and around you on every side are the mountains from whose summits the snow never wholly disappears. In the distance are seen the waters of the great lake. On every side is the fertile valley. All about you in the city are splendid residences, surrounded by beautiful gardens and orchards, while every street is shaded by parallel lines of trees fed by the unfailing mountain stream. The temperature is agreeable, while mountain, forest, stream, and plain combine to furnish the hungry traveler with venison, trout, the finest of canvas-back ducks, splendid grapes, and

vegetables so vast in size and superior in quality as that no one who wishes to be regarded as a credible narrator should attempt to describe them. There are two drawbacks—the grasshoppers and the Mormons. We need say but little about the former. They have come at intervals since Utah Territory was first settled. They were here this autumn and laid their eggs. Next spring and summer their young will hold high carnival, and will destroy every vestige of grass and grain, producing a year of want and suffering. But Utah has perhaps suffered less from the Colorado locusts, or grasshoppers, than other sections of the country. They come and go. There are wide intervals of time when they are unknown or forgotten. The Mormons *stay all the time*, and are perpetually hatching their young to possess and hold the land.

We do not pretend to have come to Salt Lake as an unprejudiced observer. We had our views before coming, but we tried to hold them in abeyance, and by a careful survey of the field reach conclusions that were just to the Mormons themselves. To this end we would not depend on any one source of information. We have tried to make conscientious use of every available item and means of instruction considered trustworthy. We have attended their tabernacle and visited their university, their coöperative stores, publishing house, and tithing house. We have talked with Apostle George Q. Cannon, First Councilor John W. Young, son of Brigham, Bishop McCrae, and others of the dignitaries of the Church. We did not call on Brigham Young, for two reasons: one was lack of time, and the other of inclination. But we frankly say that our inclination left us only because we found out that we had not time—the time we intended using for a call being that spent by him in bed, or what was worse, in marrying a third one of his daugh-



ters to Hiram Clawson, who was already the husband of two others. Ascertaining the fact from perfectly reliable sources, all inclination to talk with President Young ceased. We spoke with lawyers and merchants, and miners and ministers, and conductors and brakemen, and hotel waiters, whether Gentile or Mormon, and we do not hesitate to say that Mormonism is a curse to Salt Lake City and the beautiful valley where it has made its den, and an offense to Christianity and civilization throughout the world. Brigham Young is credited with having made a beautiful city and a fertile valley in what was once a wilderness. It is true that these exist in what was once an alkali desert. But it only needed man's presence here to make the transformation. The water was all ready to be turned upon the plain to wash out the alkali from the soil, and the valley has become a garden despite the narrow policy of the Mormons. Uncursed by polygamy, which is the tap root of Mormonism, this city of Salt Lake, with its twenty-two thousand people, would in the nearly thirty years of its history, with an average Gentile population and their enterprise, have been a city of seventy-five thousand inhabitants. Even at this late date, since the opening of the Pacific Railroad, it would have added twenty-five thousand to its population, but for the overshadowing influence of Mormonism and the fears it awakens. The whole city is in its power. Mormon merchants, either singly or through the Zion's Coöperative Mercantile Institute, control the business of the city. A Mormon mayor presides over the Mormon councilmen. Conductors and drivers of street-cars are all Mormons. In short, they control every thing, and are in turn controlled by a few licentious and avaricious men. Such men as Young, Jennings, Cannon, etc., count their money by hundreds of thousands, and their wives

by twos or tens, and their children by the score. Brigham Young has sixteen wives and forty-two children. John D. Lee, who is in prison and sentenced to be shot for his participation in the Mountain Meadows massacre, is reported as having eighteen wives. The whole community is under Brigham Young's paw. Very fitly, therefore, his house is known as the "Lion House," from a huge lion cut in sandstone which adorns the entrance.

In the nature of the case polygamy, once being allowed, has become the very essence of Mormonism. There are very few married Mormons who are not polygamists. Some men who have two or more wives are entirely supported by them while they lounge or smoke. Within the fold are many negroes and Indians, who take to Mormonism very naturally. While we were in a photograph gallery, obtaining some views of the splendid natural scenery of the Territory, an Indian entered accompanied by several women and children. In response to our inquiry, he pointed out which were his wives and which his children. As we left the Walker House Sabbath afternoon, on our way to the tabernacle, we saw a man pass by accompanied by his five wives. The favorite one was by his side, while the other four trudged along in silence behind. Some of them may have been sisters. We quote the following from a Salt Lake City paper:

"In this city, recently, a Mormon bishop took as wives both mother and daughter. Another Mormon took as wives a mother and her daughter, about fifteen years of age. Another Mormon took as wives a mother and her two daughters. In this city three different Mormons, of our personal acquaintance, took as wives two sisters each, and are living with both at the same time. A Mormon bishop took as wives three sisters, his own nieces.

A leading Mormon merchant of this city, whom we personally know, took as his fourth wife the niece of his first wife, living with both, or the four, as his living wives."

In the tabernacle we did not see a single attractive or happy woman. They are all under the tyranny of husband and Church. The sum and substance of Mormon preaching, as far as we could learn, and from what we ourselves heard, is to show the absolute supremacy and the divine authority of the rulers of the Church. They then crack the whip of authority over the heads of the deluded members, and threaten apostasy with eternal punishment. Venus is the goddess of Mormonism. Those with whom we talked confidently expect marital joys hereafter. A Mohammedan paradise is not a whit more sensual than a Mormon one.

Apostle George Q. Cannon, Congressional Delegate from Utah, preached at the tabernacle Sunday afternoon. The seating capacity of the tabernacle is claimed by the Mormons to be fifteen thousand. By actual measurement it will seat only six thousand. It is shaped like a hippodrome, with a dome-like roof. A fountain, with sculptured lions in sandstone at each corner, plays in the center of the building. A large gallery entirely surrounds the auditorium below, which is lighted from the ceiling and from greenhouse-looking windows on the sides. A large organ is back of the three pulpits, which rise one behind the other on the rostrum. The highest is occupied by Brigham Young when he preaches, the next by the apostles, and the one lower by the bishops and others. Below all this is a long table, covered with cake-baskets of bread and pitchers and double-handled cups of water, behind which sits Bishop Hunter in the middle, with three bishops on each side; with these elements the sacrament is celebrated.

Not over two thousand people were present. "We are not ashamed to own our Lord" was sung by a choir of thirty voices, accompanied by the large organ. After prayer by one of the bishops, who thanked God for modern prophets and the later revelation, and who prayed especially for Brigham Young (who was not present), his counselors and his twelve apostles, a song was sung, and the distribution of the bread begun. The Gentiles were for the most part seated together, and were passed by in the distribution. Daniel H. Wells, John Taylor, Orson Pratt, and others, sat on the platform, some one of whom, nobody knows who until he gets up, usually preaches. Presently George Q. Cannon arose and read part of the fifth of Hebrews, about a divinely called ministry. This chapter he took for his text and began to preach, his clear, ringing voice audible throughout the tabernacle. The distribution of the bread continued while he was speaking, and when they were ready for the water Bishop Hunter asked him to stop while a prayer was offered for God's blessing on it. The sermon was resumed and continued, the water in the meantime being passed, and empty pitchers and cups brought up to the table to be filled, the elders, missionaries, etc., on the platform, to the number of a hundred or more, now eating or drinking, and now making notes of the sermon, while a short-hand reporter among them made a complete report of every word by whomsoever spoken. Cannon's argument was "that the ministry must be called of God—a distinct and peculiar doctrine of Latter-day Saints," and on this account they had been opposed and persecuted from the beginning, especially by the Churches who did not hold this view. Joseph Smith was thus divinely called by angels and the Apostles Peter, James, and John, and he in turn had called Brigham Young and oth-

ers who spoke with divine authority. No great teacher or prophet appears in the Bible who was not called or addressed by angels, not excepting even Balaam; *therefore*, Joseph Smith was called by angels as he professed. The apostles were all dead, but to one of them was given the power of the keys, and Peter bestowed them on Joseph Smith. The fruits of Mormonism prove it to be divine, for no other religion could gather so many nations together—the Swede, the Norwegian, the Dane, the Austrian, etc. They were poor and illiterate, but he loved them all, and prayed that they might keep the faith in its purity. This was followed by many amens, and a prayer by one of the bishops that God would bless the words of *inspiration* that had been spoken. The name of Joseph Smith was mentioned perhaps fifty times in the sermon, while the name of Jesus did not fall on our ear more than once. An anthem and the benediction followed, and the benighted people returned to their unhappy homes.

Hungry at night, we went to hear the Rev. Dr. McEldowney, of the M. E. Church. We are glad of the good work being done by this Church here. Out of a membership of one hundred, over twenty are converted Mormons. They have built up in less than six years a seminary with more students than the Mormon "University of Deseret," and with as high a course of study. They have established here the *Rocky Mountain Christian Advocate*, which enters many Mormon homes. A fine church, costing sixty thousand dollars, impresses the same minds influenced by the great Mormon temple in process of erection. Other Churches, too, are at work, and this beautiful valley will yet become a moral as well as a natural paradise.

Salt Lake City, Oct. 22, 23, 1876.

## LETTER III.

## ON THE CENTRAL PACIFIC.

WE left Ogden at 6:15 P.M. on the 23d, in one of the silver palace cars of the Central Pacific Railroad. This road runs through California, Nevada, and Utah to Ogden, where it forms a junction with the Union Pacific, that after leaving Utah runs through Wyoming and Nebraska. The length of the Union Pacific is one thousand and thirty-three miles, and that of the Central Pacific is about eight hundred and eighty miles. These nineteen hundred and thirteen miles of iron are needed to form the wedding-ring which unites the fortunes of California to those of the distant East. The moon is shining brightly on the motionless waters of the great Salt Lake, as, leaving Ogden, we hasten toward the Golden Gate. For many miles it is the same picture. With the sails of a schooner now and then to greet the eye, one might be almost persuaded that it is Lake Michigan or Erie that lies off to his left. But no; it is none other than the mysterious Dead Sea of the American Continent.

The early morning finds us in Nevada. The strong odor of the sage-brush penetrates the sleeping-car as we awake. We breakfast at Elko, one of the most important towns of this new State. Near by some of our Missouri friends from Glasgow are engaged in mining. We were very glad to meet at the depot a former acquaintance, Governor Brad-



ley, of Nevada. The people of Nevada are, we understand, almost unwilling to have any one else in the gubernatorial chair during his life-time, so that he has a sort of life-interest in the office. We admire their good judgment, and hope that when he must have a successor he will be a gentleman no less considerate and devoted to the interests of this great commonwealth. While breakfasting here the question arose as to whether greenback or silver would be necessary in paying the bill. The former was declared to be legal tender still. When we left the table we discovered that some one had left a hat in place of ours. Preferring our own, and looking for our neighbor who had unwittingly appropriated it, we passed out of a side-door in search of him. As the lost hat was recovered, the Governor's presence eclipsed the proprietor of the hotel, and not until the cars moved off did we remember our unpaid breakfast bill. At the next station we inclosed the proprietor a dollar bill with our compliments and suitable explanations, which he acknowledged in a very polite note.

A San Francisco paper obtained on the cars announces the death of our esteemed friend, the Rev. Dr. W. T. Luckey. His long experience as an educator endeared him to many hearts in Missouri, the scene of his longest labors. A severe cold, taken while returning home from his recent visit East, increased in violence and so prostrated his whole nervous system that paralysis followed with death. His bereaved family will have the sympathy of a host of friends in all parts of the land. The paper which we read paid a fitting tribute to his many virtues. We regret that our train will not bring us to the city in time to attend the funeral-service.

At Carlin, where we stop to change engines, the names of all the passengers are telegraphed to San Francisco and Sacramento, where they appear in



the papers of the following morning, so that friends interested may know whom to expect on the evening train. By the kind courtesy of Superintendent Coddington we are seated in the cab with the engineer, to obtain a better view of the magnificent scenery between Carlin and Palisade. The index of the steam-gauge points to one hundred and thirty pounds to the square inch. This indicates too much steam, and, as he lifts the brake and opens the throttle-valves to start the engines, he touches a couple of levers, and the locomotive fairly shakes with the escaping steam. It looked for a moment as if the whole "bottom had dropped out," and we should not have objected to a seat in the rear end of the last car. In a few seconds the pressure is relieved, and the index points to one hundred and twenty pounds to the square inch, the average at which they run on this part of the road. On we go, every minute faster and faster, as the engineer, moving his lever little by little, opens the throttle-valves. Will those cattle feeding by the track scamper away to the right, or attempt to cross it? The engineer quickly moves his lever—they have concluded to cross. They are all over now, and away we go toward the palisades. The train winds like a serpent around the curves. What faith that engineer must have! How does he know that around yonder curve, where he cannot see a hundred feet before him, a fallen rock is not lying on the track to hurl the train into the river below? But scarcely slackening our rate of speed, we whirl around the curve to find all well, and then we dart into the fifteen-mile *cañon*, with the perpendicular rocks towering on each side hundreds of feet above our heads. We are forcibly reminded of the palisades of the Hudson, which closely resemble these stained and discolored rocks, standing like sentinels, in unbroken columns, to guard the river and the road.

The estimated height of these bluffs and palisades is eight hundred feet. Mile after mile we speed along, filled with awe and wonder, and wishing that our ride might be prolonged amid scenery so sublime. But the shrill whistle of the locomotive announces that we are nearing a station. The throttle-valves are closed, the air-brake is set, and we stop at Palisade. The passengers rush from the cars to interchange expressions of wonder at the impressive scenery which has made all hearts beat quicker.

During the day we see numbers of Indians at the stations. They are Shoshones and Piutes. Bare-headed squaws are here with their barefoot children, crying, "Give me money!" "Give me greenback!" A passenger hands a small silver coin to a squaw for her papoose hung on her back. She receives it, saying, "No good." She would be a suitable person to take up a Church collection where mostly nickels were found in the baskets. Whether men, women, or children, they are the most degraded persons we ever saw. They hang around these depots to beg. They live in tents without top or covering—simply stakes driven down to protect from the wind. Water, whether in the shape of rain or otherwise, they know nothing about.

All manner of houses are passed in this trip. In Salt Lake City about one-half the houses are adobe. George Q. Cannon's house, several stories high and with Mansard roof and bay-windows, is adobe. When these sun-dried brick are plastered on the outside they last a long time. Yonder, in the great American Desert through which we are passing, is a house made of nothing else but poles and straw. That fence is made of stakes driven down side by side, while this one is made of stakes, not so near together, with willow branches among them. The snow is visible on the mountain tops only at inter-

vals during the day, but the large quantities of alkali cropping from the soil mantle with white the whole plain, and sometimes the sides of the foothills. The Humboldt River, which we have crossed several times to-day, now empties into the "Humboldt Sink," a sort of lake with no outlet save a subterranean one. The glimpse of this "Sink," like that of Salt Lake, last greets the eye before we retire for the night.

By daylight the following morning we are on the platform of the cars, watching for the grand scenery of the Sierra Nevada Mountains. We have just run through forty miles of snow-sheds; but the last one has been reached, and here we are at Blue cañon, with the satisfaction of not having our view broken by obstructions just when it becomes most interesting. All along by the side of the track, as we thunder by, are flows and ditches for conveying the water from the tops of the mountains to the mines and houses down the sides. Here are the evidences of hydraulic mining, where acres of ground have been washed away in the search for gold. Mounds where the water has played stand half washed away, and in many instances greatly amuse us by their fantastic shapes. The water used for these purposes is hardly less costly than gold itself. Carried immense distances in flumes, it is clear as crystal when leaping, with the force of one thousand pounds to the square inch, through the nozzle of an iron hose, but, having done its work in destroying a bank of earth, it pours a muddy stream into the valley below, until that which enters into the Sacramento River makes its clear waters more yellow even than those of the Missouri. We pass the great mining districts of the country. Dutch Flat and Gold Run are stations on the road. During the night we have taken on some of the treasures of the great Virginia City mines—Comstock

Lode, the Ophir, and the Big Bonanza—and there they lie in the express car in bricks of mingled gold and silver, worth four thousand dollars each. The door stands open, for there is no danger of anybody carrying away what they cannot lift. We are invited by the express messenger to help ourselves, but we shall wait until it is in smaller pieces and stamped with eagles. \*

While standing on the platform looking out upon the summits of the Sierra Nevadas, our train dashing recklessly through deep cuts and around almost impassable curves, we suddenly find ourselves looking down into a gorge so deep that the river at the bottom seems like a muddy path, with just enough water on the surface to make foot travel most unpleasant. This is the great American River *cañon*, whose precipitous bluffs tower two thousand feet above the winding river almost lost to vision in the valley below. It is the grandest view on the whole road, unless we except Cape Horn, which is reached a few minutes later. At this latter point we creep right along the narrow edge of a precipice where workmen had to be lowered with ropes to make the road-bed. It is a scene of such thrilling interest that the cars stop for the passengers to look out upon it. Such as dare do so leave the train to gaze down into the valley two thousand feet below. The view is more extended than at American River *cañon*, which, by its narrow depths and the suddenness with which it bursts upon us, left an impression of awful sublimity that we can never forget. We clung to the railing of the car and shrank back as we thought of "the bottomless pit."

In sharp contrast with the rugged scenery, it is not many minutes before we find ourselves in an old-settled country again. We have left the Sierra Nevada, and are now in the Sacramento Valley. Hundreds of Chinamen are at work on the railroad

—some with horses and carts, others shoveling dirt with the skill and even the swing of an Irishman, others carrying buckets of water at each end of a stick resting on their shoulder, and some even as fruit boys selling California grapes and pears. They wear the peculiar hat and dress of the cooly, and were it not for an occasional American among them, directing their labor, we might suppose that we had already reached China. The Central Pacific Railroad Company appreciate the services of the Chinese on this coast, and have as many as five thousand of them at work at a single point.

From our favorite place in the cab of the engine we obtain a splendid view of Sacramento Valley and of the capital of California. Wheat-fields follow one after another in a valley three hundred miles long and seventy wide. Occasionally we see their greatest enemy, a little squirrel that burrows into the earth like a prairie-dog. He not only gathers into this hole immense quantities of the ripened grain, but nibbles the newly-sprouting wheat, and leaves large deserts where there ought to be an unbroken oasis. The Californian, thus far, has failed to cope with these great enemies of agriculture, and, propagating their young with great rapidity, their nests, or holes, honey-comb the soil. Horseback riding is dangerous where they abound. All through this valley, so like an Illinois prairie, windmills for drawing water are hardly less numerous than fence-posts; at least, fence-posts and squirrel holes are the only things which outnumber them.

We soon strike the Australian blue gum-tree, a very rapid grower, and planted all through the country under the belief that it absorbs the malaria of the atmosphere. A few years ago the demand in India for the seed of this tree was so great that Australia was unable to furnish any at all to California. We reach an end of the plain, and are soon

climbing around and penetrating the coast range of mountains. Then we run rapidly along by the almond and fruit groves in the vicinity of the bay. That long line of silver to the left is the bay itself. Here we are at Oakland, and now crossing the ferry to San Francisco. Our trunk is checked to the Palace Hotel, and we are on our way there, when some one steps up with the inquiry, "Is not this Mr. Hendrix?" "Yes, sir." "My name is Chamberlain; we expect you at our house." So here we are, pleasantly ensconced with the pastor of our Church in San Francisco.

October 24, 25, 1876.



## LETTER IV.

## AT THE GOLDEN GATE.

OUR programme was to spend somewhat on this wise the six days after reaching San Francisco, before sailing on the "Alaska" for Japan—two days at the Geysers in Napa Valley, two days in the city, and two days at San José, in the beautiful Santa Clara Valley. This would have enabled us to see all the most interesting parts of Middle California, save the Yosemite Valley, a visit to that point requiring ten or more days, which of course were not at our disposal. We were able to carry out the programme, excepting a visit to the Geysers. The heavy rain that fell for the first two days made it alike impossible and undesirable to visit that mysterious valley, where the tourist is both amazed and amused at the peculiar modes in which the water is constantly bursting from the ground.

The heavy mists which hung over San Francisco as we crossed the ferry from Oakland did not give the city a prepossessing appearance. Much of it is built on the irregular hills which look down upon the bay, while the dismal fog shut out all the houses save those nearest the wharf. The rainy season had begun, and we had the consolation of knowing that we could see California at her worst, if not at her best. This rainy season is the winter. The rain often pours down for days and weeks together. Then comes a bright spell, and the grass is left green



and growing, as in the spring. The weather in the summer is often really colder than in the winter. This is owing to the chilly winds that sweep in nearly every afternoon from the Pacific. There is really so little difference between summer and winter here that the same clothing is worn all the year round. An overcoat while walking and a lap-robe while riding are never unwelcome companions in any afternoon of the year. The amount of dampness in the atmosphere is so great that we have noticed the new roofs of houses in the Santa Clara Valley covered with moss and mold. This dampness and the fear of earthquakes have caused most of the houses on the coast to be built of wood. Many of them are very elegant structures, costing over a hundred thousand dollars. Perhaps not less than nine out of ten of the houses of San Francisco are built of wood, and a large proportion of them with bay-windows, to admit all the sunlight possible. One would suppose, owing to the scarcity of the water supply of the city and to the high winds from the coast, that the city is in great danger of a general conflagration. Should one occur, it would be more destructive than that of Chicago or Boston. There is this much to be said: the houses are mostly built of red-wood, which burns far less readily than pine. It could not, however, resist such blow-pipe heat as swept away brick and stone buildings in Boston. This red-wood abounds in the mountains here. The "big trees" of California are of this kind. We had pointed out to us while in San José red-wood trees two hundred feet high and fourteen feet in diameter, plainly visible on the mountains perhaps fifteen or twenty miles away.

San Francisco is proud of her big things—the largest hotel in the world, the Palace Hotel, an immense mass, elegant within, but to our thinking unsightly without, and lacking in architectural

beauty; the largest mint; the largest sea-lions; and more Chinese to the square foot. We can see no reason why this should not be the largest mint, and until better informed we shall join with the Californians in calling it so. The immense quantities of gold and silver from the mines of Nevada and California can here be readily transmuted into eagles, trade-dollars, halves, and quarters. In company with Bishop Marvin and Brother Chamberlain, we were shown all through this immense structure, from the room where the metal is received in the rough and weighed to where it is paid out in glittering coin. We saw all the processes, such as melting, running into molds, flattening into bars, reducing to a uniform thickness about that of a half-dollar, cutting out half-dollars one hundred and twenty a minute, milling them, or turning up their edges, three hundred a minute, stamping them one hundred and twenty a minute, and counting them one hundred and fifty dollars a minute. When stamped they are all thrown loosely together in a shallow box with grooves at the bottom. The box is then turned up slightly on one end and shaken to and from you until the coins all arrange themselves in these grooves. This is done very quickly, and the box filled thus holds a hundred and fifty dollars in silver half-dollars. To stamp a dime requires a pressure of seventy-five tons, one hundred tons for a quarter, one hundred and fifty tons for a half-dollar, and one hundred and ninety tons for a trade-dollar or an eagle. Many women are employed in the weighing room. Every gold piece must be weighed before it is stamped. It is filed down if it weighs too much, and it is cast aside for re-melting if too light. The very water in which these ladies wash their hands is strained, and the residue is re-melted and used. The sweepings of the floor have often yielded hundreds of dollars.

The sea-lions are a great institution of the coast. A view from the balcony of the Cliff House shows you the immense Pacific in the background, with the Farralone Islands faintly visible in the distance, while in the foreground are the seal-rocks covered with gulls and scores of lazy, barking sea-lions. We expected to see three or four, but there were over a hundred on a single rock. We hoped to see "Ben Butler," a huge one-eyed mass of flesh that always amused the visitors by his climbing to the best place and refusing to share it with his envious neighbors, but alas! he was dead; his "vaulting ambition had overleaped itself." The park through which we drive to the beach is a series of sand-hills set with evergreens, and, by means of a deep-rooted grass, rapidly being covered with sod. The cool winds detract much from the pleasure of a drive save to the acclimated Californian.

The Stock Exchange is perhaps the great institution of the coast. Here mining stocks are bought and sold and fortunes won and lost every day. In company with our old friend Mark McDonald, we visited the Exchange on Monday. The building, itself a fine one, is to be superseded by one now being erected at a cost of four hundred thousand dollars. The members of the board all have chairs in a circle in the center, while others are seated in an outer circle. A seat in the inner circle is worth thirty or forty thousand dollars. There are only one hundred of them. At the death of any member his family receives ten thousand dollars, which is not liable for any debts, while his seat is sold and the proceeds go to either his creditors or his family. The chairman, or caller, whose duty it is to call out the stocks and announce the sales, receives one thousand dollars a month. When his health was feeble some time ago he was granted leave of absence to go to Europe for six months, his salary

continued and a man hired in his place while he was absent. He is employed two hours each day. He is not allowed, however, to buy, sell, or dabble in stocks in any way. He has a list of mining stocks which he calls every day in the same order—Ophir, Mexican, etc. As soon as he calls Ophir the brokers leave their seats, and rushing to the center with lifted hands and hoarse voices, announce how much they wish to sell or buy and at what rates. In less time than it takes me to write it, the sales are all made and the brokers return to their seats. To slap a man on the shoulder or to shake him is to signify that his offer is accepted, when the sale is instantly proclaimed by the chairman and recorded by the secretary, who presently reports the sales. Consolidated Virginia sold highest the morning we were there. Seventeen hundred and forty-five shares were sold at about fifty-four dollars a share. Many brokers buy on commission, while many are speculators. For a few minutes they seem perfectly mad with excitement, even more so than the brokers in the Gold Exchange in New York.

The Chinese are here in vast numbers. The coast could not do without them, but doubtless there are more here now than is altogether desirable. There is less feeling toward those who are here than toward the millions who may come. Feeling has greatly abated with the falling off in immigration, and the people of California appear willing to make the best use of those now here. Some of the Chinese are very wealthy. They have elegant stores, filled with costly goods, and are quiet, refined gentlemen. All appear to be industrious. They are engaged in every profession and business—physicians, ministers, brokers, cigar manufacturers, chair-makers, etc. Their markets interest you greatly. Aside from the novel vegetables, there are dried ducks, etc., brought over from China.

The missions among them are encouraging. The M. E. Church has a building near the heart of Chinatown, erected at a cost of thirty-two thousand dollars, where there are twenty girl boarders. A night-school every night in the week is attended by about eighty, with five regular teachers. The average attendance at Sunday-school is nearly one hundred. The Sabbath preaching is attended by about twenty-five men and the same number of women. Often the number is much larger. Five of the converts have become preachers, and one of them has returned to proclaim the gospel in China. The Baptists, Presbyterians, and Congregationalists also have successful missions among the Chinese. Results in mere numbers fail to indicate the real amount of good being done. Such converts as we saw appeared intelligent and earnest. The native preachers have a hearing from their countrymen, and are doing good. The blade has appeared, and we are confident of the ear and the full corn in the ear.

Steam is up on the "Alaska," and we have but time to say that we enjoyed a delightful run down to San José through the Santa Clara Valley, the garden-spot of California. There are gardens fresh with the new crop of vegetables for winter. There are the live-oaks all bent in the same direction by the wind from the coast, and whose substance has been driven down into their roots, which yield more timber than the body of the tree. The residence of the unhappy Ralston is to the right, but out of sight. On yonder Mount Hamilton is the site of the Lick Observatory, to be built by the funds of the eccentric James Lick. The people of San José are building a fine road, at a cost of fifty thousand dollars, that leads to the Observatory. The homes in San José, surrounded by lawns with the feathery plumes of the pampas grass, the beautiful foliage

of the pepper-tree, with magnolia and cypress, are the most charming we ever saw. A drive through the Alameda in company with Mr. Henderson, of Missouri, is one of the memorable events of our life. Chinamen are busy gathering the grape crop, a single vineyard of forty acres yielding over two hundred tons.

A farewell meeting is held at the Russ Street Methodist Church, attended by many Christians of all Churches. Many pastors give the farewell hand. Our only fear is that the generous hospitality of many friends leaves us badly prepared for a sea voyage. We sail at noon on the "Alaska," for Japan.

San Francisco, Nov. 1, 1876.



## LETTER V.

## CROSSING THE PACIFIC OCEAN.

PROMPTLY at 12 o'clock Wednesday, November 1, the "Alaska" slipped her moorings at the wharf in San Francisco, and started with us on her long voyage across the Pacific. A few minutes before, the fierce sound of the Chinese gong, struck by a Chinaman who seemed eager to look again upon his native shores, hurried our friends from the ship. The Rev. Dr. Guard, the eloquent preacher, the Rev. Dr. Gibson, the faithful missionary in China and among the Chinese in San Francisco, the Rev. E. K. Miller, Brothers Chamberlain, Brown, Parsons, and many others, had come on board to cheer us with their presence and parting benedictions; but now from the wharf they waved their kind farewells as the widening distance left their forms undistinguishable. The steam-tug which has pulled us from the wharf looses her ropes, and the "Alaska's" massive wheels begin to turn in the water. But we are not yet fully started on our voyage. A little steam-skiff is hurrying toward us from the wharf with the message to wait for the mail-bags. For once the post-office authorities were not on time, but the punctual ship left at her appointed hour. Soon the tug with the mail-bags is alongside, and the cargo of letters and papers is transferred to the mail-rooms of our vessel. We begin to move again, and the firing of the cannon on board and the raising



of our pennant in place of the flag announce that we have started.

Up through the beautiful bay our ship hastens toward the Golden Gate. The pilot at the prow signals to the quartermaster at the wheel. Now and then he exchanges words with the master of some daring schooner or yacht that ventures too near us, and warns him of his danger, to be answered by a jeer, albeit his advice is taken and we are given a wider berth. The harbor does not impress us as being remarkably well fortified, but let us hope that it will never be found out in actual war. Now we are passing through the "Golden Gate," with the light-house on our right, while on the left stand the seal-rocks, where the sea-lions are ever found basking in the sunlight after a hearty meal at the expense of the many fishes that follow the course of the ships from the ocean to the bay. No wonder that the fishermen regard these rapidly increasing sea-lions as accounting for the smaller harvest of their nets, and insist that they are "a good many too many." We are now out on the Pacific, and we feel the swell of the ocean. The pilot's ship is waiting for him off to the right, and we barely stop for the boat that is ready to take him from us. All the ships in sight are sailing vessels, and they may be counted on one's fingers. We cast a farewell look toward the city, and our eyes rest on Lone Mountain, which for a hundred years has cheered the sailor's heart with his first sight of land.

Our course takes us near to the Farralone Islands. Could we go yet nearer, we could get glimpses of the sea-lions in great numbers on the rocks, or disporting themselves in the water. While we are watching the last bit of land which we shall see before reaching Japan, the revolving light flashes from the light-house. It seems like an apparition, so soon

does it disappear after a few moments of intense brilliancy. The sailor is thus in no danger of confounding it with a star near the horizon, and of being unwittingly cast upon the rocks. Nothing is now left to remind us of land but the sea-gulls, which follow us in great numbers, waving farewells with their snowy wings. The light of the Farallone Islands has disappeared below the horizon, and we are out on the waste of waters, with a voyage of over five thousand miles before we shall see even a single ship, much less the solid land. O God of the ocean, guide and protect our noble ship!

Shall we look at our ship and what she has on board? The "Alaska" is three hundred and seventy-four feet long, forty-seven and one-half feet broad, and thirty-one and one-half feet deep. Her engine is twelve hundred horse-power. She can carry one hundred and thirty cabin passengers and one thousand steerage. Her tonnage is four thousand. She is a side-wheeler, and of course somewhat slower than a screw or propeller, especially at the beginning of the voyage. She carries one thousand five hundred tons of coal, and until that is considerably reduced by consumption we shall hardly make more than eight miles an hour; at no time, even with the help of well-filled sails, can we expect to make much over ten. Being a side-wheeler, there is much less roll than on a propeller. The state-rooms are well fitted up, and have excellent ventilation. The windows are large and very different from the port-hole windows of an Atlantic steamer. There is a "social hall" distinct from the dining hall. It is fitted up with piano, library, easy-chairs, etc., and is free from the odor of the dining hall, so nauseating to a seasick person. The officers are Americans and the crew Chinese. There are over eighty Chinamen employed—thirty-one in the engine-room, thirty-seven in the stew-

ard's department, and twenty-four sailors. The sailors are very quiet and prompt about their work, and, dressed in the sailors' overalls, you need to look twice to see that they are Chinese. The mate directs them either immediately or through a Chinese boatswain. The cooks and waiters are all Chinese, and a greater variety of elegantly prepared and served dishes we have yet failed to find anywhere. The waiters are admirably trained, and no Sunday-school ever responded to the tap of the bell with near their quickness and precision. We should strongly feel like taking one of them back to Missouri if we were only crossing the Pacific the other way.

The great capacity of one of these steamers can be realized with difficulty. Besides the large quantity of freight carried—consisting mostly of four or five hundred tons of flour, large quantities of ginseng (used by the Chinese for medicine), quicksilver, and about nine hundred thousand dollars in silver coin—we have on board nearly seven hundred and fifty persons, for whose subsistence during a month's voyage ample supplies of provisions must be taken. Thus we carry a dozen beeves, to say nothing of hogs, sheep, and fowls without number. In addition to immense quantities of canned fruits and vegetables, salt, dried, and pickled meats, large supplies of fresh fruits and vegetables, as well as ice to keep them, are also taken. In short, a steam-ship is an immense wholesale grocery, hotel, and warehouse, all in one. We have our barber shop, doctor's office, apothecary shop, butcher shop, carpenter shop, ice house, bakery, cow pens, sheep pens, pig pens, hen houses, and, save a laundry, all other requisites for a complete village. There is hardly any thing which a passenger could wish, except the daily paper, that he does not have immediately supplied. The expenses of the ship are of

course very large, averaging about sixty thousand dollars for the voyage to Hong Kong and back. Aside from the government subsidy of forty-six thousand dollars for every voyage, the principal income is from the steerage passengers. Thus at fifty-one dollars each the five hundred and seventy-one Chinese passengers we have on board pay over twenty-eight thousand dollars. European steerage passengers to Hong Kong pay one hundred dollars each, while cabin passengers pay three hundred dollars each, all in gold.

The crew of the ship, including about fifty Americans, numbers one hundred and thirty persons, employed at from eight dollars to two hundred and fifty dollars per month. The officers are the captain, first, second, and third officers, purser, chief engineer and three assistants, doctor, four quartermasters, freight clerk, and stewards. Aside from these are watchmen, coalers, oilers, water-tenders, butchers, carpenters, bakers, mess-boys, porters, and stewardess. There seems to be ample employment for all. This is the first vessel of any kind that we were ever on twenty-four hours before finding out which was the captain. He has often been like "Gentleman George," of a Mediterranean ship, well known to European travelers by his pompous airs and the constant reminder that he is in command of the vessel. It was at the close of the second day before more than two or three of the passengers knew which was Captain —, of the "Alaska," and that was when, during the fire-drill and boat-drill, in his proper place as commander, he issued orders to his subordinates. Even that was done so quietly and unostentatiously that but for his positive tone you might suppose him lacking in force of character. But not so; himself faithful to his duty, he expects the same of every one on board ship, and as a subordinate remarked, "Every officer

or sailor would be pained if the captain thought he were not doing his whole duty." With such an officer in command, it was a special pleasure to be assigned, with Bishop Marvin, a seat at the captain's table, where our daily intercourse with him has but deepened the first impression of his ability as a navigator and of his good sense as an intelligent gentleman. In fact, we could not wish for better traveling companions than the officers of this ship. Thus far on the voyage we have heard but a single oath.

There are twenty-seven cabin passengers, five hundred and seventy-one Chinese, and six European steerage passengers. These with the officers and crew make nearly seven hundred and fifty souls on board. The Chinese go home in large numbers at this time of the year, to spend the New-year season. If any die while on board their bodies are embalmed and taken along. Already one has died during the present voyage. The Chinese spend most of their time in some sort of gambling. The rattle of the dice is heard whenever you are near the steerage. An opium den is fitted up for them below, as well as a smoking-room for the cabin passengers above. We saw some of them in the dreamy stupor that follows the use of opium. We should not be aware of the presence of these steerage passengers, save that they are allowed to come up for an airing occasionally. They are quiet and orderly, and have great respect for those in authority. Among the cabin passengers are five or six Japanese, who have been in America or Europe pursuing their studies. One of them, from Tokio, who has been at Amherst College for several years, has become a Christian. His parents are still Shintoos. He returns to them and his other kindred with the story of the love of Jesus. His whole demeanor shows how strong is the hold of his new faith. Both his father and uncle are Japanese princes, or daimios. We have



on board, besides subjects of the Emperor of China and the Mikado of Japan, subjects of Queen Victoria and of the Emperor of Russia, citizens of Switzerland, Germany, Denmark, and Austria. Some six or more are taking the tour of the world, others are returning to their stores in China, and some are going as faithful missionaries of the cross. Of these latter are the Rev. Dr. Dean, of Bangkok, Siam, and Miss Mary E. Thompson, on her way to Swatow, China, both going under the auspices of the American Baptist Missionary Union. Dr. Dean's venerable form and genial face excite the admiration of all on board. He returns to die where he has so long loved to live and labor. How many that he has baptized in the name of Jesus will rise up and call him blessed! Miss Thompson goes as teacher and director of the labors of Bible-women, and appears well qualified for her work.

Our course is quite a southerly one at this season of the year. We are now about in the latitude of Charleston, S. C., and only six hundred miles from the Sandwich Islands. The weather is very mild. Overcoats have been discarded for several days. We sit up on the hurricane deck reading or exercising nearly all day. The sea-gulls left us after the first day or two, and now our only companions are gannets, which can fly a hundred miles an hour. They probably live on some of the islands in the Pacific, and forage out on the ocean during the day. They are well fed from the steward's department, while the passengers "feed the fishes." Ugh! Neptune has been rather exacting of the occupants of state-rooms 23 and 24. Bishop Marvin occupies 24, and when Neptune claims tribute of him, who are we that we should withhold what is due? If we had thrown the fishes our liver we could not deny it, for we have usually had our eyes shut and knew not what we did. We will not tell on our traveling

companion. He confidentially told us on starting that he would *open* himself to us freely during the voyage. He has already done so, and we have reciprocated. We both feel better after thus "relieving our minds."

The most startling sound on board ship is the fire-alarm. We get accustomed to the ringing of the half hours, but when the sharp clangor of the fire-bell is heard every heart beats with alarm. You may suspect that it is only the call to the fire-drill, yet who knows but that the ship is actually on fire? Instantly every one of the crew is at his post—some with the hose, some with axes, and some with the buckets well filled with water. The most perfect order reigns, and the silence, broken only by the captain's voice, is like that of death. Then comes the order to man the boats, and instantly they are in position, filled with the Chinese crew, with erect oars, ready to be dropped upon the deep. As we witnessed this excellent drill it made us conscious of what our peril might be as leaving a burning ship we betook ourselves to these boats as our only means of safety. They are always ready, and stored with bread and water for the forlorn-hope. Thank God that they are so rarely needed! With the slim chances of sighting a vessel on the Pacific, they would only provide a lingering death.

However, many as are the dangers of a sea voyage, with proper precautions the peril may be greatly abated. Our ship is so well built, the timbers of her keel diagonally placed and calked, that without any boards on the outside she would not take water. Yet over these timbers are two sets of boards, aggregating eighteen inches in thickness. The great danger is, of course, from fire. To guard against this, the boilers are perpendicular and cylindrical. The bursting of one or more of these tubular boilers would do no damage, and might occur



without being known. The temperature of the coal-bunkers has to be reported to the captain three times daily, so that hidden fire there would reveal itself in time to be controlled. Moreover, the water in the hold is measured three times every day and reported. Besides watchmen on duty day and night, patrolling the decks, it is the duty of the captain, doctor, and steward to daily inspect every part of the ship. We were invited to accompany them on one of those tours of inspection, embracing each of the state-rooms, to see that they were properly cleaned and ventilated; the kitchens and pantry, with their shining sets of tin and silver-plate; the butcher shop and the bakery; the steerage, freshly fumigated by burnt spices, with hundreds of bunks stretching in long rows far as the eye could see—the steerage passengers in line, so that if any were sick of contagious disease he might be quarantined before it should spread; and, last of all, the engine-room, with its ponderous machinery, constructed as if to defy not simply the severest storms, but time itself. Moreover, each officer serves as a sort of check on any other officer's neglect. Thrice a day the officer of the deck sends a messenger to Captain —, announcing "Eight bells, sir." This means either 8 A.M., 12 P.M., or 8 P.M.—hours at which the commander must wind the ship's chronometers, determine her latitude and longitude, and receive reports from subordinates.

Another letter must give incidents of the voyage.

On the "Alaska," Nov. 11, 1876.

## LETTER VI.

## INCIDENTS OF THE PACIFIC VOYAGE.

LIFE on board ship is necessarily somewhat monotonous, and any incidents of the voyage are always hailed with joy by the passengers. For the most part, the daily programme is, read, write, eat, sleep, and, if the weather permits, walk on the hurricane deck. At twelve o'clock each day the captain takes his bearings and announces by bulletin the distance made during the last twenty-four hours, our latitude and longitude, and the course of the ship. Three of these bulletins are made out; one is given to the chief engineer, another is posted for the information of the cabin passengers, and another for the steerage. These are eagerly consulted, and calculations are made as to how long at present rate we shall be on the voyage. Then we watch the Chinese sailors at their work, scrubbing or painting the ship and handling the sails; or notice the officer of the deck on watch, walking his beat across the bow of the vessel or consulting the compass and writing up the "log" of the ship; and the quartermaster turning the wheel and sounding the "bells." Occasionally a jelly-fish or a porpoise, or, more rarely, even a whale, permits itself to be seen. The skies and the water are the great objects of study, and seem to be in close sympathy with each other. The ocean serves as a vast mirror, in which we can see all the varied tints and shades of

the clouds. One has never seen a sunrise or a sunset in all its glory who has not seen the sun come up from or sink down into the ocean, attended with a right royal train of gold covering all the face of the sea. We know best when it is raining by looking not at the skies, but at the ocean. If angry masses of clouds appear in the heavens, we know that the sea will be the first to express their rage in rising billows.

Tuesday, November 7th, being the day for the election of President of the United States, the purser of the ship arranged for the passengers to cast their ballots. Formal notice was duly posted on the bulletin-board, and the ballot-box was prepared. All were permitted to cast one vote, and were required to enter their name on the margin of their ballot, so that there might be no repeating. The scenes were strikingly like those of election days at home. Some were very eager, and even electioneering; others were indifferent, not voting; while the interest of some led to stuffing the ballot-box. As the time drew near for the polls to close, you would have thought from the nervous condition of one or two that they really supposed the fate of the nation to depend on the result of our ballots. The events of the day served to remind us forcibly of our native land, from which we were so rapidly receding. The wires at Yokohama will have the news of the result in the United States awaiting us nearly three weeks before we reach there.

On the evening of November 12th there was quite a heavy sea and considerable wind. The apparatus for holding the plates on the dinner-table, named "plate-racks," was called into requisition. It is very much like a ladder, only the rounds are not so near together. One is placed at each side of the table and joined to the other by leather straps, and is a necessity in very rough weather. The

quartermaster at the wheel needs an assistant at such a time, and, notwithstanding such help, the sudden motion of the ship caused him a broken arm. The heavy sea beat in on the coffin of the dead Chinese steerage passenger, and the mate deemed it best to move the coffin, lest the cement should begin to crumble. Calling on the Chinese sailors to bear it to a different part of the ship, they refused, saying, "No belong China custom." They are very superstitious about handling the dead outside of their own families, under the belief that the spirit of the dead man will punish them.

One of the Chinese in the engineer's department had died during the night, and this fact, with the insubordination of the sailors, was at once reported to the captain. He immediately ordered the crew—twenty-five in number—to be placed in irons unless they obeyed the mate's order, threatening them with loss of wages and imprisonment on reaching Hong Kong. The following is the conversation in "pigeon English:" *Crew*—"You then no have go topside." *Captain*—"No matter, I'll put you in irons." *Crew*—"No belong China custom." *Captain*—"No belong my custom. This is your pigeon. Melican dead my pigeon. You no move that coffin in three hours more, that dead Chinaman by engine he go downside." The crew were put in irons for a couple of hours, and finally they all agreed to obey orders, and moved the coffin as required. "Pidgen," or "pigeon," is the Chinaman's nearest approach to the word "business." All conversation has to be carried on with them in "pigeon English." The above conversation is simply this: The crew said, "You will have no one to go aloft if you iron us, and it is not our custom to handle the dead." The captain replied, "It is your business to care for the Chinese dead, and mine to look after the Americans who die. If you don't

move that coffin in three hours, I will throw overboard the dead Chinaman in the engineer's department." This last threat was enough, for they knew that the captain would do as he said, and that if any of them should die they would go "downside" also. As many as one hundred and eighty-five embalmed bodies have been taken over in one ship by the Pacific Mail-line. Sailing vessels are more used for that purpose now, and a few days ago one left San Francisco whose entire cargo was dead Chinamen. The doctor of the "Alaska" is called in to embalm the body immediately after death on board ship. Usually there are several deaths on the way to China, but rarely any on the way from there, as those who come over are mostly young and vigorous.

A visit to the steerage, to see the Chinese eat or play at their peculiar games, is full of interest. Nearly all of them are constantly playing from the time they are up in the morning. They are seated in groups on mats spread on the deck. One in each group is a sort of banker, with whom is deposited the "cash" or other coin. He promptly pays the amount won during the games. The most exciting game consists in casting three dice into a small china bowl. Whoever succeeds in so casting them that the three sides which appear are all alike wins the game. They become very excited in playing. If they are not successful they often attribute it to the presence of the lookers-on, or to the position of the bowl, which they change at once. Many play at these games who do not smoke opium, because of the expensiveness of the habit. An opium "topee" often has to pay a dollar a day for the amount he smokes.

A more pleasant sight is to see the Chinamen eat. The purser one afternoon invited us down to the steerage for that purpose. We stopped first at the

steerage kitchen, to see a Chinaman with a long-handled iron spade shoveling out the steaming rice, from the huge vats in which it had just been cooked, into bushel-baskets, while another stood by with a kind of pitchfork stirring and cooling it. Forty-four large tin pans were then filled with it, and as many more filled with meat and cabbage, and borne to the different messes in the steerage. These messes consist of thirteen persons each, who are soon squatted around their dinner and eating it with great relish. Each of the thirteen has a bowl and a pair of chopsticks. By means of a wooden spoon he fills his bowl with the rice, and placing the meat and cabbage on top of it as he needs them, he is soon at work. The chopsticks are held between the thumb and the first and third fingers, and are handled with great ease in picking up bits of meat and cabbage; but when it comes to eating the rice, the bowl is held to the mouth and its contents simply shoveled in. In addition to these articles of their bill-of-fare, each mess has the privilege of having cooked any extras or delicacies which they themselves furnish. Accordingly they all have dishes of sausage, concerning the nature of which we wisely decline making any inquiry. The bushel-baskets filled with the cooked rice are placed at convenient points, and the large mess-pans are often replenished during the meal. It takes a pound and a third of rice a day for each Chinaman on the return voyage, but coming over to America they usually require two pounds each. The estimated cost of feeding them is about ten cents a day each. The hours of their meals are 6:30 A.M., 11 A.M., and 3:30 P.M. Immediately after the third meal they all go to bed, and sleep until six o'clock the next morning.

When we had been out some fifteen days the doctor was fearful that one of the steerage passen-



gers had the small-pox. He was accordingly put in the hospital near the stern of the ship, and a strict quarantine kept until the disease should develop itself. His fears were realized, and, aside from a plentiful use of carbolic acid and other disinfectants, every one on board was immediately vaccinated. As there were more than seven hundred of us, it was no small job, but the doctor was assisted by a couple of other physicians on board, and it was all attended to in a few hours. The Chinese yielded with but few objections. When this unfortunate Chinaman died of this disease he was buried in the sea. He had a brother with him in the hospital to attend on him constantly. Many on board are returning home to die of pulmonary disease, contracted in the too severe climate of California. There is a supply of coffins on board for such as may fall on the way. Should there be any other cases of small-pox, our ship will probably be quarantined for ten or fourteen days at Hong Kong. The Japanese are less strict at Yokohama, and we have little fear of detention there.

On Friday, November 17, at noon, the bulletin announced our longitude as one hundred and seventy-seven degrees twenty-nine minutes *west*. In the afternoon one could see, by the frequent visits to the barber shop, that something unusual was about to happen. The next day was Sunday, the 19th, and Saturday, the 18th, was dropped, or set down as a *dies non*. We had in the meantime crossed the meridian, or one hundred and eightieth degree, and the next announcement on the bulletin was longitude one hundred and seventy-nine degrees nineteen minutes *east*. The gong sounded at half-past ten o'clock for Sunday service, and we assembled in the social hall to listen to an instructive sermon by Bishop Marvin, on "The corn of wheat." Thus was the Jewish Sabbath once more superseded

by the first day of the week. With all on board it was a profitable day. It was still Saturday with our friends in America, but we were now on the other side of the world, and hence we conformed to the Sabbath being observed by the followers of Jesus in Japan, China, India, and the East generally. Of what minor consequence is the mere day of the week observed, so that we consecrate one day to be a Sabbath unto the Lord! Had we gone on observing the same day without dropping one, we should find on getting back to America that we were keeping Monday in place of Sunday.

Perhaps the necessity for "dropping a day" will be made more clear to some minds by a simple illustration. Mrs. —, of Hong Kong, one of our lady passengers, concluded on leaving New York not to change her watch during the voyage. On reaching San Francisco her watch was three hours and ten minutes fast; on reaching the one hundred and eightieth degree it was seven hours fast—that is, while the ship's clock said 9 A.M. her watch said 4 P.M. Had she started from Greenwich, England, in place of New York, it would be twelve hours fast in place of seven; so that while it would be 9 P.M. by the ship's time, it would be 9 A.M. the following day by hers. By the time she reached Hong Kong her watch would be over sixteen hours faster than local time there, and on getting back to Greenwich it would have gained twenty-four hours, or a whole day. To avoid confusion, this extra day is by common consent dropped on crossing the meridian going west. The ship's time is altered every day to correspond with the true time ascertained at eight o'clock every morning. We thus put the clock back about fifteen minutes daily, and finally make the calendar correspond. Coming east, on the other hand, the clock has to be put forward every day and the calendar is made to correspond by adding a day.

Thus if the ship crosses the meridian on Sunday, the next day is Sunday also. It is 11 A.M. Monday, November 20, as we write these lines, while with our friends in Missouri it is 5 P.M. Sunday, November 19. We hope that they have spent a delightful Sabbath thus far, and that they will be profited by the evening services in their sanctuaries.

We cannot refrain from saying that some of our most pleasant religious experiences are connected with this voyage. Bishop Marvin and we are reading the Bible in course during this trip, having as a daily lesson two chapters each in the Old and New Testaments. Reading alternate verses, and pausing for comments or for consulting references by means of our excellent Bagster Bibles, the living word is proving very nourishing to our souls. Some one has said that the Bible was written to be read in the open air. Certainly much of it is best understood by being read at sea. "The voice of the Lord is upon the waters." "They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters, these see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep." As we read his word to-day over the deepest water in the world (more than five miles deep), lashed all yesterday by the furious storm, we rejoice to sing,

This awful God is ours,  
Our Father and our love.

The Sabbath services, too, conducted in turn by Bishop Marvin, the Rev. Dr. Dean, and ourself, have not been without profit, even though the congregations never numbered over a score and a half. In the number were found a converted Chinaman and one Christian Japanese, most devout worshipers. Then the singing on Sabbath evening! Gathered around the piano, many earnest souls sung, as at home, "Sweet hour of prayer," "Star of Bethlehem,"

“Rock of Ages,” and many other hymns, the full meaning of which we had not known till now.

On yesterday a sudden squall beat down upon the ship with terrific fury. The sailors had not time to reef the sails before they were hid from our sight by the blinding rain. Drenched to the skin, the poor fellows up in the rigging could hardly see each other. The rain, as it dashed upon the sea, raised such a mist that the ocean itself was hid. The ship turned almost on one side, plunged on, one of the paddle-wheels half of the time out of the water. The waves dashed higher than the vessel, covering her with spray. The plate-racks at the table were of little service, for as the vessel madly plunged, the soup was scattered over the passengers. One lady, drenched with soup, started to her state-room and was thrown violently on the floor. The wind whistled in the rigging, mingling with the hoarse voices of command on deck, and the creaking of the ship’s timbers, and the crash of crockery. Our overcoats, not needed since the fourth day out, were donned again. The captain, unable to make observations of the sun, made up his reckoning by the stars at midnight, as the storm cleared away, and reports that at noon to-day we are within two hundred and four miles of Yokohama, where we drop anchor at ten o’clock to-morrow morning, November 30, after a run of twenty-eight days, without the sight of a single sail since the first afternoon out from San Francisco.

The voyage on the whole has been quite a pleasant one. We ran most of the time between the thirty-first and thirtieth degrees north latitude, or about as far south as Savannah, Georgia. The air was as mild as in May. The ship’s library afforded ample food, both light and solid, for the intellect, while the steward’s daily bill-of-fare continued to the last day amply to satisfy the most diverse tastes.

To say that we had fresh peas and celery daily, and ice-cream twice a week throughout the voyage, may convey some idea of the ship's capacity to carry fresh supplies of all kinds. We had some quite rough weather, but less than was to be expected at this time of the year. We doubtless avoided much rough sailing by going so far south, although it made our voyage much longer. When we reach Yokohama in the morning we shall have run five thousand one hundred and twenty-one miles from San Francisco.

We were seasick once or twice—long enough to know what it is, and to be satisfied as to the cause of it. It doubtless comes from a sort of vertigo, or dizziness, produced by the rolling of the vessel. This interferes with the circulation of the blood and produces nausea. If the head can be supported and kept stationary by the back of a chair, or in a reclining posture, there is no difficulty. When one gets accustomed to the motion of the vessel there is less danger of vertigo; hence seasickness is most usual at the beginning of the voyage. We are still not so fond of the sea as to reciprocate the sentiments of the song of "A life on the ocean wave." A lady passenger says that its author must have had neither brains nor nerves, but the stomach of a shark.

With profoundest thanksgiving to our Father in heaven for his watchful care during the voyage, we close these notes to-night, expecting with the morning light to look upon Japan, "the land of the rising sun."

On the "Alaska," Nov. 29, 1876.



## LETTER VII.

## OUR FIRST DAYS IN JAPAN.

WE did not sleep as well as usual on Wednesday night, November 29. Sleep is a principal thing in a sea voyage, and hence, because one has to sleep so much, physicians often recommend crossing the ocean for one's health. The motion of the vessel puts you to sleep, and if you waken after a good night's rest it is apt to woo you to slumber again, if not immediately, at least before more than four or five hours. But not so on the morning of November 30. We had been promised sight of land by daylight, and we were on the lookout for it. More than once during the night we tried to get a glimpse of Japan in the clear moonlight, but without success. But at length with the early dawn we were rejoiced on looking out of our window to see Breese Island faintly outlined on the horizon. Hurriedly dressing to see Cape King on the other side of the ship, we found several of our late risers already on deck drinking in the glad sight of the main-land stretching away for miles. We absolutely envied some of our Japanese passengers as they stood silently looking on their native shores once more. There were genuine thanksgivings at our worship that morning for the sight of land again after four weeks of gazing upon the wide waste of the Pacific.

We were now fifty miles from Yokohama, which



is some distance up the bay. Perhaps seventy-five miles away stood Mount Fuji, the great mountain of Japan. It is an extinct volcano, twelve thousand four hundred and fifty feet high, with a crater three miles in circumference and two hundred feet deep. Its lofty head, covered with snow, was surpassingly beautiful in the early morning sunlight as it first burst upon our delighted vision. The Japanese call it Fuji-Yama, which means, "No two mountains," or "Peerless," or "None such." They are very proud of it. It enters into all their art. In their pictures on fans and lacquer-work, and even in inlaid work, Fuji-Yama is always present. In fact, it is visible to so much of Japan that we shall keep it in sight until we leave this part of the main island. Japan consists of four large islands and several thousand smaller ones. The largest one is called Nippon. By the natives "Dai Nippon," or Great Nippon, is regarded as the proper name for Japan itself. The Japanese now use the term as corresponding to Great Britain. They delight to think of themselves as the Englishmen of Asia, albeit many regard them as the French.

We steamed rapidly up the bay, despite the head-winds and heavy sea which had delayed us some hours. The water was full of Japanese craft of all kinds, from the revenue-cutter, to which we showed our colors, to the junk and fish-boat. As soon as we were sighted, the firing of two guns in quick succession in Yokohama announced our approach to the people there. Passing the fishing towns and light-houses along the coast, we were, by one o'clock, amid the men-of-war and the steamships anchored in the harbor. Firing our gun, the Japanese colors were run up on our foremast, while the American flag had taken the place of the pennant on our mainmast, and floated also from the flagstaff at the stern of the ship. American,

French, German, and Japanese men-of-war, gayly decked with flags, were filled with officers and crews watching us as the native boats crowded around to take the passengers ashore. The Confederate ram "Stonewall," purchased by the Japanese government, was pointed out in the harbor.

But we soon lost sight of every thing but ourselves and the boats filled with natives clamorous for places nearest the ship's ladder. A shrill whistle bade them all look out as the steam-tug which came to take off the mail scattered them on every side, and threatened to really capsize several. The mailbags were carried down by Japanese coolies, who had come aboard for that purpose, while yet others were distributing advertisements among the passengers, who were commenting on their strange costumes. Their trousers fit so tightly that some inquired how the Japanese ever got their trousers on. Others answered, "They never take them off." "But how did they get them on originally?" "They were melted and poured into them." We were soon not troubled with that difficulty, for we found some that did not wear any trousers at all, but simply a cloth about their loins. Looking out upon these unpainted boats sculled by native boatmen, we saw in them many anxious faces scanning the features of the passengers, looking for friends and relatives, and many were the greetings of recognition exchanged. We began to feel lonely amid such warm displays of love and joy until the Rev. Dr. McClay, Superintendent of the Methodist Episcopal Missions in Japan, accompanied by three or four other missionaries, came on board inquiring for Bishop Marvin and ourself, and assured us that a warm Thanksgiving dinner was awaiting our presence to be disposed of, and that we were expected to share the hospitalities of his home during our stay. Bidding our fellow-voyagers and the

officers of the ship farewell, we followed the Japanese coolies who carried our baggage, and were soon in one of the native boats pulling for the shore. We take a final look at our noble ship, and remember the advice, "Never abuse the bridge that has carried you safely over." Farewell, "Alaska!" there are few ships surer *or* slower, and none more comfortable. While the coal-barges are hurrying to replenish her well-nigh emptied coal-bunkers, we can study the peculiarities of the bare-headed boatmen. Listen to their evident abuse of each other as they are struggling for the best places near the ship. Yonder old man is so full of *sake* that he can hardly manage his boat, and he is fearful that he will have to go back without a passenger, and he is swearing at every boatman within sound of his voice. Our boatman has had his head freshly shaved from the forehead back to the crown and his back hair nicely folded over the bare spot. His legs are inclosed in tights, while he wears the usual coat, something like a loose dressing-gown. His oars are worked like the fins of a fish, and his boat is built after the model of a fish's body. He blows as he sculls, and the boy at the other oar also has a sort of escape-pipe for his steam.

But here we are at the wharf, and Japanese greenbacks pay the bill. Our baggage is placed in a jinriksha drawn by a man, and we walk on to the custom-house to open it for inspection. An American official accompanies the Japanese clerk, and after simply looking into a trunk, permits it to pass without objection. The baggage goes off in one jinriksha and each of us summons one from the adjoining square, where they stand thicker than carriages about the St. Louis court-house. The jinriksha means "man-power carriage." The man stands between the shafts, which have a cross-piece in front against which he can lean his whole weight,

to assist him in drawing his load. The vehicle is playfully called a "Pull-man car." We are scarcely seated before our cooly is off, trotting like a horse and looking like an ostrich. Such legs! The calves stand out in huge hard lumps of muscle. Away he goes at the rate of six miles an hour. We see clean streets and fine business houses on all sides as we hurry along, but we are wondering whether our cooly won't fall down and "spill" us on the street. We meet a buggy drawn by a horse at full trot, and we seem to be going the faster of the two. Passing through the native markets, we come to the foot of the "bluff" on which stand the foreign residences. Dr. McClay and we walk up the hill, while our jinriksha men help push Bishop Marvin's vehicle to the top, when we all get in again and whirl along as before until we reach the residence of the Rev. Mr. Ballagh, missionary of the Dutch Reformed Church. Our coolies are dismissed with greenbacks, as our boatmen were, and in a few minutes we forget that we are in Japan.

The Chinaman brings his home with him to America, and the American to China or Japan. The house we are in is foreign-built; the faces that smile welcome upon us are all American, and the Thanksgiving turkey on the table is just such as to-morrow will grace many a table in our native land. The talk is of the United States. "Is this really Thanksgiving day?" "The President's proclamation has not been received, and the American Minister at Tokio celebrated last Thursday." "Who is elected President? The dispatches are contradictory, and we suppose the result is doubtful." So the talk runs on for awhile, but the presence of the Japanese waiter and the strange tongue in which he is addressed, and those persimmons and peculiar oranges, recall to us the fact that we are on the other side of the world. The talk now is

of a threatened insurrection among the Samurai, just quelled a week or two before by the prompt action of the government, rendered possible by the telegraph wires, and of the wonderful changes in Japan that have disarmed this soldier class and that are making them useful citizens and controlling them, despite an occasional mania for carrying the two swords again. The rise in the price of swords confirmed the suspicion on the part of the government that something was wrong. Then we talked of the hopeful attitude of Japan toward the Christian religion; and of the great work being accomplished in some parts of the empire, inaugurated, and in some places largely carried on, by natives who have been brought to Christ. But we reserve for narration what has come under our own observation while in Japan. The impression of these first few hours of intercourse is, that these faithful missionaries are men who would command the leading pulpits in our American Churches, and that the work they are doing will abide the tests of time and trial, and command the admiration of men and the approbation of God.

We were only a few minutes at Dr. McClay's when one of the converts called, and on being introduced and informed that we were Americans, he appeared greatly rejoiced, and remarked: "The Japanese were ignorant of the truth until Americans brought them the knowledge of it. We are therefore always glad to see American ministers and missionaries." This was said with a grace and an earnestness that were unmistakably genuine, and we responded through Dr. McClay, our interpreter, that we had equal joy in meeting a native Christian who less than a year ago was a heathen. He was a Samurai, or member of the military class, but on becoming a Christian he left the government employ, and is devoting himself to the study of the



Bible that he may preach the gospel among his heathen countrymen. He is perhaps nearly thirty years of age, and with the air of an intelligent gentleman, such as he doubtless is. We were informed that irreligious foreign teachers in the employ of the government say that Christianity is dying out in America, and because preachers can get no one to come to hear them there they come to Japan. These statements and many similar ones are published in the native papers, and the converts come to the missionaries, and, getting the statistics to show the proportion of missionaries to home preachers and the number of Christians in America, publish a reply to those falsehoods. Thus the whole public mind is agitated, and the chapels are well filled with attentive hearers who are full of intelligent questions. Foreign merchants and others often assail missionaries through the prints, angered by the presence of men whose faithful preaching is a constant reproof of their irreligious lives, and who would gladly go beyond the range of Christian influences, but cannot. When missionaries first came to Asia these men were angry because their countrymen lived in native houses imperiling their health. They are now angry because they have foreign-built houses, and evidently mean to take care of their health and spend long lives of usefulness among the heathen. "John the Baptist came neither eating bread nor drinking wine, and ye say, He hath a devil. The Son of man is come eating and drinking, and ye say, Behold a gluttonous man and a wine-bibber, a friend of publicans and sinners! But Wisdom is justified of all her children."

After the lesson of the five loaves and two small fishes, and an earnest prayer by Bishop Marvin for God to multiply them, to feed the multitude of Japan, we all join in singing "Rock of Ages." Dr.



McClay and family then sung it to the same tune in Japanese; also, to our familiar tunes, but with Japanese words, "Arise, my soul, arise," and "Nearer, my God, to thee." We retire to rest, but not to sleep. Not only is the motion of the vessel absent, but visions of Japanese junks, tiled roofs, straw shoes, elogs, jinrikshas, tight trousers, shaved heads, crows, dwarfed trees, and many other strange things, are fearfully present. Thus ended our first day in Japan. It was a memorable Thanksgiving day! But as yet we had seen but little more than the foreign part of Yokohama. The next day we were to spend among the natives.

Early on Friday morning, December 1, we started in company with Dr. McClay and Bishop Marvin to Kamakura, distant some eighteen miles, and formerly the Shogun's capital of Japan. It became thus a place of great political importance as early as 1196 A.D., and is now interesting mostly for its venerable buildings and its historic associations. We each took a jinriksha with two coolies apiece, one to pull and the other to push, paying two dollars and a half for each vehicle. We took a shorter road going, and went in two hours. We returned by the tokaïdo, or great road of Japan, and it required three hours and a half. Thus we averaged about five miles and a half an hour during the day. Our men would always stop when it was too difficult to draw us uphill, and would turn in the shafts to see that our wheels got in no bad ruts at dangerous places. The one in front would always announce any bad place and "slow up" in crossing it. We never had so intelligent a team. The prospect of good pay kept them in fine humor, and they were very considerate of our wants. They carried their Japanese lanterns with them, and stopped to light them on our way home after night, as the law is very strict on that subject. Sometimes these jinrikshas collide,

and sometimes they lose a wheel, but the accidents are not numerous. While it seems hard to be drawn by men, it is the only way of travel here, save by a buggy with a betto or man to run side by side with the horse. We saw some of this, but, very happily, less than we expected.

The country along our route was quite fertile and every available square foot in cultivation, growing rice, or cotton, or vegetables. We passed through some fifty places with from one hundred to fifteen thousand inhabitants each. We saw all trades represented—the carpenter *pulling*, not pushing, his plane; and saw the farmer winnowing rice with his fan in his hand; women shaving their eyebrows, and (tell it not in Gath!) hair-dressers putting up their hair—using false hair, or switches. Little Japanese children would bow, and cry “Ohayo!” or “Good-morning.” Women with blackened teeth would invite us into their hotels to take a cup of tea. Once we stopped and drank tea, with no sugar or milk, out of their tiny cups, and found it both palatable and refreshing.

Heathen temples abounded all along the road, and we occasionally saw worshipers at them. They always ring a bell to let the gods know that they have come to pray. One bell was seven feet high and fourteen feet in circumference, and was rung by means of a huge log suspended by chains and worked like a battering-ram. It was surrounded by straw shoes left as offerings by the pilgrims. We visited the great bronze image of Dai Butsu. It is forty-four feet high, and will hold several hundred people inside. We found on entering that a stair-way led up to a gallery near his head. We measured the space on the inside between his elbows and found it to be twenty-five feet. Getting a ladder from a priest in attendance, we climbed up the outside and measured his arm from elbow to wrist

and found it to be eight feet, and from wrist to end of thumb to be five and a half feet more. The length of the thumb is three feet, while his thumb-nail is eight inches long by ten wide. Dr. McClay sat on the thumb and ate an orange as we made the measurements. His face has the inevitable wart in the forehead and wears Buddha's usual serene look. Doubtless millions have worshiped before it, while now it excites but little interest save as a work of art. A large temple probably once covered it, but was destroyed by an earthquake or tidal-wave. The image was cast in sections and put together afterward, the whole weighing about six hundred thousand pounds. Its age is very great, probably dating from the time when Kamakura had half a million of people. Only a few temples now remain, so perishable is the ordinary Japanese house. This was the old capital of the Shoguns, afterward moved to Yeddo. Yeddo was subsequently made the mikado's capital, and its name changed to Tokio, or "Eastern capital." We shall visit it to-morrow.

The change of the capital was an essential part of the great revolution of 1868. The military emperor permitted himself to be recognized by Commodore Perry as the real and only Emperor of Japan. When the fact became known it was determined to dethrone him, to place the mikado, or proper ruler, in full possession of the government, to change the capital from quiet Kioto to the more important Yeddo, and to drive all foreigners from the country. All was successfully accomplished but the last, which was never really attempted, their presence being found desirable for the development of new Japan. The military class were generally disarmed and then pensioned by the government. But many are still restless, and threaten trouble. The sword-market is an accurate barometer.

Yokohama, Japan, Dec. 1, 1876.

## LETTER VIII.

## IN THE MODERN CAPITAL OF JAPAN.

THE quarterly-meeting of the Methodist Mission being held at Yokohama on Saturday and Sabbath, we were very anxious to remain and witness a native Quarterly Conference session and love-feast, as well as to see some nine converts baptized, and to join with them in partaking of the Lord's Supper. But the missionaries of Tokio had sent down for one of us to preach in the English Church there on Sabbath, and as Bishop Marvin was already engaged for that service in Yokohama, it was deemed best that we should go to Tokio on Saturday. Accompanied by our friend the Rev. Julius Soper, our jinrikshas soon bore us to the splendid railroad depot where we were to take the cars. The English style prevails, of not being permitted to enter the gate that opens on the platform until just before the train leaves, and we dropped into the Japanese *restaurant* to use the few spare minutes at the lunch-table. The food was boiled eggs, tea, cakes, and some other articles which we ate by faith, an ample lunch for fifteen cents each. Our tickets were punched as we entered the gates, and were taken up as we passed out of the gates at Tokio, no conductor or guard appearing during the run of eighteen miles. The cars are narrow-gauge, with seats along the sides like those of a street-car, and are of three classes. The first class, English compartment

cars, were empty, as usual, while the third class were filled with Japanese. A few natives rode second class with the foreigners. The road was built by English contractors and in English style, with their peculiar system of signals for trains. A large American clock is on the outside at every depot. The country is fertile, and quite a rice-growing district. Heathen temples are seen at intervals all along the line of the road. A splendid iron bridge is in process of construction at one point, where we run over on a wooden bridge with extended trestle-work.

We are soon in the magnificent foreign-built depot at Tokio, and take a double jinriksha for the emperor's gardens, which can only be seen on Saturday. We drive through the burnt district, large in itself, but a very small part of the city, where a few days before a great fire destroyed eight thousand nine hundred and six houses, leaving only "godowns," or fire-proof treasure-houses, standing. Already the workmen were busy putting up new houses, and the people seemed to be contented, the government having arranged to care for such as needed assistance for the present. We passed by the navy and war departments, and saw companies of marines and artillerymen. The government employs English teachers for the navy, French for the army, Americans for the common schools and colleges, and Germans in the medical schools. The castle-grounds were reached after passing behind three high walls, each protected by ditch, or moat, and after showing tickets of admission to the soldier guard at the inner gate. The fortifications are of a very formidable character to every thing but heavy cannon. The grounds are very old, and the castle built in 1355 has long since disappeared. Beautiful bamboo groves and forests of pine, fir, and oak, with well-arranged artificial mounds, gardens, and

lakes, constitute the attractions of this venerable place, where on these mounds are trees planted five centuries ago.

The Japanese have a great way of tying down the limbs of the trees and making them grow near the ground. One evergreen, not much taller than our head, was so trained that its boughs touched the ground all around, and were eighty-four feet in circumference. A fine display of chrysanthemums, of all conceivable colors, is the present floral exhibit, to be followed shortly by one of camelias. Tasty native buildings are found here and there in the grounds, and are occupied by gardeners and others. This is the "Central Park" of Japan, and hundreds of natives on clogs were hobbling along admiring its beautiful groves.

The other place of interest to be seen only on Saturday is Hama-go-ten, or the "Palace by the Sea." We were quite late, but the name "American" opened the gates and secured a profound Japanese bow from the gate-keeper. These grounds are also walled, and are located on the bay. A miniature Fuji-Yama affords a splendid view from its summit, not only of its larger namesake, but of the bay of Yeddo as well. Birds for decoying ducks for the old Japanese nobility to shoot are found in different parts of the grounds. The tide-water from the bay runs into the lakes filled with fish, which delight you with their antics. Beautiful bamboo bridges are thrown over the many streams. Above our heads fly the inevitable crows of Japan. You find these birds in inconceivable numbers in country and city. They serve as scavengers, and are never killed. The crows and dogs do the work of sewers for Tokio. Both roam and fly at their own sweet will. We saw a crow sitting perfectly at home on a lamp-post in the heart of the city. "Caw-caw" mingled with the worship on Sabbath, as it



does with the songs of the boatmen all the week long. Admission to the palace is only possible on rare occasions. It is simply used as a place for entertaining foreign ambassadors, and is chiefly remarkable for its rare and beautiful papering. One room is papered wholly with fans. We turned our jinrikshas homeward to the foreign concession, and again amid American houses could forget that we were in Japan. The talk at night was of home, and we retired to sleep amid thoughts of a Christian Sabbath in Japan.

It was Sabbath in our part of the city, but only there. The foreign, especially the English and American, teachers in the employ of the Japanese government declined to teach on Sunday, and so the mikado has proclaimed Sunday as the legal holiday in place of every sixth day, as heretofore. This simply means that government offices are closed on Sunday, but the masses of the people are at work as usual. It is an entering-wedge, however, and may prepare the way for the Christian Sabbath.

We attended the service at the Presbyterian Mission at nine o'clock. Prayer was offered by a native convert, and "Jesus, Lover of my soul," was heartily sung by about fifty Japanese who were present. A brief exposition of the lesson of the day was made by a missionary, and then the different Bible classes were formed for study and recitation. The natives appeared quite contented and interested. "Jesus," "Jews," and "Amen," were among the words which we could recognize. Shelves at the door held the shoes, clogs, and sandals of the worshipers, several of whom, entering after we did, bowed the head in silent prayer as they took their seats. They brought their Bibles and song-books neatly wrapped up in handkerchiefs. Most of those who were present were adults. Some of the venerable converts are elders of the Church, and constitute its session.

They act as ushers, also; and one is always ready to open the door, save during prayer.

At 11 A.M. we preached in the English Church to a congregation composed of the English-speaking people of Tokio. They were merchants and missionaries and their families, and many Japanese, especially students from the Imperial University. The communion service followed the sermon, and we rejoiced to participate in these solemn privileges with Christians of different nationalities on this side of the world. These services are conducted every Sabbath by the different missionaries in turn, and are under no one denominational control. They are well attended, and are looked forward to with much pleasure. Here is secured one *desideratum* of a missionary's life—sympathy. Even Elijah fainted before he found Elisha. The lonely life of a missionary in a heathen land, living for days without seeing an American or European face, is a severe trial on the nerves and health. We visited in the afternoon a heathen temple, in one part of which two noble lady missionaries teach a girls' school, while in the other part the people came to worship the same as in the other temples, which abound in the vicinity. The sound of the bell calling the gods to listen to the prayers and vows of the people mingles with the songs of the children in the school, "Jesus loves me, this I know," and "There is no name so sweet on earth." One of these ladies has to stay here at night all alone with these children, with no Europeans less than three miles away. Only those can sleep out of the foreign concession who have special permission obtained with difficulty from the government. She has a Japanese watchman about the premises every night, and says that she does not have a moment's fear. But O how refreshing was sympathy to the hungry hearts of these noble missionaries in the

heart of heathen Tokio! A special building is being erected for their school in the foreign concession, but until it is finished they will continue in their Japanese quarters in the temple. They are doing a good work.

We also attended a service for the Japanese in the school-room of Mr. Tsuda's Agricultural College. S. Tsuda, the founder and head, was one of the Japanese commissioners at the Vienna Exposition, and has been once or twice to America. He has become a Christian, and in the absence of the Rev. Mr. Soper, who was called to Yokohama, he aided me in conducting the service in the native language. The congregation, of about twenty, sung "Rock of Ages" and "Jesus loves me." A native convert then offered prayer, which was followed by all repeating from memory the Ten Commandments and reading a lesson from Luke, which we had selected as the basis of our remarks. Mr. Tsuda acted as interpreter, and, by speaking in short and simple sentences, he had no difficulty in translating all we said. A more attentive audience we never saw. By means of a large Japanese map of Palestine that hung on the wall we pointed out to them many places we hoped to visit, places consecrated by the presence of their Saviour and ours. We asked through our interpreter how they knew that Jesus loved them, as they had just been singing. One replied, "Because Jesus died for us, and was crucified to save us from our sins." We told them that sin at Babel had confused our tongues, but in heaven, redeemed by the blood of Jesus, we should all talk alike. Here, too, the congregation was mostly composed of adults.

After the service Mr. Tsuda invited us to look through his school and to visit his house. He has a number of Japanese students from different parts of the empire. On entering the room of one of the

students he immediately prostrated himself with his head within an inch of the floor. We thought he was certainly "from the country," and yet this was Japanese style a few years ago. The bow now in use does not amount to prostration. Mr. Tsuda presented us with some twenty Japanese works, of which he is the author. They were mostly pamphlets on different agricultural operations. He has the distinction of being the only Japanese in private life who has ever dined with the mikado. He was granted this honor as a recognition of his valuable services to the agricultural interests of Japan. He was a Samurai, but has declined the pension granted by the government. His place was formerly the property of a daimio, and has also a miniature Fuji-Yama, as well as a characteristic garden with grottos and dwarfed trees. He has bananas, magnolias, and other tropical plants and trees, which he brought from America. The walk to his house led through rows of tea-plants, not more than two feet high. The young leaves of the plant gathered in May and dried constitute the tea of commerce. We were seated at a table, in place of on the floor, as in other Japanese houses, but were soon served with cakes and tea, as is the custom of entertaining guests in all Japan. We asked the usual question, "How old are you?" the highest compliment one can pay a Japanese. He responded, "Thirty-nine." He brought in a nice Bartlett pear, grown from an American graft on a Japanese tree, remarking that this was being introduced like Christianity, an American graft on a Japanese stock. He said, "We are glad to know about the Christ, and we want to know more of the Bible." He brought in his baby, which we took in our arms. He showed us a letter just received from his daughter in Georgetown, D. C. She is one of five girls, for whose education in America the gov-

ernment pays one thousand dollars each. She has become a Christian, and writes that her joy is great at the progress of the true religion in Japan, and is anxious to return and aid in the good work. She was especially glad that a heathen temple was being used for a girls' school, as one had been used six months for a preaching-place by Brother Soper. Mr. Tsuda is as deeply interested in the temporal and spiritual prosperity of the Methodist Church in Japan as any official member could be in a local church in America. He takes great interest in the new buildings being erected for the Mission in Tokio, and intends adorning the grounds with trees sent from his nursery.

We returned home with the impression of the morning deepened. At family-prayers, in Japanese, conducted by Mrs. Soper, in the absence of her husband, the servants all read alternately the lesson, sung the hymn, and repeated together the Lord's Prayer. They read well, and will correct one another and the missionaries, if any make a mistake. We thought, Surely, the leaven of a few Christian lives will leaven finally the whole of Japan. These are the first-fruits that betoken an abundant harvest and the finest wheat. They contribute toward the support of the gospel, and show their gratitude to missionaries by frequent presents, as if they would remind them that their labors are appreciated. After the recent great fire, which threatened at one time to sweep the foreign concession, the following day many came to congratulate, as is usual, not only the Japanese, but the missionaries, on their escape. Of course, the type of piety is not so high as at home, nor was it among the first converts of the Apostolic Church, but it will improve as they add to their faith knowledge. Corinth and Ephesus were as bad as Tokio, but what Epistles for them Paul wrote afterward!



On Monday, December 4, accompanied by Bishop Marvin and Brother Soper, who was invaluable as interpreter, we visited the heathen temple of Shiba, an immense grove in Tokio, full of temples and the tycoons' graves. We saw the heathen worshipping huge images of Buddha, first throwing in "their gifts into the treasury." We understood what Jesus meant by "Use not vain repetitions, as the heathen do," for over and over again they repeated the same prayer, usually "Eternal Buddha, love us!" A priest with smooth-shaven head, and dressed in robes of yellow silk, sat with fan in hand preaching to some fifty persons, many young priests. Some of the audience had their tea-kettle with them, and would make and sip tea on one side of the temple. The responsive worship, conducted amid burning incense, tolling and tinkling bells, was as impressive as that of a Catholic cathedral, which it very closely resembled. We can well believe that Romanism is modeled after heathen worship, or that they have a common model. One is impressed with the minor key and plaintive strains of the chanting. There is no happiness in idolaters' worship. One of the priests, who had "for sale within the temple" sacred candles, charms, and images of Buddha, informed us that they had *a vacant temple which they would like to rent*. Since the present government has come into power, Buddhism, lacking the patronage of the tycoons, has to support itself as best it can. Already some of the vacant temples are rented to foreigners for private residences, while others have been seized and devoted to government uses. Within the temple area is the great bell of Shiba, twelve feet high, twenty feet in circumference, and seven inches thick at bottom.\* Like all Japanese bells, the bottom is very little larger than the top. Near by is a monolith lavatory, or a single huge stone used for a lavatory. It is about ten feet



long, five feet wide, and five feet high. The worshiper always washes his hands before entering the temple to pray and make his offering. He throws his gifts, usually money, into a large box before the altar. Sometimes the images, especially on each side of the door, "the guardians of the temple," are covered with spit-balls. These are the prayers on bits of paper, which are chewed up and thrown at the idol. If it sticks the sign is auspicious.

The priests have relaxed very much their former rigid rules. They will take off their sandals and want you to take off your shoes before entering the temple, but if you object they will say, "All right," and admit you to the most sacred places rather than lose their fees. Shiba was the most magnificent temple of Japan. It was burned some three years ago, and the Buddhists are making an effort to have it rebuilt on its former splendid site, although on not so large a scale. The names and amounts of contributors are on bits of wood or placards at the gate of the temple. It seems to be very difficult work, however, and some doubt whether they will succeed. Many of the ornaments of the old temple, even utensils used in worship, are for sale. We purchased some choice old bronzes that once adorned the altar itself. They bear the crest of some prince who presented them to the temple. They had been brought to the owner of the American Legation building, who, being satisfied of their genuineness and historic value, purchased some and enabled us to secure others that we prize very highly. The fact is, the Buddhist wave is receding from Japan. Amid thousands of shrines we have seen only one new one. The very temples are for rent, and will ultimately be for sale, with no new ones to take their places. We shall speak of other fine temples in our next.

Tokio, Japan, Dec. 2, 1876.

## LETTER IX.

## JAPANESE SHOPS, SCHOOLS, AND SHRINES.

OF course we went among the merchants, or more properly the shop-keepers, of the capital. The most costly display of goods is frequently made within the smallest conceivable compass, the merchant squatting within easy reach of most of the articles for sale. Sometimes the business houses have two stories, and many choice wares are found on the second floor, but in no case do the buildings have much depth, or whatever part is cut off is used for a dwelling-house. The shop-keeper was usually found warming his hands over a charcoal fire in a stove of earthenware shaped like an open box. This shows that the Japanese *do* suffer from cold, although, while in the country a day or two before, we saw hundreds of coolies with nothing on below their loins (unless straw sandals on stockingless feet), while they stood at night warming their naked shins by straw fires. Still the cold is not so severe in this part of Japan as to cause the erection of substantial houses, properly heated, to protect against it.

The shop-keepers here vary as in America. Some are always eager to show goods, while others will allow you to inspect their stock without saying a word, unless you ask "Ikura," or "How much?" when they promptly respond as the case may be. If you reply "Too high," they will often drop one-

third of the price. Formerly the prices were much more reasonable, but since it has been found out that foreigners will often give any price asked, the first price is usually much above the value of the goods. Frequently, however, the merchant has "one price only," and that a fair one. Often, too, he will tell you that an article is damaged, or of inferior quality. But he usually expects you to buy something, and does not believe in "no trouble to show goods." Often the manufactory and the salesroom are the same, and one can see the making of nice straw or bamboo goods, whether shoes, mats, shades, or baskets. The display of goods at the door does not always mean that they are for sale. Wishing to purchase a pair of straw shoes, such as are worn by all the lower classes, and seeing a number hanging up in front of a house on the street, in Yokohama, we stepped up and laying our hand on a pair asked, "Ikura" ("How much?"). Immediately the Japanese began to laugh very heartily, and told us, by our interpreter, that they had just been purchased for family use, husband and wife wearing the same kind. They readily consented to sell us a pair at the usual price, two tempos, less than two cents. Even horse-shoes are made of straw, and sell at about the same rate, or less.

There are a number of shops filled with American goods, which excite as much attention here as Japanese goods do in America. A very small proportion of Japanese have adopted the American costume, and few are likely to do so for years to come. Even English-speaking students in their schools wear only foreign hats and shoes, and often not those. The fact is, our foreign clothes are too expensive. One can buy a very good suit, such as is usually worn by the merchants in Japan, for about one dollar and fifty cents. The coolies often now, and until lately did universally, dispense with every

thing but such a coat, more like our dressing-gowns, cheaper ones costing less than a dollar. No head-covering is usually worn, save a handkerchief, and often not that. A rainy day brings out most peculiar straw coats, and bamboo hats, and paper umbrellas. The clogs keep the feet out of the mud, while at such a time they wear a sort of overshoe, covering simply the front of the foot. This sheath, as it may be called, is fastened to the clog. Usually clogs are worn by a better class than the coolies; still they are very cheap. We bought three pairs of sandals and clogs for twenty cents. The socks reach about to the ankle, and sell for ten cents a pair. They are always worn about the house or in the temple, when the sandals are removed. They are made with a separate place for the large toe, so that the thong of the sandal may fit between.

The carriage or wagon shops of Japan are usually jinriksha shops. Even wagons of two or four wheels, capable of carrying several tons weight, are pulled and pushed by coolies, who utter a peculiar word at every step. Whether it were a song or grunt we could not tell. Some believe that every boat and every wagon has a peculiar song of its own, which the coolies sing. At any rate, you can hear these men at their work blocks away, and we have several times been awakened at night by a passing boat on the canal or river. The toy shops abound in every quarter, and in every street may be found playing children. Often the wares are placed on mats out in the streets. This is especially true at night. Japanese lanterns (like Chinese) illumine the streets, and often the display is really attractive. For a foreigner to stop to make a purchase is usually the sign for the gathering of a crowd of natives. Always respectful, they are sometimes inconvenient, and all that is necessary is to call one of the nearly four thousand uniformed policemen of Tokio, and

they soon scatter. It is usual on leaving a shop to say to the shop-keeper, "Sayonara," or "Good-by." It really means, "Since it must be so."

The Japanese are doubtless the most polite people in the world. When they speak to each other at all, it is always done in the most graceful and imposing way. One touching sight was four blind men all walking together in the middle of the street, each having his hand on the shoulder of some other. Of course everybody gave way to them. We were apprehensive, however, of the result of their walk. "If the blind lead the blind, both shall fall into the ditch." There are plenty of canals in Yeddo for that purpose. There are a great many blind people here, and yet more with feeble eyes who wear glasses. This excessive blindness is attributed largely to hereditary causes, and to the way in which mothers carry their children, tied around their backs, with their eyes more or less exposed to the sun. We have seen little girls seven years old with babies tied to their backs. When the child cries the twofold remedy is for the little girl to bump her head against his, and then to dance around in a quiet way until he falls asleep.

While out at Kanazawa we had the pleasure of visiting a country school, with ninety scholars and three teachers. We could hear them a hundred yards off, reciting at the top of their voices. The coming of foreigners excited great attention, but we were heartily welcomed when it was learned that we were Americans. The whole school made the profoundest bow, limited only by the desks in front. Boys and girls sat together, and most of them on mats on the floor. All were in their stockings or barefooted, having, as is usual, left their sandals and clogs at the door, and over them we had to pick our way in entering. Wall-maps, slates, blackboards, and school-desks, looked very strange in this native



building, lighted through paper window-panes. The teachers sent out for chairs for their guests, and were very attentive. One, however, smoked his pipe during the visit, and in the school-room before all the scholars, who were evidently accustomed to it. He lit it at the open box-like stove. Any request from the scholars was prefaced, as with us, by raising the hand. This he would grant, and then go on with his smoking. He smoked some two or three pipefuls. It should be known, however, that a small pinch of tobacco fills a Japanese pipe. Usually after a couple of whiffs it is blown out and refilled. The pipe is wholly of metal, although sometimes the stem is of bamboo. A peculiar globe in use was a combination of a Japanese lantern and umbrella. It could be folded up at pleasure, when it looked like a closed parasol. The teacher had us point out on this our homes in America. The scholars were drilled a little for our benefit, although our interpreter, Dr. McClay, says they were first asked if they could do a certain sum. At a given signal they all opened their desks together, at another took out their slates, and at a third closed their desks again. On leaving we thought the teachers would never cease bowing, and *we* kept it up sometime, to see how often they would bow. Two of them followed us to the gate, while ten or fifteen scholars came to the door to see that it was all done properly. It was a delightful visit, as this kind of school showed a new era opening for Japan.

While in Tokio we visited the Kaisi-Gakko, or the Imperial College. The Japanese director received us very kindly, and ordered tea for our benefit. This we drank without sugar or milk, in the meantime talking over the great advance made by Japan, especially in the department of education. He requested our cards, and in turn gave us each a catalogue of the university indorsed with his com-



pliments. There are some thirty-five instructors and three hundred students. The leading professors are Americans, and we had the pleasure of meeting the Rev. Drs. Syle, Parsons, Veeder, and Dr. McCarty, and briefly witnessing the work of their recitation-rooms. The instruction is wholly in English, the preparatory department, numbering some seven hundred students, teaching them English before they can enter the college proper. Many of the American features of education were noticeable, so without looking at the students you would suppose yourself to be in America. Dr. Syle requested Bishop Marvin to address his class on the study of mental and moral philosophy, as the love for physical science tended to lessen, in the minds of the students, a sense of its importance. The young men listened attentively to the few excellent remarks made, and seemed to comprehend them without difficulty. So many of them understand English that some of the missionaries have enough at their services to justify preaching to them, and have Bible classes for them, in the English language. The late chief director of the university was baptized before his death.

An American may well feel proud at the good work being done by his countrymen for the education of Japan. They are generally Christian men, and prepossess the minds of students and statesmen in behalf of Christianity. They receive all the way from one thousand five hundred to four thousand dollars a year, besides a dwelling-house furnished by the government. Dr. Murray, of New Jersey, is the superintendent of education throughout Japan, and is just now returning to his duties, after visiting the leading American colleges in company with the Japanese minister of education appointed for that purpose. His influence will be felt in every country school throughout the empire.

The empress has become favorably known as a patron of education for females, and the normal school, now in successful operation, is the result of her kindly interest. Strange to say, hitherto the educated women of Japan have been those who, with us, are the most depraved enemies of society. They have been educated to make vice attractive, and wives have been chosen from their number even at this late day.

The buildings, both of the university and normal school, are foreign and modern, and will in time give place to yet larger and more splendid ones. The school of engineering is a magnificent building in English style.

It is strange to go from such a college to a heathen temple, and yet there are many such within easy distance, where, perhaps, the parents of these students still attend. The most popular one in Tokio at present is Asakusa. It was a rainy day when we were there, but we found many worshipers coming and going, though doubtless fewer than in former years. The place is made very attractive by gardens, booths, tableaux, etc. Buddha is worshiped in the temple, and we saw several casting in their money and muttering their prayers. The wooden image of one of Buddha's original sixteen disciples is at one side of the altar. The people believe that whatever pain they have will be cured by first rubbing the same place on the person of the image and then rubbing the hand over the place of the pain. We saw several seeking relief in this way. The image has been rubbed so much that you can hardly realize what it is. The eyes, nose, lips, and ears, have entirely disappeared. We noticed, too, many symptoms of colic, to judge from the person of the image. Near the chief temple is a magnificent praying-machine, an octagon in shape, twenty feet high and fifty in circumference. We were told to

turn it two times and we should become very happy. It is elegantly lacquered and gilded, but very hard to move, as we found on making the effort. If our happiness depended on its being often turned we should get a steam-engine for that purpose.

Another fine temple is Uyeno, in a different part of the city. A fine pagoda is on the right as you enter, as at Asakusa. This is a Shinto temple. There are no images, but simply a large metallic mirror, to represent the all-seeing eye of the deity. The Shinto worship is much simpler than the Buddhist, although they are often confounded together. Immense stone and bronze lantern-stands form, as usual, one of the imposing features of the temple-grounds. Uyeno ranks second in magnificence to Shiba, described in a previous letter. The imperial splendor, the elegant gilding, carving, and lacquer-work, and the superb bronzes of these temples, display the royal patronage shown them by the Shoguns who lie buried in the temple-grounds. Either Tokio has a far smaller population than Yeddo, whose name it has substituted, or heathen worship was once far more popular than now. Probably both facts are true, for, with the presence of the daimios and their retainers and servants six months in every year, Yeddo at times must have had not less than two millions. Mr. Tsuda thinks even a half million more than that not too high an estimate. These temple-grounds cover hundreds of acres in different parts of the city. The government is now turning some of these grounds into parks, Uyeno among others. Tokio numbers less than a million souls at present.

It was a special pleasure before leaving Tokio to attend the Missionary Conference at Dr. Verbeck's. Nearly all the missionaries of the city were present, and after interesting exercises we were served with tea by Japanese girls without sandals, and in their

own peculiar native costume. A valuable paper, on "Native Helpers," was read by the Rev. Julius Soper, followed by remarks as to the manner of their employment and nature of their training and work. Nearly twenty missionaries were present, and many participated in the exercises. This we learned that night: that if these missionaries are proper representatives of their fellow-laborers generally, then the Christian Church has no more scholarly, eloquent, and judicious ministers at home than these men who are laying the foundations abroad. Any one of them could get four thousand dollars a year from the Japanese government, when probably no one of them receives more than one thousand five hundred dollars from the Missionary Society, and most of them not over one thousand dollars.

We were glad to obtain the following reliable statistics of missionary work in Japan up to October, 1876: Foreign missionaries, including forty-six clerical, eight medical, and twenty-five educational, number seventy-nine; native missionaries, thirty-three; stations, forty; average weekly attendance, four thousand; baptized converts, one thousand; schools, nineteen; scholars, five hundred and fifty-seven; students for the ministry, forty; Sabbath-schools, ten; scholars, six hundred. A religious paper has one thousand one hundred copies in circulation.

Our last night in Tokio was marked by our first experience of an earthquake. It was quite a shock to one unaccustomed to it, but nothing compared to the great one in 1855, when so many lives were lost in Tokio. We returned to Yokohama in time for the steamer "Nagoya-Maru," of the Mitshu Bishi line, which bears us to Kobe, where we shall probably disembark for a visit to Osaka, the second city in the empire. On reaching the wharf, as we were about to embark, we found a number of native

Christians of the Methodist Mission waiting to bid us good-by. It is not strange that we took off our hats to these polite Japanese, so full of gratitude for the gospel first brought them by American missionaries, and that had proved the power of God unto their salvation. We shall never forget their cordial "Sayonara" as we took their hands for the last time.

Every thing that fraternal love could suggest was done by the Rev. Dr. McClay, and the Revs. L. H. Corbett and Julius Soper, to make our visit interesting and profitable. We could scarcely realize that we were in a heathen land. We have been in sight of the beautiful land all day, and we cannot but pray that this "land of the rising sun" may now arise, her light being come and the glory of the Lord risen on her. Thank God, the missionaries have now come to stay! The most valued counselor the Japanese government has ever had is the Rev. Dr. Verbeck, a Christian missionary. Nor, we believe, will the promise fail, "Behold I have set before thee an open door, and no man can shut it." May all these beautiful hills and valleys resound with the praises of Jesus!

Steamer "Nagoya-Maru," Dec. 7, 1876.

## LETTER X.

## ALONG THE INLAND SEA OF JAPAN.

THE steamer which bears us safely over the Inland Sea of Japan is under the control of the Japanese government, and has several Japanese officers, although the navigating officers are all Americans, and were formerly in charge before the ship was bought from the Pacific Mail Company. The company now owning it is called the Mitshu Bishi. It has a number of steamers and is doing a large business between Yokohama and Shanghai and along the ports of the Inland Sea.

The passengers interest us greatly. Often at the same table may be seen Americans, Europeans, Japanese, and Chinese, all eating in modern style. Many of these latter show evidences of wealth and good living. The Chinese very rarely cross the Pacific other than as steerage passengers. Here they travel first class. They are the bankers and brokers of Japan. In Yokohama, for the first time in our life, we found money, especially silver, to be a very inconvenient thing. Trade-dollars would not pass at all, because being purer than Japanese *riôs*, or dollars, they would soon make the latter fall below par, and hence the government would not allow them to be taken. Even Mexicans were at a discount of four per cent., and had to be exchanged for the paper currency or silver of the country. The Chinese bankers usually attended to



all these matters, and were making a comfortable living. Some of these fine fat fellows, dressed in silk robes, are now on board, and can afford to eat something more than rice in the steerage. Many others are in the employ of leading mercantile houses that deal with the natives, and are called "compradors." They evidently make themselves very useful to their employers, and receive large compensation.

Our bill-of-fare is made up of American and Japanese articles of food. We have California apples and canned fruits, but Japanese grapes, pears, oranges, persimmons, potatoes of both kinds, lettuce, radishes, beef, fish, quails, pheasants, snipe, and chicken. The grapes are very fine even at this late season, but the pears are insipid. The persimmons are as large as average apples and pears, and are very sweet and without the astringent taste which they have with us before frost. They are served for dessert, the same as oranges, but are eaten with a spoon. Of these latter one is privileged to eat as many as he prefers, as they are quite small. Usually several are eaten at one time. They are sweet, seedless, and of thin peeling, or rind. The Japanese fish are quite fine and of every variety, and are prepared by all modes of cooking. The buckwheat flour is good, but the best bread is made from California flour. Japanese rice is excellent. Only in some parts of America do the people know how to cook rice. On all these ships, and among the Japanese generally, it is steamed after it has boiled a little, and then every grain stands by itself and is twice its natural size. Served with curry and Bombay ducks (a sort of dried fish) it is very fine eating.

On Friday morning when we awoke our ship was stationary, and we knew that we had reached Kobe, some three hundred and forty-six miles from Yoko-

hama. After an early breakfast we went ashore in a native boat and obtained a fine view of the twin cities, Kobe and Hiogo. Separated from each other only by the dry bed of a summer stream, Kobe is the open port and Hiogo is the native town. They jointly number one hundred and twenty thousand inhabitants, several hundred of whom are foreigners. Hiogo is the terminus of a railroad that extends fifty miles into the interior to Kioto, the mikado's former capital, full of sacred buildings, and one of the most interesting cities of Japan. Tokio, where the emperor now resides, means "Eastern capital."

Kioto being beyond treaty limits, can be visited only by special permission from the government. Several missionaries reside there, and are doing a fine work. A Japanese student at Amherst and Andover, Joseph Hardy Nusima by name, having returned a Christian, obtained permission of the government to establish a school at Kioto and to employ his own teachers, called around him several missionaries of the American Board, and obtained permission for them to reside at Kioto. While nominally and really teaching, they are also preaching Jesus, and have organized two churches among their converts, and expect on next Sabbath to organize a third. They have been kindly received, especially through the influence of a counselor of the government, a blind man, much respected, who repeatedly says, "Confucianism is good, but it is not enough; Buddhism is full of lies; railroads and telegraphs will not do every thing. The hearts of the people must be changed, and only Protestantism can do it." The mayor of Kioto permitted the attendance of as many as fifteen at any one service, but when these services increased he refused to permit even fifteen to attend. Being held in the private houses of the converts, one went to him and

said, "These people keep coming to my house, and it would not be polite for me to send them away. Will you please come and send them away?" This appeal to Japanese politeness availed, and in the capital where for centuries the mikado was regarded as a divine being, the missionaries continue without serious interruption to preach Jesus.

It requiring several hours of red-tape to get a passport to visit Kioto, we concluded to spend that much more time at Osaka, a place of four hundred and twenty-five thousand souls, and the second city in the empire. The commerce of this place is so great that in its harbor are found junks from all ports of Japan. The trade between Osaka and Tokio chiefly supports the Mitshu Bishi line of steamers. It is connected with Kobe by railroad, trains leaving each point every hour and a half. The cars are English, and are first, second, and third class. On entering at the side we were locked in, and the car was not opened save to admit or let out passengers along the road, when the door was unlocked by the station-master, who has keys for each. The cars are well constructed, but without any heating apparatus or closets, and the seats are arranged along the sides. They were well filled, all save the first class, which, as in all foreign countries, are usually occupied only by "nobility, Americans, or fools." They are elegantly upholstered, but have no convenience over second class. The engineers are Europeans, but other officials are Japanese. The distance from Kobe to Osaka is twenty-one miles. Kioto is twenty-three or twenty-four miles beyond, and numbers two hundred and fifty thousand.

Our road runs through one of the finest agricultural sections of Japan. It is a broad and fertile valley from the mountains to the sea. At some points it is twenty-five miles wide, while it is per-

haps fifty miles long. The farms are like so many small gardens, no one farmer perhaps cultivating more than one acre. Even a single acre is divided up into from ten to twenty beds of all possible shapes, some round, some square, some oval, according to the lay of the land with reference to the ditches for irrigating it and the intersecting paths, elevated above it, on which coolies pass with heavy loads in baskets at each end of a pole carried on their shoulders. Sometimes these baskets are borne by horses, or even bullocks, and are heaped up so high that the form of the animal is hid. The plowing is done with a single bullock to each plow. The plow has but one handle, which the farmer holds in one hand, and guides the team by means of a rope tied to a ring in the bullock's nose. We saw some one or more that wore muzzles, but not "while treading out the corn." After the land is plowed it is made up into ridges with the hoe. The space between the ridges is for the water to irrigate the soil when turned on from the ditches that run through every part of the field.

The present crop is one of radishes, which grow to be nearly a foot and a half long, and are eaten all the year round. The crop being planted as we passed was rape, from the seed of which Japanese oil is made. The wheat is already sprouted, and will be harvested by next June, in time for the rice to be transplanted in trenches in the same soil, which will have been prepared and flooded for that purpose. The rice harvest is just over, usually occurring early in November. Beautiful stacks of rice, or straw, abound in every field. They do not seem to be more than eight feet in circumference, and about the same in height, being as large at the top as at the bottom. Both men and women were at work in the fields. The farmers live in villages altogether in the valley. This is alike for protec-

tion and economy, as every foot of the farming land is then utilized. The rice is cut by sickles and tied in sheaves. The heads are removed by being pulled through a sort of large iron comb projecting from the end of a board. The rice is then hulled by means of a machine which consists of ten or more long beams with a pestle at the end alternately striking into hoppers. These are worked by a treadle trodden by almost naked coolies. The farmer, with his fan in his hand (made of bamboo), then winnows out the chaff, or hulls. This is usually done in the villages, where the rice is spread out on mats in the street to dry before being packed in rice-straw bundles or bags and sent to market. From this straw all sorts of coats and shoes are made, besides mats without number. These mats, made of different kinds of straw or fine-split bamboo, are used for carpets in all the houses and temples of Japan.

By 9:30 A.M. we reached Osaka, and got out in a magnificent depot, having to surrender our tickets before leaving the building, which was by a passage-way where station-masters stand to collect the tickets of passengers leaving, and to punch those of any taking the cars. These are all the conductors necessary, and there is no putting off a passenger without a ticket, for he must have one to get on. Calling jinrikshas, we showed them the Japanese card of the Rev. Dr. Gordon, to whom we bore a letter of introduction, and quicker than we have written the sentence we were seated and whirling toward the foreign concession.

Osaka is the Venice of Japan. It is intersected in all parts by canals, over which, within the city limits, it is estimated that there are no less than one thousand two hundred bridges. All along these canals are fire-proof "go-downs," or warehouses, stored with merchandise brought by junks from the



interior. Osaka is really the great commercial city of Japan, and the people are as deeply absorbed in business as are the tradesmen in St. Louis. The little shops are filled with goods, and can soon be replenished from the go-downs, which are a sort of wholesale houses. There are very few foreigners in Osaka, and only three or four large buildings in foreign style—the mint, the city hall, and the depot. We could thus see primitive Japan on a large scale. We saw less than a half dozen foreigners during the whole day we were there.

After a most interesting interview with Dr. Gordon about the work being done here and in Kioto by the handful of missionaries, we took jinrikshas to see the principal points of interest about the city. The great objective point was the castle, a venerable pile of three hundred years' existence. Our road lay through two miles and a half of crowded streets and over numerous canal-bridges. The jinriksha men would clear the street by crying, "Hi, hi!" and in about twenty minutes we were in sight of the castle. The first thing to be noticed in entering, and while permission is being secured from the officer in charge to enter, is the immense moat that surrounds the entire castle-grounds of fully one hundred acres. It is very deep, and the outer wall rising from it is perhaps seventy feet high. Within the wall are two others, built of most massive blocks of granite, one of which, as we found on actual measurement, is forty by eighteen feet. The depth could not be ascertained, as it was fixed in the wall—probably, however, not less than eight or ten feet. Several were thirty by twenty feet. Within the grounds are military barracks, and many Japanese soldiers uniformed and with muskets. On entering the castle proper we found a deep well, the water far down out of sight. A small stone dropped in showed that there was bottom somewhere, as the



splash of the water was faintly heard after quite an interval. The curbing of the well was one huge block of granite with a hole in the center. The well was covered with a Japanese roof. From the walls of the castle a fine view was obtained of all Osaka and of the valley stretching up toward Kioto. On the walls is a brass cannon, which is fired at noon every day. We are thus in Japan constantly coming upon modern inventions in the most unexpected places; a Yankee clock or a cut-glass chandelier hangs in venerable temples filled with idols and bronzes hundreds of years old. Japan is thus ever contradicting herself. She is the anomaly of the present century. The Orient and the Occident meet on her shores. In the Middle Ages we find a modern Paris. Side by side with those who wear the dress of their ancestors are young men fresh from American colleges dressed in the latest New York fashions.

After leaving this grand old castle, we of course visited the great Buddhist temple of Osaka. While there we bought some of the beads used by the Buddhist worshipers in their prayers. By some they are counted just as the Catholic rosary, which they closely resemble. The prayer offered while counting is, "Save us, O eternal Buddha!" The priest who was preaching in the temple would say these words at frequent intervals in his sermon, when the sixty or more idolaters present would bow their heads and plaintively repeat them after him. Several came into the chief temple while we were there, and prostrated themselves on their faces before the idols. The temple did not differ materially from those we saw elsewhere, only that it lacked the magnificence of some in Tokio. One adjoining the large one has been appropriated by the government for a hospital. We also visited a missionary dispensary, where a native Christian physician has

a large supply of American drugs and surgical instruments, and a medical missionary gratuitously attends upon those who come for treatment. The good physician is often the good teacher as well, and a chapel is fitted up in the dispensary where the word of life is taught at night and on the Sabbath. Thus, as in the Saviour's time, many healed of their infirmities become his disciples. Certainly every missionary should understand medicine, or every station should have a medical missionary.

We returned to Kobe at 5 P.M., and after dining with Dr. Berry, medical missionary there, we attended, in company with the Rev. Mr. Atkinson, a missionary of the American Board, a Japanese prayer-meeting. It was held in the school-room of the lady missionaries of the same society. They have a girls' school of forty pupils, over twenty of whom are boarders. They have all they can teach satisfactorily. There were about fifty Japanese present, one-half being adults. Services are held every night, with an average attendance of about eighty, but this was a new and unusual place of meeting. After the meeting was opened with singing, prayer, and a lesson from Luke, briefly expounded in Japanese by Brother Atkinson, there was a brief pause, broken by a native saying, "Let us pray." There were then four prayers in succession, one by a Japanese woman, before we rose from our knees. We could not understand a word save the "Amen," in which all heartily joined at the close of every prayer, but the ear of One caught every sound and heard every petition. The prayers seemed earnest, and we were told that they were for spiritual, and not simply temporal, blessings. After another hymn, a note was handed to one of the native elders, who read it aloud. It was a request for letters of dismissal for ten native Chris-

tians who were about to go to Osaka and Kioto to reside. The request was granted by a vote of raised hands. An informal conversation then followed about some difficulty experienced by the native preachers present on account of the mayor of some town up in the mountains denying them permission to preach.

The interview had not closed before Dr. Berry's cooly came to guide us with his lantern to the wharf, where we took a native boat back to our steamer, which had remained anchored in the harbor, receiving and discharging freight during the day. The water was beautifully phosphorescent in the wake of our boat as we glided rapidly toward the steamer. "Mitshu Bishi" was the only word we had in common with our native boatmen, but that was enough to bring us to the ship's ladder in safety about 9 P.M. We had learned enough during the day to satisfy us of the importance of this part of Japan as a field of missionary labor, and that while the field is so ripe for the harvest we should pray the Lord of the harvest to thrust forth laborers into his harvest. When we remember how slowly results have appeared in every other mission-field, it is cause of profound thanksgiving that so speedily, even before all the Bible has been translated into Japanese, more than a thousand souls have become disciples of Jesus. Verily, verily, what hath God wrought! The greatest cause of apprehension is that this great intellectual movement, which has resulted in so many of the Japanese forsaking their idols, unless the field is promptly occupied by Christian laborers to properly direct and educate the thought of the day, may make a nation of infidels and atheists. A very active spirit of inquiry is at work. Satisfied of the baseless claims of false gods, the people are closely examining the claims of Jesus Christ, and are full of diffi-

cult questions propounded in no idle spirit. Every Church that can send any laborers to the field should send the best she has.

On Saturday morning we left Kobe for a delightful sail through the Inland Sea of Japan. This body of water is about two hundred and forty miles long, and of variable width, often not over ten miles. The land is in sight all the while, and in many places we could see the farmers at work in the fields. The scenery is very fine, being mountainous all the way, while the hills in many instances are terraced to the very top, and are made to yield ample results for the labor expended. Here, as elsewhere in Japan, we saw that the hill-tops and hill-sides, and other places which could not be cultivated, were set apart for burial-places. The vast number of tombstones told that they were well filled.

Our ship often seemed to hardly know which course to take next, so circuitous at times was the channel, but she always made the proper turns, and surprised us with unexpected revelations of grand and imposing scenery. Fishing-smacks and junks abounded in the sea, and were navigated with the usual skill of the Japanese sailor. The square sails of the junks are so arranged that in the event of a squall they can be instantly dropped. Query: Has the Japanese habit of bowing been learned from these sails? for, like them, the native, when he bows, comes down "all in a heap." The only drawback to the pleasure of the run since we left Yokohama has been the bitter cold, which often drove us from the deck of the ship.

On Sabbath morning we reached Shimosaki, and after an hour's stop we continued our voyage, one hundred and ninety miles, to Nagasaki, one of the most interesting cities of Japan, where we cast anchor about 10 P.M. We leave here to-night for

Shanghai, from which we are distant only forty-eight hours' run. We mail this letter here that it may catch the "Alaska" on her return trip to America.

Steamer "Nagoya-Maru," Dec. 11, 1876.

## LETTER XI.

## FIRST DAYS IN CHINA.

OUR good ship weighed anchor at daylight on Tuesday, December 12, and sailed out of the beautiful harbor of Nagasaki. We had expected to leave at midnight, but could only have done so, on account of the extreme darkness of the night, at great risk to the junks and other boats along the coast. We kept in sight of land until late in the afternoon, when beautiful Japan faded from our gaze, perhaps forever. We were on the Yellow Sea, and in full expectation of rough weather. In fact, so usual is it to have a rough passage that the steward had the table-racks put on on general principles. But save during the first night, when for an hour the sea was rather high, and several waves broke clear over the ship, we had a smooth and delightful passage.

On the afternoon of the second day the freight clerk rushed into the social hall and announced "the famous and immortal Saddles." We went out on deck to get a fine view of the Saddle Islands, some ninety miles from Shanghai. One was shaped quite like a saddle. That night we anchored at the light-ship, some forty-five miles from Shanghai. Early on the morning of December 14 we were moving across the mouth of the Yang-tse, her waters for all the world like those of the Missouri, and coloring the sea for miles around with the



sediment of mud brought down from the valley through which the river cuts her way. The land which first appeared was a low strip along the horizon, unrelieved save by an occasional house or clump of trees. We shortly turned up the mouth of the Woosung River, and crossing the bar, were only twelve miles from Shanghai. The Chinese village of Woosung, best known as the terminus of the only railway in the empire, a little line of twelve miles, lay off to our right. All about us were Chinese men-of-war, junks, and other boats, nearly all of which had large eyes painted on their prows to enable them to see.

As we passed up the river we could see very distinctly mounds and vaults, which reminded us that China was one vast grave-yard. Still we were hardly prepared to see not less than a half million of them within a few days. The fact is, the population of China find the dead a great burden. They cannot, as in Japan, use the most undesirable spots as places of burial, for all plots of ground are fit for cultivation, and yet perhaps one-third of every field about Shanghai is taken up by graves. It would be worse yet were it not that these mounds are all leveled with a change in the ruling dynasty, and two hundred and fifty years ago, with the coming in of the Tartars, the whole country took a new start, and was made one vast level. These mounds are usually round, and yet are often long, and rise to a peak in three or more points. The taller the mounds the greater the social distinction of the dead. Many coffins were simply placed in brick vaults above ground, others covered with straw matting; and in a single hour we have seen no less than twenty lying on the ground and wholly uncovered by any thing. Usually in such cases the coffin has been placed there by permission, until another site could be chosen for burial purposes,

but it is never removed, and many of those we saw have been there for years. Some are the coffins of children. A more usual way of disposing of infants is in what are called the baby towers, of which we saw several, where in a small hole in a brick tower twelve feet high the dead bodies of children are thrust, wrapped in some coarse cloth. This would be done until the tower was filled, when they would build another.

As we passed on up the river, with these reminders of death on each side, the splendid houses along the "bund" at Shanghai met our gaze, and we were shortly at our wharf, and pressing the soil of the Celestial Empire. Of course our faithful missionary, Brother Lambuth, was on the lookout for us. The inevitable jinrikshas were also on hand, and were drawn by Chinese coolies, though less skillfully than by the Japanese.

Without being troubled by the custom-house authorities, we sped rapidly along the "bund," or street facing the wharf, then off into the native town until we were at the Southern Methodist Mission. Inclosed by the same wall are the residence of Brother Lambuth, the chapel, the book-room for the sale of English and Chinese publications, the printing-office, and the girls' school, or Clopton School, recently erected at a cost of one thousand dollars, mostly the price of a piece of jewelry given by a lady in Tennessee.

Presently some of the native Christians called to pay their respects. One old man said that what they all needed was more of the presence of the Holy Spirit, and, in response to the remark that we needed to pray more for it, said that he tried to pray for it several times a day. He appeared to be a very sensible old man, and his face was such as to inspire veneration. He is one of the early converts of the Mission. Then filed in the children from the girls'

school, some sixteen bright-eyed girls, ranging from seven to sixteen years of age. Anna Stibbs, Berenice Scarritt, and Kate Glasgow, being educated by funds sent out from Missouri, were among the more interesting of the number. The first two are about seven years of age, and are really pretty, and, dressed in their native costumes, interested us not a little. The Chinese name of the latter is A-Ban, and that of the former is Sung-Nay.

After lunch, which was shared with us by Brother Parker, who had just arrived from Soochow, and whose Chinese diet seems to agree remarkably with him, we all started to attend service at the chapel in the heart of the walled city of Shanghai. Hereafter "we" will stand for more than one person. The perpendicular pronoun "I" is ample to designate either Bishop or corresponding editor, and "we" must embrace both in the future. An experience in a Chinese city is needed to remind every individual of the utter insignificance of one person in this world. Even the editorial "we" must needs give way before the pressure of several hundred thousand Chinese jostling you in the eager endeavor to keep soul and body together. While the rest of the company walked I concluded to try a chair, and thus avoid any ill consequences that might come from undue exertion after a slight fever for a day or two on board ship. Accordingly I took my place in Brother Lambuth's chair, which was fastened on two long poles, with cross-pieces at the ends, and the whole was immediately lifted to the shoulders of two coolies, who trotted off slowly to the north gate of the city. The walled city is over four miles and a half in circumference, with a large gate at each point of the compass. The wall is perhaps twenty feet high, and is twenty feet thick at the base and about ten feet at the top, or wide enough for pedestrians, and much used by them.

We all kept together until reaching the gate, where, in the press and throng, my coolies became separated from the others, and, by dint of continual shouting, navigated through the surging sea of humanity on toward the chapel. I had heard of narrow streets and dense masses of people and mixed smells, but I no longer wondered that travelers did not attempt to describe them. It is simply impossible to give any accurate picture of them. To say that two persons standing in the street may place one hand on the houses on each side and then clasp their other hands in the middle of the street, to say that they would be jostled out of position by the passing throng before they should be thus able to measure the width of the street, and that the loathsome odors would disincline them to make the attempt were they otherwise able, would be to make statements utterly true, and yet which would still fail to tell all the truth.

While I was thus being borne along amid this moving mass of human beings until I became painfully conscious of my littleness in a universe so densely populated, I had still farther opportunity of meditation by my coolies suddenly stopping and depositing my chair on the ground in one thoroughfare somewhat less crowded than the one we had mostly traversed. They had borne me on their shoulders for over a mile, and with some distance yet before them they chose to stop for a rest. Had I been a Chinaman thus deposited all alone in a side street of San Francisco I might have expected to be assailed with stones, but the heathen Chinese contented themselves with calling out occasionally, "Yung kwatsa," or "Foreign devil." These were mostly "young Chinese." I had almost said "young Americans." My sense of helplessness under these circumstances, before I had learned a word of the language, or a point of the compass, can neither be

described nor imagined. Waiting a reasonable time for my coolies to rest, and to refresh themselves by looking in at the shop-windows near by, I concluded to go on. Calling, "Halloo!" and motioning for them to move on, they lifted the chair to their shoulders and trotted on, finally stopping in front of a chapel where a Chinese was preaching. On entering I recognized among the congregation the old man whom I had met an hour before at Brother Lambuth's, and then I knew that I was all right, for Bishop Marvin and the rest did not arrive for several minutes after I did.

The chapel is what is called a street-chapel—that is, fronting on the street, so that any person may feel free to drop in during the service and spend only so much time as he can. The congregation is thus changing much during a single sermon. There were probably not over twenty present at any one time while we were there, and yet perhaps not less than sixty heard more or less of the sermon. The preacher would fix his eye on the attentive ones and ignore any confusion from those coming in or going out. He appeared very fluent and earnest, preaching with a copy of the Chinese Testament in his hand. His name is Brother Yung. He was among the first baptized by Brother Lambuth. We afterward went to the East Gate Chapel, outside of the walled city, where we heard Brother Dzung preach to a larger and more attentive congregation. In one part of the chapel there were several women, who did not lose a single word, while all appeared anxious to hear. The only words which I could recognize were "Jesus" and "Amen." We rent this chapel, and have preaching here twice a week, besides a mixed day-school taught by one of the native Christians. We own the chapel in the heart of the city, which is a more commodious room.

While out on this trip to the walled city we saw



our first Chinese wedding procession. The sound of voices clearing the way, and the approach of men bearing beautiful lanterns, preceded a most elegant sedan-chair, with its silk curtains drawn down, thus concealing the face of the bride, who was being borne on the shoulders of coolies to the residence of her future husband. She had very possibly never seen him, as all marriages are arranged by "go-betweens," who attend to the selection of husband and wife, and even to the marriage-settlements, for which they receive a proper remuneration. The husband arranges to meet the bride on her way, and the two sedan-chairs then go on together until his house is reached, when the marriage ceremony is concluded by the worship of his ancestors.

In the evening we attended prayers at the Clopton School. The girls, with their teachers and the native helpers, were present. The singing of the Chinese hymns was very interesting, especially "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by." A Scripture lesson and prayer followed, all visitors included, responding heartily, "Amen," at the conclusion. Brother Lambuth then asked what report they had of the day's work, and if any circumstances specially encouraging had taken place. One of the native preachers then told of an interesting conversation had at the city chapel during the afternoon with a man who had become thoughtful about Christianity, and sought instruction. Bishop Marvin and I then addressed a few words to them, Brother Lambuth acting as interpreter. The school-building is most admirably arranged, with school-room, dormitory, dining-room, and even prayer-closet, where the girls are encouraged to go alone every day for secret prayer. The pupils are taught some of the useful arts, as well as the different text-books. The Romanized character is used in the school, which is being received with quite general favor throughout China. It is a great



improvement on the ordinary Chinese character, and the student is quicker reached with a Christian literature by this agency. Arabic numerals are used, and we examined a number of problems done by them, which were generally found correct.

Sunday was a red-letter day with us. Bishop Marvin preached at the Union Church in the morning, and so much to the profit of the English community that arrangements were made to have him preach at least two more sermons before leaving Shanghai. In the afternoon the Bishop and I were called upon to address, through the Rev. Young J. Allen as interpreter, a union meeting of the native Christians of Shanghai. The service was held at the south gate of the city, at the Rev. Mr. Farnham's Presbyterian Mission. Several hundred were present, one-third of whom were Chinese women, dressed in their native costume, and with neat head-dresses, or bonnets. The rest were men and boys, among them several of the native helpers of the different missions. A Chinese woman played the organ, and a native preacher conducted the service, announcing the hymns, reading from the Scriptures, preaching a short sermon on the baptism of the Holy Ghost, and calling on two native Christians to lead in prayer. The hymns were "Rock of Ages," "Sinners, turn, why will ye die?" and "'Tis religion that can give." They were printed on slips of paper for these union meetings, which are held monthly. It was a most memorable privilege to be permitted to speak to them, and, by means of our excellent interpreter, we almost forgot that our language was not the same. We told them of the words "Jesus," "Jerusalem," "Amen," and "Hallelujah," which we had in common, as well as the same old tunes as in America, and which served as a common bond to unite our hearts together. We told them of what Christianity had done for us, whose ancestors were

idolaters, the same as they had been until recently. We told them of the fact that the Church in America often almost doubted the success of the gospel in China on account of the vast population of the empire and the slow progress of the work, but that these several hundred believers there to-day were the first-fruits, which gave promise and pledge of the full harvest at length. We especially congratulated the women on what Christianity had done for them, and urged all to do their part toward its extension in China, for, after all, the Church in England and America could only send enough missionaries to direct in the work, and not wholly to do it. After remarks by Brothers Allen and Lambuth the service was concluded. Many wanted to shake hands with the brethren from America, and to know their names. Accordingly a Chinese character had to be given to each of us corresponding to some syllable in our names. My Chinese name is Hung. It sounds rather bad in English, but in Chinese it means "constancy," or "perseverance," a quality both admired and exemplified to a large extent in the Celestial Empire.

Brother Allen and I returned through the walled city, turning aside to see the thunder god in his temple. There are no less than six figures required to represent him—one forging the thunderbolt, one hurling it, another making the noise, another sending the rain, and among others one who has power, if prayed to, to counteract the effects of the thunderbolt when it has struck. The figures are placed in very dramatic attitudes, and many really are greatly impressed by them. They are carved in wood and gilded, and are about the size of a man. The people were as busy at their daily task as they were a few days before, when I was borne along on a chair, and the odors had not improved a whit nor the crowd diminished.

Shanghai has a foreign population of over three thousand. It being the great commercial city of China, the people are deeply absorbed in business, and it needs all moral forces possible to arouse them to duty. The native population of the walled city and the overflow is hardly less than half a million. The foreign concession closely resembles a European city, and is very imposing as you approach it from the river.

The markets of Shanghai are well supplied with choice game, such as pheasants, quails, venison, wild ducks, to say nothing of the finest fish, all of which abound in China, and are extremely cheap. The largest and best oysters I ever saw were from Chinese waters. The oranges are not as good as the Japanese. All kinds of vegetables abound from both European and Chinese gardens. Those from the latter are less desirable on account of the peculiar way of fertilizing the soil and forcing the plants. Here, as in Japan, immense quantities of dried grass, cotton-stalks, etc., are used for fuel, but coal and wood are, of course, mostly used by foreigners. China cannot compare in point of neatness with Japan, where every boat and house is scrubbed daily. The farmers appear a little less cramped than the Japanese, but the cities are far more crowded. The Japs are more impulsive and quicker to learn, while the Chinese are more sluggish and immobile, but once attempting any thing they cannot easily be turned aside. The Japanese love what is new, the Chinese what is old. The former have all the vivacity which belongs to an insular people. It will take much longer to understand the latter.

Here, as in Japan, only more so, the cheapest thing to be had is human labor. A huge roller, for making smooth the drives and streets, is drawn by no less than twenty men, who lazily pull the ropes attached to it. This process I have several times

witnessed. A cooly employed in such work as this can live on one dollar and a half a month, and be hired for about the same price. I have seen no pack-horses thus far, but all burdens are borne either on poles—often split bamboo, usually across the shoulders of coolies—or on wheelbarrows run by human muscle. The horses here, as in Japan, are very small—nothing more than ponies, in fact. Two coolies are about as strong as a horse, and are very much cheaper. The great famine in Northern China is driving hundreds of the sufferers into Shanghai, and they live on thirty cash a day, or a little less than three cents, while the children are granted twenty cash each. The native Christians in our Church here have contributed ten dollars for their relief. This is a considerable sum in China, being about twelve thousand cash.

Unhappily the system of public granaries, which has prevailed in some parts of China for over two thousand years, is not in vogue in the northern part—now the famine-stricken district. No rice is allowed to be exported, and the general good arrangement prevents more frequent famines.

Shanghai, China, Dec. 18, 1876.

## LETTER XII.

## VISITS TO WOOSUNG AND NINGPO.

ON Monday, December 18, we took a ride on the Shanghai and Woosung Railroad. It only extends about thirteen miles, and the cars are no longer than street-cars, which they also resemble in the style of seats. But the line has already become historic, not only on account of the great opposition to its construction, and as being the first railroad in China, but as being one matter of dispute between the British minister and the Chinese plenipotentiary in their recent negotiations, whereby the road is to pass into the hands of the Chinese at the end of a year, on the payment of the amount at which the road shall be valued by three disinterested parties. Numerous attempts are made to tear it up, but the tau-tai, or governor of Shanghai, has stationed a guard of soldiers at one or two points for its protection. One great cause of opposition to it is that so many graves were destroyed to construct it. In the short distance between the terminal points of the road the eye falls upon hundreds of thousands of graves. Graves are found everywhere in city and country. They are respected by all classes, although they occupy perhaps in all China hundreds of thousands of acres of the best farming land. Hence the Chinese would not readily consent to the desecration of these graves by the pick and shovel of the railroad laborer.

We passed through a fine agricultural section, devoted mostly to the cultivation of cotton and rice. The tall, coarse grass is cut from the graves and is used for fuel, and this is all the return from about one-third of the soil. It is the grass "which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven." Many coffins were placed on benches, and thus occupied less valuable space. The very vaults are used by beggars for their lodgings, so I have been told. A buffalo drawing water by means of a wheel was a very Oriental scene. A Canton tea merchant was in our car, and was very anxious to know how Chinese goods were regarded at the Centennial Exposition, saying that he had done very much toward sending many of them. He showed the Chinese love of age, by especially commending some of the carvings that were many hundreds of years old. The conversation occurred in the Mandarin, which is a common language for educated Chinamen, notwithstanding the vast differences in the local dialects, which make men from various parts of the country utterly unable to understand each other. We were commenting among ourselves about his self-satisfied air, when he shortly began to speak in English, an accomplishment of most Cantonese, who are the live business men of the empire.

On our way to the cars we saw two Chinese thieves, with their *queues* tied together, being led away to the mixed court. They bore upon their shoulders the articles which they had stolen. These *queues*, which the Chinese were compelled to adopt as a badge of subjection to the Tartars, they continue to wear, partly as a fashion and partly as a sign of patriotism. Only the coolies wrap them around the head. They are largely made of silk, plaited in with the hair. On our way back we saw several Chinese chained and with horizontal boards about their necks, there being simply room enough



for them to turn their heads through the hole left for that purpose. These boards are so long that the prisoners cannot feed themselves, being unable to reach their mouths. They had probably been engaged in obstructing the railroad track. We saw at different points proclamations announcing the result of the late negotiations with the British minister, and commanding that hereafter foreigners be treated with greater consideration, lest all those molesting them should be beheaded. The proclamation recites that only the intercession of Mr. Wade saved the heads of some recent molesters of Europeans.

On Tuesday, December 19, Bishop Marvin, Brother Parker, and I, took passage for Ningpo on the steamer "Han-Kwang." This ship, though officered by Americans, is owned by the Chinese Merchants' Steam-ship Company, composed entirely of Chinamen. The ship is a very fine one, built in Scotland and brought out through the Suez Canal. The crew, of course, are all Chinese. The lateness of the season forbids our thinking of going to Peking, and so we have concluded to visit the historic cities in easy reach of Shanghai, such as Ningpo, Soochow, and Hangchow, all walled cities, of perhaps a half million souls each. Leaving Shanghai at 4 P.M., we were at Ningpo by 7:30 A.M. the next day. All along the river as we approached the city our attention was called to pyramidal straw houses, used for storing ice. The ice is gathered from the paddy-fields, or rice-fields, which, being constantly flooded during the winter, yield as profitable a harvest as during the summer. The ice is used in shipping fish, immense quantities of which are sent in junks from Ningpo to Shanghai, Soochow, and other prominent cities. Here, as at Shanghai, the eye rests on innumerable graves, which in many instances are being cut away by the muddy current

of the river, which is as yellow as the waters of the Missouri.

On disembarking at Ningpo we were met by the Rev. Mr. Leyerberger, and from that moment until we took ship again one and another missionary anticipated every wish, and every acquaintance made during the day was at the wharf to say good-by as we started homeward. The Rev. Mr. Butler, of the Presbyterian Mission, was our *cicerone* all the morning. Among other places of interest visited was a large tea hong, where several hundred men were employed in firing tea. The tea is placed in huge iron pots, or mortars, over a charcoal fire in the furnace below, and men are constantly engaged in stirring it with their hands until it is properly fired, or cured. It was quite warm to the touch, but great care was taken that it should not burn.

*We saw where indigo was being pulverized to form part of the coloring-matter.* Even while we were looking at the firing process one man came around with a basket of coloring-matter, composed of Prussian blue and other chemicals, a large spoonful of which he threw into each of the several hundred mortars, which was promptly stirred with the tea by the men at work. Thus is made the green tea of commerce, the ordinary tea used and preferred by the Chinese being uncolored, and only slightly coloring the water even by a strong infusion. The choicer varieties are always those of the largest leaf. Men are engaged in sifting out the smaller, finer particles, which are sold very cheap. The Chinese tea merchant gave the Bishop and myself each a small canister of his choicest tea, the leaves of which were larger than any I ever saw before. Unfortunately, however, it had been colored for the foreign market.

As we walked along we saw a large coffin out in the middle of the street ready to receive the body

of an old man over eighty years of age, who had just died. The Chinese, notwithstanding their great respect for old age, still do not like to entertain an old man over night, lest he should die in their house. The family were dressed in white, which is the badge of mourning among the Chinese. During the day, our attention being attracted by some children dressed in white playing in front of a house, we noticed in-doors all the family in mourning, and around a rude picture of the recently deceased mother, to which they were paying a sort of worship. At another place our ears were pierced by the most plaintive cries, and looking around we saw an old woman weeping at the grave of her husband. The wail was very touching, but we were informed that it was semi-professional and very formal, occurring once in every seven days for quite a period. Once every year there is a general visit to the graves of friends, when there are many strange ceremonies performed. There are also hired mourners, whose wailing is very plaintive. Worst of all, we came across another baby tower, where infants, especially girls, are placed at death, wrapped simply in straw matting. At this season of the year the bodies are taken out of these towers and buried, and the straw matting is burned. We saw the fresh pile of ashes near by that told how this tower had recently been emptied. The Rev. Mr. Butler, who was with us, told us that on one occasion, while he and a friend were passing one of these towers, they heard the crying of a child that had been placed in there before death, but as several more had since been put on top of it, they were unable to rescue it, there being simply a hole in the wall quite near the top. I hope that I shall not be tempted again soon to write on this *grave* subject, but it has been so constantly thrust upon my attention at every turn that I could not give

a faithful picture of my experience in China without it.

The Rev. Dr. Lord, of the Baptist Mission, is also United States Consul, and while calling on him we had good opportunity to hear of the success of his girls' school. The condition of attendance is that the feet be unbound, the same as at Mrs. Lambuth's. At first parents objected that their daughters never could marry if they did not have small feet. The teachers insisted and triumphed, and now not only have as many pupils as they can accommodate, but the girls are well married whenever they desire to be. It is painful to see the average Chinese woman walk. It would seem as if her feet had been entirely cut off, and that she had to walk wholly on the stumps. Her feet are so distorted by being bandaged from childhood that all the toes are twisted under, save the large one, and the whole length of the foot will not average over four inches. In fact, the ankle is usually about as large as the foot. — Even gray-haired old women hobble along in this miserable way, and I have seen hundreds of women at their daily toil who seemed hardly able to stand up. They claim, however, that compressed feet, unlike tight lacing in America, does not take away life. The children are so dressed, and their clothing so wadded, that they seem like round balls ready to roll in any direction. Men, women, and children, have a very convenient way of withdrawing the hand up the wadded sleeve in case of very cold weather, and often on a sharp morning they appear to be without hands. Nearly all the clothing is well wadded for winter, and many of the wealthier Chinese, under their wadded silk coats and vests, wear lining of nice furs.

Up to this time we had been in the settlement, and not in the native walled city. Entering one of the gates, a Chinese soldier, with musket and bay-

onet, presented arms in true military style. We mounted the walls and walked for over a mile on the broad top of perhaps fifteen feet, obtaining a fine view of Ningpo and the surrounding country, which is quite mountainous, and by far the most beautiful which we have yet seen in China. While walking along we saw several walls around residences covered with wine-jars. This is a peculiar conceit of the wealthy Chinaman, to show his wealth by the number of wine-jars which he has emptied. Some walls had probably not less than a hundred. Perhaps, after all, this is a no more senseless way of displaying riches than in the self-gratification and luxurious living of which we see so much in America.

Much of the city was destroyed during the rebellion, and has not been closely rebuilt. Perhaps the wall is hardly less than six miles in circumference. The city gates are always closed at nine o'clock at night. In the heart of the walled city is a venerable pagoda, more than a thousand years old. During the war all its porches, or verandas, were burned, so that it does not present a very romantic or poetic appearance. It is seven stories high, with stair-way leading up on the inside. We obtained a very fine view of the entire city by making the ascent of some four or five stories. An idol is placed in a large niche on the first floor, and incense was being burned before it as we entered, but the worship, like the pagoda, appeared strangely shorn of whatever was attractive or impressive, and to be going rapidly into decay. The same impression was made while visiting the chief temple of the city. We found one poor woman burning incense and rattling bamboo sticks before the idol, while the temple-yard was filled with those "who bought and sold doves," or, in other words, with a multitude who seemed bent on turning a penny.



Peep-shows abounded, or paintings arranged with springs, and made to appear at pleasure, mostly, we were informed, of an obscene character. The Chinaman swears in obscene language, and not with the ordinary oaths too familiar to American ears. The temples are large and imposing, but neither so elegant nor so clean as those in Japan. The Buddhist worship is, of course, about the same in both countries.

Ningpo is recognized by some as, next to Canton, the finest city in China. The principal business street, the Broadway of the walled city, is somewhat wider than usual, and the shops are larger, and the goods more attractively displayed, occasionally in show-cases; but, after all, there is nothing to compare with the business streets of a European or an American city. Every thing seems to be on a small scale. The places of business are more properly called shops than stores. Happily, perhaps, for the people in general, there are no A. T. Stewarts or H. B. Claflins to almost monopolize business. The stock in hand usually in one of these shops is not large, but any thing can be made to order on short notice.

Ningpo is mostly celebrated for its carvings. The display of carved wood-work at the Philadelphia Exposition, which excited such universal attention, was from Ningpo. We visited the shop from which all this fine work was sent, and while it is the largest Chinese place of business I was ever in, save a tea hong, which is necessarily quite large, it was a building two stories high and only about fifty feet front and twenty deep. There were tables for perhaps twenty workmen, but only six were occupied. The work done is very fine. Birds, foxes, grapes, buffaloes, men, houses, and many other things, are carved with great accuracy. Cabinets, work-boxes, brackets, toys, and especially picture-frames, are the



principal articles manufactured. There are a number of houses devoted to wood-carving, but they are located in the settlement, and not in the walled city. You go between the two either by native boats or over a bridge of boats. This latter was constructed by foreigners, and the natives, unable to purchase it as cheaply as they wished, have for two years run a free ferry of Chinese boats, so as to reduce the bridge-tolls and bring the foreigners to terms. Their tolls, however, continue ample, notwithstanding all the opposition.

Another Ningpo peculiarity is the way in which the women wear their hair. The butterfly is the Chinese ideal of beauty, and this design is wrought in all their silk-work; and the Ningpo women wear wings of hair at the back of the head, to resemble the wings of the butterfly. Like false hair in this country, these wings are sold by weight. Switches are also worn. The hair of the people seems invariably black.

Among other pleasant acquaintances made during the day was that of the Rev. Robert Swallow, of the United Methodist Free Church of England, who, learning that we were expected in the city, had made arrangements for us to take "tiffin," or dinner, at his house. The Church with which he is connected numbers only sixty-four thousand seven hundred and seventy-seven members, and yet has one hundred and seventy thousand six hundred and forty-nine Sunday-school scholars at home, and forty-seven foreign missionaries in different parts of Australia, China, New Zealand, Jamaica, and in East and West Africa, for whose support it contributed last year over fifty-nine thousand nine hundred and fifty-five dollars, or nearly one dollar per member. At Ningpo they have two missionaries, seven native preachers, and over a hundred members. All told, they have in foreign stations

six thousand five hundred and forty members, besides seven hundred and twelve on trial, or more than one-tenth as many members as at home. We had but little knowledge of this body before, but these facts, which we gather from their last minutes, awaken the profoundest respect for those who are making such full proof of their ministry. We hope to attend their Conference next summer in England.

The first missionary came to Ningpo in 1844, when there was only one convert in all China. Now, in the Ningpo Presbytery, there are over five hundred members and over twenty native preachers, not to mention the success of the Baptist and Church of England missions in the same field. There is now something of a Christian atmosphere in that part of the empire. The people know better what Christianity is, and it is easier to become a believer. There is less reproach attached to a change in one's religious belief. Moreover, less evil has been done by the pernicious example and notorious vices of foreigners, who are often confounded with Christians because they come from Christian nations. Ningpo has comparatively few foreign residents, who thus, as a rule, throughout China and the East generally, constitute the most serious embarrassment to missionary work. Still there exists here, as elsewhere, the well-nigh universal custom of the worship of ancestors, neglect of which shows lack of filial piety, and the converts have no easy time in opposing this form of idolatry among their own kindred. "Honor thy father and thy mother" is thus carried to the extreme of religious worship among the Chinese. This worship is inspired by *fear* of the departed spirits, who are supposed to be capable of doing great injury. On the whole, the work in Ningpo and vicinity shows how surely, though slowly, China is being leavened by Christianity. The results are

less striking than at Foochow, where, in the Methodist Mission alone, there are one thousand eight hundred converts; but a Christian atmosphere is being created at Ningpo, as at Foochow, and the results are equally sure.

We left Ningpo at 4 P.M., and by 5:30 P.M. we had reached the mouth of the river, and were tossing on the waters of the Yellow Sea. The scenery is by far the best in this part of China. The mountains on every side, that reach even down to the sea, extend all through China until they join the Himalayas. The entrance to the river is fortified, aside from occasional gunboats (which are always on hand for additional protection), against pirates and other foes. A large walled city is near the mouth of the river, and overlooking it is a castle on a high hill, which is now occupied by soldiers. Light-houses along the coast illumined our path on the waters for quite a distance. The following morning found us in the waters of the Yang-tse, approaching Shanghai, as on the occasion of our first voyage from Japan. We then turned into the Woosung River, and were shortly at our wharf, with a choice of Chinese wheelbarrows or Japanese jinrikshas to convey us home. A Chinese wheelbarrow is made to carry two persons, riding with their backs to one another, each supporting his foot by a sort of stirrup on the side. When only one is riding the wheelbarrow has to be tilted to one side, so as to be wheeled the more easily. One cooly wheels two without difficulty, and seems to prefer it to one. The jinriksha is always my preference, when it can be had.

One incident on board our vessel throws much light on one of the great sacrifices attending Europeans and Americans living in the East. Our captain told us with a sad heart of a telegram just received announcing the death of his daughter in

Massachusetts, where she had been for two years with her mother, pursuing her studies at school. Such separations appear a necessity. There are no schools here, and to educate the children they must be sent to the United States. Usually the mother has to accompany them, and when there are several of tender age, she often remains with them for many years, thus requiring long and sad family separations. Nearly every family in the East has some such sacrifices to make for the good of the children, who cannot be sufficiently taught at home, although this is done as far as is practicable. Nor is it best to rear children entirely in heathen lands. They always learn the foreign language first, and often in early years the parents have to address them in Japanese or Chinese to make them understand. As they learn the language from the servants, so, too, they learn their modes of thought, which have to be constantly counteracted by other influences. Thus it is not an uncommon thing to find frequent references to the children in a household, and on inquiring learn that they are all in America at school. But it is a sacrifice made alike by merchant and missionary, and is a necessity growing out of the state of society here. The merchant finds his compensation in a rapidly-acquired fortune, that enables him, after a few years, if he shall be content, to live in affluence in his native land. The missionary's compensation is in the multitude that shall rise up and call him blessed, and welcome him to everlasting habitations.

Shanghai, China, Dec. 21, 1876.

## LETTER XIII.

## THE CHRISTMAS CONFERENCE.

BY a happy coincidence the new departure for our China Mission, like that for the Methodist Church in America, was made at a Christmas Conference. The time fixed by Bishop Marvin for the ordination of the native preachers was December 24. They were promptly on hand from their different fields of labor at Soochow, Karding, Naziang, and other places, and the exercises of the meeting began on Friday, December 22, in a praise-meeting in the church near the mission-house in Shanghai. The native preachers, the children from the boys' and girls' schools, and some native Christians, with the missionaries and visitors from America, constituted the first congregation. The singing, while of course in Chinese, sounded very familiar, on account of their using the same tunes with which we are so familiar in America. This was the first Methodist congregation I had seen every one of whom was supplied with the Hymn and Tune Book. By the help of the organ and the singing of the school-children the whole audience readily entered into the spirit of the praise-meeting, joining heartily in the worship. When they sang "Rock of Ages," "There is a fountain filled with blood," "I need the every hour," "The Gates Ajar," "Jesus loves me," "I am so glad that Jesus loves me," "Come, Holy Spirit," and many other familiar hymns, the visitors would



join in often, although they had to use the English in place of the Chinese words. A prayer-meeting led by Brother Parker followed, when many earnest petitions were made for the presence of the Holy Spirit during the Conference.

In the afternoon the Quarterly Conference of the missionaries was held, when they made reports from their several fields of labor, and the superintendent of the Mission, Brother Lambuth, made his official report to the presiding Bishop. The report was quite full, giving the value of each piece of property, number and state of schools, the general state of the work, and especially the character of the native preachers. There are six of these, and as so much depends on them in the future of the work in China, a natural interest was felt to know all about them. After a full and candid discussion of their fitness for the work, four of these were elected to deacon's orders, and two of these four were also elected to elder's orders. Brothers Fong and Tsung, who were not elected to deacon's orders, were not recommended, because they were not sufficiently advanced in their studies. They are excellent men and good preachers, but it was deemed best to use much discrimination in conferring the important office of deacon or elder upon those so recently idolaters. No mere enthusiasm influenced the election of these men to orders. It was a great event, on which the Church might well congratulate herself that there had been raised up men in this heathen nation to whom could be given authority to administer the sacraments and to expound the Scriptures. But it was remembered that this authority should be cautiously conferred, and each candidate's case was well and carefully weighed before action was taken. The length of his Christian life was considered, the style and manner of his preaching, his own character for stability and integrity, his firmness in time of trial



and persecution, his personal habits of life and study, and even, as at home, his family were also taken into account; and then, with all these facts before them, the brethren voted to elect them to orders. The wife of only one of the six is not a Christian.

Of the four elected to deacon's orders all are married save one, Brother See. Thus we pronounce his name, but it is really Sz. Perhaps he may induce some one to share it with him, strange as it is. He is about twenty-four years of age, was educated in a Presbyterian school, is a very fine singer, and promises to be an efficient preacher. He has already had considerable experience, as all our native preachers hold a number of services each week. Brother Dsau and Brother Dzung were elected to elder's orders. Both have been preaching a number of years, and are fine men and good preachers. The former was in America several years, and speaks English quite well. His American name is Charles K. Marshall. He has been preaching at Soochow for several years. He is thirty-one years of age, and of fine personal appearance. Brother Dzung has a good mind, which has been trained to think, and he is really a capital preacher. In our extremity for lack of funds he was employed by the Presbyterians for several years, and they gave him a good training. He is thirty-eight years of age, and his wife is a very energetic Christian woman, and has charge of a girls' day-school, which she manages well. The only difficulty in his case is a weak voice, too severely taxed, perhaps, by the four or five sermons a week, which he has been preaching for several years. The other candidate for ordination to deacon's orders was Brother Yung, the first person Brother Lambuth baptized in China. He is a man of deep piety, a fluent speaker, but of less education than the others. He is a carpenter by trade, and when

the Mission could not employ him he worked at his trade and preached when he could. He is some forty-five years of age. He alone of the preachers has a heathen wife.

Saturday, December 23, was observed as a day of fasting and prayer, with special reference to God's blessing upon the ordination of the native preachers. Brother Lambuth had preached the night before on the Holy Spirit's presence, and all appeared to be much in prayer to that end. While we were yet calling the answer was given. In the afternoon the native Quarterly Conference was held, with Brother See as secretary. After the preachers had made full reports about their preaching-places and schools, Bishop Marvin addressed them, through Brother Lambuth as interpreter, telling them of the importance of the new duties which would shortly devolve on some of them as ordained ministers. He told them that no other six preachers throughout the whole Church stood in such important relations as they who were laying the foundations of the Church in China, and who would naturally give tone and type to Christian life here for hundreds of years to come. Any mistakes which they might make now would do far more harm than if they were made in the remote future, when the Church was better established. He said that he desired to pray with them before their ordination should take place. While he was pouring out his soul in a prayer of great tenderness on their behalf and of most earnest supplication for the future of the Mission, all hearts were moved by the conscious presence of the Holy Spirit.

Brother Allen, after great effort to command his voice so that he could speak at all, told them how that Jenkins, Taylor, Kelley, Wood, and Cunnyngham, had all looked forward to that hour when a Bishop should be present to ordain native

preachers, and, turning to Brother Lambuth, recounted the noble work of the superintendent of the Mission in all these years of anxious and arduous toil, which was at length being crowned with God's signal blessing. After a fitting response from Brother Lambuth and some remarks from one of the visitors, who sought to express the Church's appreciation of the work of her faithful missionaries who had not faltered in all these years of neglect and trial, Brother Yung tried to speak, but could only utter two brief sentences for his tears, and, after remaining some time on his feet in the endeavor to say more, sat down, overcome with his emotion. We could not understand what he said, but we saw the tears of Chinamen mingling freely with those of Americans, as all our hearts were melted by love to a common Saviour, and we fully comprehended their spirit, although we could not understand their language. Brother Dsau then, with broken utterance, told, in excellent English, his great joy at this eventful hour, and his purpose of a fuller consecration to the work of the ministry. We all then joined, two in English and the rest in Chinese, in singing with overflowing hearts, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow." Brother Yung preached at night on the miracles of Christ. The chapel, as on every occasion of evening service, was densely crowded.

The Sabbath was a beautiful day. Native Christians from other Churches were present at all the services, as if to congratulate our members on this eventful occasion. After reading the fourteenth chapter of John and the distribution of the elements as usual at a love-feast, the native Christians began to speak, and continued to testify promptly until the time had expired, their remarks being from time to time interspersed with appropriate verses of familiar hymns. The following transla-

tions of a part that was said will show the character of the experiences given:

Brother Dsau said: "We have met to-day according to Christ's appointment. I am glad to be here. I feel that I need much more of the love of God and man in my heart. I want to live nearer to God from this time on. I will not say much now. I beg an interest in your prayers, that I may be faithful unto death." Brother Fong said: "Before I heard the doctrine of Jesus Christ I was ignorant and in the dark. But I am glad that I have learned the way of salvation. I trust in Jesus, and hope to gain a home in heaven. I hope you, my brethren and sisters, will pray for me, and help me to do the will of my Saviour." Brother Yung said: "I am glad to meet you, brethren and sisters, in the love-feast. I am trying to serve God, but I am very weak. I am like a little child amid many and strong enemies. I ask you to pray for me, and assist me, that in the dangers and trials to which I may be exposed hereafter, I may stand and overcome all my enemies, and with you all gain a home in heaven." Brother Tsung said: "Before I heard the gospel I did not know true happiness, but since I believed in Jesus I have experienced great peace and joy in my heart. I love Jesus, and know he loves me and will save me. Trusting in Jesus, I hope to gain a home in heaven. I hope to meet you all there. I ask you to pray for me that I may be faithful." Brother Dzung said: "Before I heard the doctrine of Jesus I thought I was very wise and good. I did not think I had done any thing very wrong or wicked. But when I heard the gospel and believed it, I began to feel that I was a very great sinner. But I trusted in Jesus, and obtained the pardon of all my sins. I trust in the grace of Jesus, and want to do his will. I ask an interest in your prayers, that God will help me to do his will." The old sexton said: "I am

weak, very weak, but I trust in Jesus, and by the grace of God I am what I am." An old Bible-woman said: "I have been trusting in Jesus for many years. I know that he loves me. Before I heard the gospel I worshiped many idols and false gods; but I am glad that I have learned to worship the true God and my Saviour Jesus Christ. I pray every day that God will bless his Church and add many to it."

Many others spoke, but these are sufficient to show how alike is Christian experience in China and America.

After a sermon by Brother Allen, on "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me?" in which he sought to impress, from Peter's history, the need of self-distrust and of unshaken stability, four native preachers were ordained deacons. When the words were spoken, "Take thou authority to read the Holy Scriptures in the Church of God, and to preach the same," each preacher received a separate copy of the Chinese Bible, which might serve alike as a remembrance of this hour, and be, jointly with his parchments, the badge of his authority. The ordination of elders and the administration of the communion took place in the afternoon. During the interval after morning service, the Sunday-school for the street-children was held, in which the poor children of the vicinity were gathered in the chapel, and were taught to commit to memory verses of the Scriptures. The school-children serve as teachers, and are thus preparing for greater usefulness. The Chinese habit of learning every thing *memoriter* makes it quite easy for one child to repeat a verse until another shall be able to recite it. They all shout out at the top of their voices while they are thus learning their lessons. Studying aloud seems to be almost a necessity in order to catch the different shades of meaning of Chinese words according



as they are variously pronounced. It is common in all Chinese schools. The two elders were then ordained, the important parts of the service, as in the morning, being first read in English and afterward in Chinese. All the American preachers present, being elders, assisted in the laying on of hands at the ordination.

The communion service followed, Brother Lambuth administering it in Chinese to the American and Chinese ministers present. Some English-speaking Christians being present, one of the American visitors was called upon to assist in distributing the elements to the mixed circle of Caucasians and Mongolians that bowed at the table of the Lord. It was a peculiar pleasure, not simply to bow together with these Christians of diverse nationalities, but to break to them the emblem of the Saviour's passion and death. There were several tables of communicants, all, with ten exceptions, being once worshipers of idols. The services were naturally of the most solemn and intense interest. The labors of the Sabbath were closed with a sermon at night by Brother Dsau, on Galatians ii. 20, "The Son of God, who loved me and gave himself for me." The audience was large and attentive. As in all the preaching we have heard in Chinese, frequent references were made to parallel passages to illustrate and confirm the meaning of the text.

This morning we had a Christmas sermon from Brother Dzung, one of the newly ordained elders. The hymns were admirably selected, and the lesson was the second chapter of Matthew. The text was from the fifth chapter of Micah: "But thou, Bethlehem Ephratah, though thou be little among the thousands of Judah, yet out of thee shall he come forth unto me, that is to be ruler in Israel; whose goings forth have been from of old, from everlasting." The sermon was about forty minutes long,



and while I could only understand the words "Jesus," "Jerusalem," and *pefong*, the Chinese word "for example," or "by way of illustration," I hardly removed my eyes from the preacher's face during his entire remarks, which, as I am prepared to learn, were admirable, being well matured and showing great clearness of thought. A few final words from Bishop Marvin, interpreted by Brother Lambuth, in which he expressed his deepening love for the Chinese Christians, closed the exercises of the Christmas Conference. Of course, through our inability to speak the language, we held far less communication with these converts from heathenism than we otherwise should have done. But every opportunity was employed when we had an interpreter to find out about their Christian views and experiences. They invariably expressed their great joy at hearing the story of Jesus, and their gratitude to those who had brought them the good news. A great many called to see Bishop Marvin and myself, and almost always brought some simple present, as an expression of their gratitude at the interest we had shown in coming from America to visit the Church in China. Their Chinese cards would always be attached to the gifts, which we prized no less than the gifts themselves, although these were often rare and interesting articles. Two of the native Christians walked from Naziang on Sabbath morning, a distance of sixteen miles, to witness the ordinations. We certainly had every reason to believe in the sincerity and earnestness of these Chinese disciples of Christ.

A part of the experience of this memorable week in China was not on the programme of the Christmas Conference, and yet is inseparably associated with it. The regular monthly Missionary Conference of the laborers in Shanghai was held on Thursday evening, the 2d instant, at Brother Lambuth's.

The question discussed was the encouragements and discouragements of missionary work in China. The views of ten or more of those present were given, and the interesting exercises extended far into the night. The opinions expressed were perhaps none of them new to us, and yet we prized them as confirming views already formed after much deliberation. Encouragements were found in the facts that some of those present came to China thirty years ago, when there was only a single convert, while there are now twelve thousand, aside from many already dead; only one or two cities could then hear the gospel, while it is now preached in over a hundred walled cities, besides five hundred villages, and heard, especially in the country, by crowded audiences; and missionaries might go anywhere in the interior without fear of violence. The people labored among are a reading people, and far in advance of many other heathen nations to whom the gospel has been sent. They are usually eager to get tracts and other publications, and to pay for them, showing that they buy them to read, and will preserve them. While becoming converts to Christianity more slowly than other nations, yet great progress had been made, and it promised to be of a permanent character. The very vastness of the nation was an encouragement, for it overflowed into other lands, and if converted would carry the gospel everywhere. The schools have already done much, and will accomplish greatly more. A Christian atmosphere is being created where missionaries have labored for much time, and in such numbers as to impress the community. The spiritual life of the people, while often like that of those recently converted from idolatry, whom Paul rebuked in his Epistles, would give place to what Paul prayed for in behalf of the Corinthian and Ephesian Christians.

Discouragements are found in the impressions

made by the Catholics that Christians are seeking to get control of the government, and that in some quarters Protestants, who are confounded with them, are supposed to have political designs. The Chinese move so slowly at best, and are so fixed in their habits of thought, that they have to hear preaching a number of times to understand really the drift of it. They love to hear foreigners speak Chinese, and their respectful manner is often due to that fact, and some time passes before they are really set to thinking by what is said. Great harm is done by the presence of foreigners who are confounded with Christians because coming from Christian nations, and yet whose lives are notoriously profligate. The number of Eurasian children in China is very large.

The opium trade has not only done much to debase the people, but to set them against all foreigners. This very day, while enjoying a walk on the "bund," I noticed opium hulks, or stationary ships for the sale of opium, closed like other foreign places of business, and gayly decorated with evergreens, as if in honor of the birth of Christ, and to celebrate the usual festivities of the season. Of course discouragement is found in the occasional impure life, and even open apostasy, of a professed convert. But the most serious difficulty is the impatience of the Church at home, who add to the other embarrassments of the missionaries by constantly demanding large and speedy results. More members could be secured and reported were the laborers so unwise as to yield to this pressure without taking into account the reaction that might come from forming Churches in a large measure of persons with vague notions of what religion is, and without much character for stability. Not so did Christ labor. "His fan was in his hand." He winnowed men, scattering even more than gathering. He might have reported large multitudes of disci-

ples, but was really content with a few who might be so fixed in their purpose as to influence for good the whole future Church. The Gospels, no less than The Acts of the Apostles and the Epistles, have new significance when read in a heathen land.

During this Christmas Conference several interesting young men called to see us, whose history is rather suggestive. They were being educated in one of our schools, which we had to suspend some three years ago for lack of funds, when they were transferred to a school connected with the Episcopal Mission, where they are now being educated for the ministry. They have the most grateful recollections of our interest in them, and wanted very much to remain with us, but could not for the reason indicated. Thus we lost twelve valuable young men at one time, because the Church at home failed to send the necessary funds to carry on the school. Our missionaries have thus accomplished great good that does not now appear in the statistics.

But is it not high time that we should stop asking for bricks without straw? Our attitude toward the China Mission for many years has been that of solemn trifling. The first vital interest shown in the work for a long time dates from a very recent period. The most interesting province of the eighteen provinces of China, that which contains nearly the densest population and the largest literary class, is the Kiangsu, where our Mission is located, and we are the only Methodists in the province. If we mean business, let us rally to the support of our noble missionaries here, and send them such reënforcements as that we shall have a Chinese Conference. Then only shall we be doing any thing like our part for the redemption of the millions of this empire. We start to-morrow on a tour of inspection to important points in this province and others.

I cannot insist too strongly on the necessity of an increased number of laborers, in order to accomplish large results at an early day. Much of the success in Japan is due to the fact that missionaries are there in such force as to deeply impress the minds of the people, while China has not one missionary, either male or female, to a million of her population. Where the largest results have been secured is down about Foochow and Amoy, where the laborers are most numerous. At first they waited from ten to fifteen years for a single convert. Now there are several thousand native Christians in the immediate vicinity of these two cities. The watchmen on the mountain tops are so near to each other that they can see eye to eye. You can go nowhere near either city without finding foot-prints of missionaries, and most frequently their dwellings, announcing that Christianity has made its home in the country as well as in the city. With a dozen faithful men in one mission here in this province we should be able to do large things for the Master. We must not expect one or two men to do any thing at once. The leaven in small quantities takes longer to leaven the whole lump. The Sandwich Islanders, fifty thousand in number, were Christianized by the labors of twenty missionaries at once. Bishop Marvin is persuaded that we cannot afford to enter Japan, but that we should concentrate all our missionaries in this part of the world on our field in China. It is the Church's last great campaign, the taking of China in the name of Christ. That accomplished, the work of the world's redemption will be completed. The conversion of the four hundred millions of China, fully one-third of the human race, demands the united energies of the Church of Christ. Happy are we of the Methodist Church, South, in sharing in this work.

Shanghai, China, Dec. 25, 1876.



## LETTER XIV.

## TRIP TO SOOCHOW AND HANGCHOW.

THE Chinese have this saying, to express their admiration of these two great cities, "Above is heaven—below are Soochow and Hangchow." They are both Fu cities, which rank next to Kiung cities, like Pekin and Nankin. Next to Fu cities are Shien cities, of which Shanghai is one. The almost universal mode of travel in this part of China is by water. The whole country is intersected by a net-work of canals, fed for the most part by water from the Great Lake. These canals are full of choice fish, and help to solve the important question of means of subsistence as well as transit.

On the evening of December 26 our fleet of three house-boats, commanded respectively by Superintendent Lambuth, Mandarin Allen, and Expectant Parker, each manned by four or five boatmen, slipped their moorings near the mouth of Soochow Creek, in Shanghai, and moved westward into the interior. The three Missourians were together, and the hitherto unchristened boat received the fitting name, "Missouri." She is less than thirty feet long and eight feet wide, and is divided into two rooms, one twelve and the other six feet long, with a common height of six feet. The contents are three beds, two tables, a stove, a clock, several chairs, book-shelves, wash-stand, mirror, and other things



necessary to a well-furnished house. We have a large supply of Chinese books and tracts on board for distribution and sale at different points along our route. We are propelled by "sculling," several men working a single oar at the stern of the boat, or by "tracking," men on the tow-path pulling the boat by means of a rope, or by a well-filled sail, which increases our speed to six miles an hour. The canals for the most part are quite fine, especially the Grand Canal, connecting Soochow and Hangchow, which for miles is well walled, and is generally wide and of good depth.

On the morning of the 27th we reached the village of Wongdoo, about twenty-four miles from Shanghai. Here is located a Chinese camp in connection with a small fort. Several hundred soldiers were drilling as we approached. About half carried muskets, and the other half were spearmen, with their long antiquated spears. Very little discipline seemed to prevail among them as they straggled back to the fort. We had scarcely dropped anchor when our boats were surrounded by crowds of the natives, eager to see the "red-headed" foreigners (for all Chinese have black hair), or to buy books.

Here began my first missionary experience. Armed, like all the others, with a package of tracts against idolatry, and taught to say *liangdi*, or "two-cash," I had no difficulty in selling a large number. These are published by the Presbyterian Mission Press, in Shanghai, and are furnished to all missionaries, who sell them at a nominal price and return the proceeds to the Press. It is deemed best to sell them, for a number of reasons. To give them away is to have such a crowd of applicants as really to endanger life, so that to sell is the only way in which to maintain any thing like order in the surging mass about you. The people are eager to buy, showing that they appreciate them, and desire to read and

preserve them. Then, the price asked is so small (twelve cash making one cent) that the poorest may buy without difficulty. There is never any occasion to ask any one to buy, for you have more purchasers than you can accommodate. The people will run after you, asking to buy, and very often on the streets the missionary is addressed, "Sie-sang (elder-born), have you any small books to sell?" This, to my mind (so is every one apt to magnify his own work), is one of the most hopeful features about missionary work in China. The Chinese are a reading people, and among the books that thus find their way into their homes are the different books of the Bible, which are sold for about one cent a copy. Thus is the seed of the kingdom being sown in China.

At Wongdoo we have a rented chapel, where we went, followed by a crowd of Chinese. Our native preacher at Naziang, Brother Fong, preaches here, and he had walked over from his home, some six miles distant, to meet us at the chapel. Brothers Lambuth and Allen addressed the people, who immediately filled the chapel, telling them the object of our visit, and rehearsing the story of Christ's love. After the service came the demand for more books, which continued until we reached our boats, where, during our absence, the two little sons of the missionaries had sold quite a number. Bishop Marvin became, during the day, quite an enthusiastic colporteur, and would bring back a fine string of cash as the result of his sales. His favorite book was the Gospel of John, of which he sold a number of copies. Many were anxious also to buy Genesis, to learn about the creation of the world.

In the afternoon we reached Naziang, where we have a chapel, built by two brothers in Mississippi, a boys' school and a girls' school, with a native parsonage. The two teachers in these schools

were those who walked to Shanghai to attend the service on ordination Sabbath. Brother Dsau preached in the chapel to a crowded but rather noisy audience. The people of China are so in the habit of coming and going as they please, that though, as a rule, they are quiet and attentive while in the chapel, they do not generally remain through the service, and hence their going creates more or less disturbance. They do not apparently mean any disrespect, but are simply following their old customs. The converts, of course, are different, but to keep order among the heathen one of the missionaries usually has to be a door-keeper in the house of the Lord, alike to seat the people and to keep outsiders from crowding in when there is no longer room, and to prevent them from talking.

We spent the night at Naziang, quietly sleeping in our boats in the canal, which runs through the town. In the morning several score of the fifteen thousand people of the place gathered around our boats, eager to see the foreigners eat. Their interested look as they peeped in at the windows was quite amusing. During all this absence, wherever we have gone in any city or village we have been followed by a crowd of the natives. Never did Chinamen excite more interest in an inland town of America than we do all through the interior. We have not seen a single foreign house, save at Hangchow, since leaving Shanghai. After visiting the boys' school and the girls' school, and hearing them recite, we looked in at one or two Buddhist temples, and resumed our boats.

Karding, where we next stopped, is a walled city, but with only about five thousand souls. The insurgents, during the Tae-ping rebellion, destroyed many of the houses, and the population was greatly diminished. We have a lot of ground here, but no building. Our native preacher, Brother Tsung, was

on hand in our rented chapel, and preached to the congregation that instantly assembled and filled the house. Here, as elsewhere, there was a great demand for small books, of which we sold a large number.

While passing through the streets we noticed several ceremonies connected with the burial and future happiness of the dead. A band of minstrels were playing outside of a house that was filled with people, many of whom wore white, as the badge of mourning. The father had recently died, and elaborate burial ceremonies were being performed, of which wailing and lively music seemed to form the larger part. The same style of music, only accompanied by the occasional tap of the drum and beating of the cymbal, attracted us to a Tauist temple, where a soul was being prayed out of purgatory. Elaborately embroidered curtains hung all around the front of the altar, before which three priests were performing their gyrations with the easy motion of a dancing-master. They were clad in robes embroidered with dragons and other animals. The principal priest, with a sort of tablet in his hand, prayed toward the different points of the compass, after he had first held the tablet close to his face and made peculiar motions of the head, as if writing on it with his nose. The brother of the deceased man, a fine-looking man in middle life, had a seat near the altar, as if to see that the priests did their work well. This was the third and last day of the ceremonies, and the deceased man was supposed to be out of purgatory and well advanced on his way to heaven.

The utmost confusion prevailed during all these ceremonies, which were quite impressive. The people would walk unrebuked among the priests while going through the service, and one of the priests, having finished his part, went to the altar and lit his

pipe and quietly looked on, smoking during the continuance of the worship. Buddhism and Tauism are so nearly alike that the oldest missionaries are able to state only minor differences between them. Many of the people, in their desire to be on the safe side, worship the idols of both. Brother Tsau, the native preacher here, accompanied us to our boats, and his parting injunction was the one common among the Chinese, "Walk well," or "Take heed to your steps."

The next morning, by the help of well-filled sails, we reached Kwunshan, a walled city, which derives its name from a "high mountain" that stands within the walls, and is the only one visible for thirty miles. It is surmounted by a pagoda, solidly built. The whole is perhaps a thousand feet high, and is visible from Soochow, twenty-four miles distant. We passed through the city and ascended this hill, covered with the ruins of temples, and in a cave near the top we found the broken heads and limbs of many idols, demolished by the iconoclastic insurgents, but carefully gathered up and placed here by the deluded people. The view from the summit was quite a fine one without the city walls, where were canals and lakes in every direction, now white with sails, but within the city immense unoccupied spaces showed the great desolation wrought during the insurrection of 1860. We walked along the walls on our way to the boats, but having occasion at length to pass through a desolated portion of the city, we saw one or more skeletons exposed in the broken vaults, and one jar of "potted ancestors," as it is called, being a jar of the bones of some one whose vault had been destroyed, but gathered up by some friendly hand and placed in this jar, which was half buried in the ground, the top covered only with a piece of broken crockery. While, of course, the graves and vaults are not so thick all through the



country as they are about Shanghai, yet we find them in considerable numbers everywhere on this trip.

With favoring breeze we reach Soochow by 9 P.M.; too late to enter the city, however, as the gates are closed and sealed at 8 P.M. We meet the native mail-boat coming down as we go up. A sort of express company, composed wholly of Chinese, carry the mail and express matter, often large sums of money, in native boats plying between Shanghai, Soochow, and Hangchow. A single boatman runs each boat, holding the rudder with his hands and working the oar with his bare feet. They run quite rapidly, making the entire distance of eighty-four miles between Soochow and Shanghai in about sixteen hours.

We were much interested in the fish-boats along this part of the canal. Fishing is largely done with cormorants, which dive after the fish from the side of the boat, where they sit in rows. To prevent their swallowing the fish they have an iron ring around the throat. The fishermen seize the fish and throw them into large baskets, and the cormorants are sent back into the water for more. Immense traps of bamboo abound, where the fish are driven and caught, to say nothing of all kinds of fish-nets.

Early in the morning we entered by one of the gates into the great city of Soochow, by far the best city I have yet seen in China. The circumference of the walls is twelve miles, and the population at one time was hardly less than a million, although now reduced to half this number. The wall is well built, and the city is entered at whatever point by three large gates, one inside the other, for additional safety. The streets are cleaner and more attractive than those of any city hitherto visited. We shortly entered a silk-weaving establishment, where we saw elaborate designs being woven into the silk. The



weaver sat working treadles of bamboo poles, while a young woman assisted in producing the right figures by pulling cords which moved yet other treadles. We saw some women embroidering silk and satin, working with the needle and doing the most beautiful work in the same room where they cook, eat, and sleep, surrounded by dirty children. Yet the work when finished was very neat, because they kept it covered with a cloth as soon as any part was completed. Large quantities of silk are manufactured in Soochow, and much choice embroidery comes from there.

We of course ascended the large pagoda of nine stories, and obtained a splendid view of the entire city and of the country for miles around. Many pagodas were visible at different points from the top of this one. There are two standing together in one part of the city, called twin pagodas, while near by stands a third, called the Ink pagoda. After the first two were constructed it was discovered that the *fung shuey*, or luck, of the place was not good. A geomancer being called in to pronounce on the case, said that the two were like pens, but ink was lacking, and that another square-shaped pagoda must be built for ink, while a lake of water near by would serve to moisten the ink. Hereby the *fung shuey* was corrected. These two words really mean "mind and water," but by the Chinese generally they are regarded as the equivalent of luck. Visiting a large Confucian temple in the city we found it very filthy, from the presence of many pigeons, which were allowed to live in it. One of the party turned to a literary Chinaman who accompanied us and remarked how foul the place was. He replied, "But the *fung shuey* of the place is very fine." Where pigeons can be induced to inhabit is regarded a lucky place, and the temple-doors are left open for that purpose. One of the saddest sights from the

pagoda was the execution-ground, and it did not need the aid of the opera-glass to see the dark spots of blood on the ground, made by the recent beheadings which had taken place there. Nothing has disappointed me so much as these pagodas. They were once, no doubt, beautiful structures, but they look very dilapidated now. They are usually erected as memorials, but also have idols in them to whom worship is paid. Three new ones that we saw after leaving Soochow, with their fresh colors, and bells at the corners tinkling in the wind, helped to form some idea of what the large ones once were.

After leaving the pagoda we met an idol procession in one of the principal streets. The idol was about twice as large as a man, and was borne in a chair on the shoulders of men, while some went before bearing banners and beating gongs. Formerly many would have clasped their hands and bowed as it passed, but now only a few children near us were seen to be impressed by it. Yet to one of these idols, to pray for success in some enterprise, we saw a mandarin general borne in his sedan-chair, attended by several coolies and others. We visited the city temple, which is some seventy-five feet high. The court was filled with all manner of tradesmen with their wares, while the inside, save a little space in front of the idol, was wholly taken up with stands for the sale of Chinese pictures. We saw many of these everywhere in nearly every house, with candles burning before them, showing that worship was paid to them.

Soochow is a very Athens, in view of the large number of literary men who live there and in the numerous superstitions of the place. None believe these absurd superstitions more fully than the graduates. Last summer the whole city was in an uproar for several months, under the belief that the foreigners carried paper men about with them,

which being let loose would light on the people at night and crush them to death. Gongs would be beaten all night to ward them off, and the people were afraid to go to sleep. The lives of the foreigners were in peril. One of the missionaries having bought a lot of ground for a school-building, it was pronounced to be on the head of the dragon, and hence destroying the *fung shuey* of the city; whereupon the man who sold the ground was cast into prison, where he has been confined for an entire year, while the lot had to be exchanged for one in a different part of the city.

We attended service in Soochow on the Sabbath. The boys in our boarding-school showed remarkable acquaintance with the Scriptures. Groves Vaughan, Marvin and Vernon Wilson are the English names of some of these bright boys. In connection with the morning sermon by Brother Lambuth, Bishop Marvin baptized the infant son of Brother Dsau, the native preacher. We attended in the afternoon the service at the rented chapel in another part of the city, where the usual crowd was present. We own one chapel with native parsonage and school-room.

It was a special pleasure to preach at 4 p.m. to all the foreigners of Soochow, including the eight of our own company. The service was held at the house of a lady missionary, and the congregation all told numbered just fourteen persons. Bishop Marvin preached at night in the house of another missionary to the same congregation, less three persons, two children having gone to bed, and one lady remaining with the child of another to enable her to attend. Yet this Sabbath in Soochow will prove one of the most memorable of our lives. The missionaries there all live in native houses, and are the only foreigners in a city of half a million. As we entered into sympathy with them in their sacrifices

and work, over eighty miles from the nearest foreigner, we began to realize the true character of missionary work. Altogether the number of converts in Soochow is less than twenty-five, and yet their faith does not falter, for they remember the history of the work in other cities, and are content to labor on and await the harvest.

Aside from Brother Parker and Brother Dsau, of our own Church, the Presbyterian Church has Mr. Fitch, and the Southern Presbyterian Church has Mr. Dubose, Mr. Davis, and Miss Safford. A lady missionary has a very hard time in an inland city of China. So low is the place of woman among the Chinese that they cannot understand the social *status* of an unmarried woman who is intimate in the family of a married man. A single Chinese woman is rare. All are either wives or secondary wives, and so they regard all foreign women. Insulting epithets are thus hurled at lady missionaries, who, as soon as they learn the language, are greatly tried thereby. Yet the work which they can do is very great, as they have access to homes closed against all others, save the wives of missionaries. A foreign child excites great interest among the Chinese.

Soochow is full of wealthy mandarins, officials, and *expectants* (those prepared for and awaiting promotion), and their families often send for the missionary's wife to bring her child for them to see. Many an opportunity is thus found of telling about Jesus. The story is usually heard with interest, and often the way is open for subsequent calls. Until we have more lady missionaries to work among the Chinese women the number of converts among them will necessarily be small. Those who attend the public services are usually all men. Soochow is an immense city, where more laborers are needed. Brother Parker is doing good service here.

He is able to preach with considerable ease in this difficult language, and is much valued by his fellow-missionaries. I hope that we shall soon be able to reënforce them by one or more of the same spirit of devotion to his work.

It was part of our programme, if possible, to go to Kwunshan and ascend the mountain there, borne in chairs on the backs of women. This humiliating experience was spared us by a change in the wind, which promised us a speedy trip to Hangchow, provided we sailed immediately. After making good headway for an hour or two our Chinese boatmen became alarmed on account of the strong wind, and dropped anchor. We induced them to start again, but not to hoist sail, so that by the slow process of tracking and sculling it took us three days to accomplish what we could easily have done in half the time. We were on the Grand Canal all the way, and passed through a fine country. Immense groves of mulberry-trees lined the banks of the canal for miles, and reminded us that we were in the silk-producing part of China. Fine camphor-trees, some singly and some in groves, interested us very much as we saw them from the boats or in our walks along the tow-path. We passed several walled cities and many villages, in whose streets we sold tracts while the boats wended their way through the canal. Several ancient forts erected in the time of the Ming dynasty, now harmless and crumbling, looked down on us as we passed. All this section of the country is historic. Here were considerable spaces of ground desolated during the Tae-ping rebellion, and not now under cultivation.

We reached Hangchow on the morning of the 4th, and after a walk of two miles through the suburbs we entered the walled city. The total population, we were told, is about seven hundred and fifty thousand. The wall is estimated to be fifteen miles in



circumference, and, like the Great Wall of China in the North, it runs over the mountains, which are partly embraced in the city.

Under the leadership of the Southern Presbyterian missionaries, Brothers Stewart, Painter, and Helm, we were able to see the more interesting parts of the city. We first visited the Mohammedan mosque, built in their peculiar style of architecture, and one of the highest buildings in the city. They have been long established in the city (entering China many centuries ago), and number some two hundred converts, by whom all the services are conducted. The blood of an ox freshly sprinkled in the court announced a recent sacrifice. Arabic inscriptions abound, one over the outer door announcing, "The temple is for Mussulmans who travel and wish to consult the Koran." Mohammedans are found in different parts of China, and are usually the butchers, but not of hogs, which are left for others.

Within the walls of Hangchow is a walled city known as the Tartar city, occupied by a Tartar garrison and their families. The men are about like the Chinese, but the women are readily distinguished by their masculine look and by their overmuch pantaloons and short skirts. The city does not compare with Hangchow, which is really a magnificent city, of well-paved and clean streets and stores. The signs, as usual, all hang up and down, and, being gilded, present a fine appearance. It certainly surpasses any city in China that I have yet seen. Its situation is very fine, with the lake and bay on each side, and the mountains, covered with pagodas and temples, overlooking the city. From Phoenix Hill, one of these temple-covered summits, we obtained a delightful view of the surrounding country and of the neat whitewashed houses of the city at our feet. Most of the houses



of the city are built with mud-walls, which are quite handsome when plastered and whitewashed, but in many instances they were neglected and crumbling.

The most interesting place visited in Hangchow was the residence of Wu, a wealthy banker and pawnbroker. Pawnbroking is one of the largest and most profitable kinds of business in China. I have seen larger buildings devoted to this than to any other business. Wu has made an immense fortune, but has been withal so public-spirited that he is much respected by the people. He built one of the temples on Phoenix Hill, provides boxes throughout the city for the collection of the sacred character (any scraps of paper containing Chinese writing) preparatory to burning it, and inters the bones of the unburied dead. He also contributes liberally for the relief of the poor, and his services to the government have secured him special recognition and a high title from the emperor. The Chinese display at Philadelphia owes most of its interest to the thirty thousand dollars' worth of carvings, bronzes, and porcelain contributed from his private residence, which is regarded as the finest house, only excepting the imperial palace, in all the empire. Its cost, including furniture, was over a million dollars. It is near the heart of the city, and is surrounded by a wall some forty feet high, shutting it out wholly from the street.

Wu himself was absent in Shanghai, but we were kindly welcomed by the servants, of whom there are about two hundred in his employ, as well as by several of his sons. How many there are of these we do not know, but he has thirty wives in his harem, or private apartments, which, of course, we did not enter. The mere matter of providing clothing for his household requires the employment of a large number of tailors, who are seen at work

amid silks and furs as we pass to the reception hall. This hall, where we were received and served with tea, is filled with rosewood furniture, while all the tables are covered with marble. Framed marble and carved stones constitute the walls, while elegantly carved wood abounds everywhere. A number of costly clocks are placed in different parts of the room. The chandeliers are also foreign, as is the beautiful stained glass of the windows. The cost of the house is largely in the splendid carvings which are found in every room.

Opposite the reception hall, on the other side of the garden, which is completely surrounded by splendid apartments, is the library, fitted up very much like it. This is reached either by walking along the verandas which lead to it or by going through the garden. We chose this latter—passing along walks guarded by porcelain rails of different colors, up through a summer-house, glittering with beautiful lamps and overlooking the lake at its base, then through grottoes and caves of curiously-shaped rock, with here and there porcelain stools and a marble table, where, in a cool atmosphere, laden with the fragrance of flowers and the music of birds, the guests may sip their tea or play at dominoes. We also ascended to the observatory, overlooking the premises and the entire city, as well as visited the aviary, with its sacred storks, silver and golden pheasants, and mandarin ducks. All through the grounds are strangely-formed stones, resembling petrified pines, while many petrified stones are cemented together, with the skill of which the Chinese are masters, and form a sort of grotto. Despite all this splendor there was an air of overdoing at times, which was somewhat distasteful. It was, however, a great treat to see Chinese life at its best, as we had so often seen it at its worst.

It was very pleasant on visiting the Presbyte-

rian compound to see mignonette and sweet alyssum in full bloom in the yard. The whole air of the place was a delightful reminder of home. It was the atmosphere of Christianity. While the whole number of converts in Hangchow does not exceed one hundred, yet considerable progress has been made in the ten years of missionary work here. When one sees the difficulties in the way the wonder is not at the small number of converts, but that there is a single one. Yet here in this great city is held every week a Sabbath-school composed mostly of Chinese pupils in the boarding-schools, which, in point of intelligent interest and acquaintance with the Scriptures, will compare favorably with any one in America. There is also held a weekly teachers'-meeting, attended by missionaries and natives, where they prepare for the duties of the Sabbath. Much good is being done by the female missionaries here, one of whom is a physician. They have ready access everywhere, and meet with none of the difficulties referred to elsewhere in this letter.

After a busy day of seeing and hearing we were each glad to take a sedan-chair to our boats, two miles distant. Leaving Hangchow at dark, our boatmen were induced, under promise of double wages, to work day and night until we should reach Shanghai. The most striking objects on the return trip, as in going, were the magnificent stone bridges over the canals, and the memorial gateways, made of upright stones with horizontal stones on top, elaborately carved and inscribed. They are erected in honor of filial piety or of the devotion of some unmarried female, or of some widow who refused to marry a second time.

Although anxious to do so we were unable to stop at Kiashin, a Fu city, where one of our native preachers offers us a lot of ground on which to build a chapel. Passing in the night the gates were closed,

and we could not enter. Although we were each provided with a passport from the Chinese officials, we have thus far gone everywhere without having occasion to show it, and we expect to reach Shanghai within twenty-four hours, without having suffered the least interruption throughout this trip of over three hundred and fifty miles and amid several millions of Chinese. We have visited each of our mission-stations, as well as looked upon the fertile and inviting field of missionary labor in this province.

Not many years ago it would have been a perilous undertaking to visit these great cities of Soochow and Hangchow, where we have gone with perfect safety. The field which we have visited demands the concentrated energies of the Church for its occupancy in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, to whom it was promised in the second of the Psalms.

On board the "Missouri," Grand Canal, Jan. 5, 1877.

## LETTER XV.

## LAST DAYS AT SHANGHAI.

WE reached Shanghai safely from our trip into the interior on the morning of January 7, and we were each taken home on a wheelbarrow! I preferred to get off and walk awhile, allowing my valise to enjoy the ride alone. Thus far we have gone by all the different modes of conveyance peculiar to this part of China, save riding on Chinese horses. These would not be so bad to ride provided we had a foreign saddle in place of a double-story Chinese one. These wheelbarrows are more generally used here than any other sort of vehicle, sometimes as many as four riding on one.

On the afternoon of the 8th instant Bishop Marvin and I accompanied Brother Allen in a visit to the "arsenal," so that we might see what progress China is making in the art of war, which is really, in some sense, a measure of the civilization of a people. A musket is certainly an advance over the spear. The number of men employed at the arsenal is very large, and in a great variety of duties. Most of the workmen are Chinese, with here and there a European to direct their labors. Here are immense buildings where are made every thing from a Remington musket to a huge rifled cannon, or a complete frigate fully rigged and armed. The characteristic patience and industry of the Chinamen fully appear here, where hundreds are at their work-

benches, doing with remarkable skill the work first taught them by the foreigners. Soon they will no longer need a foreigner's oversight in the work which they have learned to do so well. Here is the school and the translation department, where Chinese students are taught English, and where histories of other countries and similar works of value are being translated and printed for the benefit of the people. The work of translating, under the lead of Brother Allen and others, with native assistants, progresses far more rapidly than that of printing.

We saw the laborious process of getting a book printed. The manuscript is first carefully copied on paper prepared for that purpose, each letter in a little square by itself, and very accurately made. A page of this is a fac-simile of the printed copy. This is then cut on blocks of wood by Chinese engravers. A brush dipped in ink is then rubbed over these blocks, and the paper placed on them, when another brush is rubbed over the paper and the printing is done. Every thing is on the most primitive scale, and painfully slow. The more enlightened Chinese laugh at it, and contrast it with the rapid and more attractive printing with movable lead type, such as is done at the Presbyterian Mission Press; but it will be some time before any decided improvement is made, and yet longer before a steam-press is known in China. In fact here human muscle is cheaper than steam, even for sawing lumber, as well as running presses, and is, of course, wholly used for these purposes. Still, foreign ideas are being received by some just as the sunlight touches the mountain tops before it floods the valleys below. On the recommendation of some of these more appreciative ones, Brother Allen, in consideration of his valuable literary work, has been made a mandarin, a fact chiefly significant



as admitting something good outside of Chinese ideas.

There is here at the arsenal a perpetual conflict between darkness and light, in which European ideas are constantly triumphant. The skill and judgment of the foreigner are every day being found of more worth than the opinion of the geomaner, whether it relates to casting a cannon or launching a ship. Several ridiculous blunders from adhering to their own ideas of lucky days have made the Chinese here employed lose faith in their old superstitions. It may now reasonably be hoped that these men, so skillful with their tools, will be equally adept under like tuition when brought to Christ, both in preaching the gospel and in administering the affairs of the Church. Many of the students from the school here are in important offices under the government, and some are connected with foreign embassies.

We next visited the great Catholic establishment at Sikawie, where live a community of more than a thousand persons, of whom about six hundred in some capacity receive instruction from the fathers or sisters of the Roman Church. The buildings have Chinese roofs for the same reason that the fathers wear the *queues* and the complete Chinese costume. Speaking of this with the clever French father thus dressed, who was our very polite guide through the different buildings, he remarked that it was to please the Chinese. The sisters, however, make no special change in their dress. Here are divinity students being prepared for the priesthood, and thence on down through every grade of instruction to the company of heathen induced to remain for a week or two at a time and be instructed in the Catholic religion. Then there is the nursery filled with children from a few days old to several years, where no Chinese child is too young to be admitted,

and under the tender care of the sisters be kept alive and subsequently trained for the Church. There is even a mad-house, or rather two, one for males and one for females, where the insane are cared for. All this vast institution, covering perhaps a hundred acres, with its various buildings, is supported by the income from judicious real-estate investments in Shanghai.

More than two centuries ago they numbered among their converts Si, the prime-minister of China, whose influence and means were profusely used in their behalf. The present grounds, Sikawie, belonged to his family estate. Truth to say, the difference is extremely slight between the Buddhists and Catholics. The Chinese simply exchange their idols for others. The resemblance in the use of rosary, holy water, incense, candles, intonations, etc., is painfully oppressive to a Christian mind. The only encouraging feature about this institution is the observatory, with its fine apparatus for measuring the velocity and recording the direction of the wind, with other meteorological observations, scientifically made, which will have a tendency to supplant a false science that is wedded to superstition. Working in the same direction is the Polytechnic Institution, with its exhibit of the telegraph, and many kinds of apparatus used in medicine and in the mechanical arts. This, however, is located in the city, and is not under Catholic control. When I mention that in an apothecary's shop I have seen dried lizards, snakes, crocodiles, centipedes, bones, the horns and hides of deer, and many other such things, collected to be pounded together and used for medicine, the room for advance in that department will be readily seen. It is a very common thing—in fact, the rule now, in serious cases—to send for a foreigner, even though not a physician, whose simplest remedies are confessed to be more

effectual than the compounds of the native physician.

The following day I devoted to the study of Chinese customs. The first visit was to the mixed court, where a representative of either the American or English government sits jointly with a mandarin to decide those cases where both foreigners and Chinese are concerned. On our arrival we saw the criminal on his knees in an open space before the judges. He was charged by an American with a theft. The two judges must determine both the law and the fact. If guilty he is bamboosed, or beaten with bamboo rods. This is a great advance over Chinese justice, which is administered without witnesses, and on the principle that the accused must of course be guilty, and he is usually put to the torture and made to confess it, and then he is punished in addition.

Not very far from the mixed court is a Parsee garden, chiefly remarkable for evergreens trained to represent monkeys eating. The resemblance was very striking, as was also the figure of a dog. I shall write more fully of these things from Singapore, where they abound in a remarkable degree.

I had often passed the Ningpo "dead-house;" this day I entered it. The people of Ningpo, next to the Cantonese the most enterprising in China, are in Shanghai in such numbers that a special place is provided for their dead until they may be removed for burial in Ningpo. The dead-house is a long building, the roof resting on columns of wood and projecting several feet over the walls with quite a space between for ventilation, and yet so built that the rain cannot beat in, as the coffins are arranged in rows slightly elevated from the ground. There were between seven and eight hundred of these in sight, all of which had been placed there within two years; for the rule is at the end of that time to re-

move for burial any that have been uncalled for. The wood of the coffins is several inches thick, and the body is usually placed on lime, covered with paper, so that at this season of the year there was no unpleasant odor. Right adjoining these premises is a theater, all being inclosed by a common wall. The Ningpo people come here for their amusement as well as are brought here to await burial. They even enter the theater by passing amid rows of coffins to be given away in charity to the poor. This is one of the many ways of acquiring merit. Another is for widows to refuse to marry again, and to see that they *do not* a home is provided for them where they are cared for until death, but are not allowed to see any one. Such an institution, and also one for the aged, I visited within the walled city. Whether or not this latter dates from a period prior to the influence of the Catholics two centuries ago, I was unable to ascertain. It is quite possible that, owing to their great respect for old age, a home for the aged originated with the Chinese themselves.

From these worthy charitable institutions we went to a temple not far distant, where worship is paid to a deified hero. In 1842 a Tartar general was killed by the English, all his troops having deserted him and he refusing to leave his guns. For his heroic death the emperor proclaimed his promotion to a place among the gods, and that henceforth divine honors and worship should be paid him. Shortly after, a communication was received from the deified general announcing that by the heavenly ruler he had been appointed second general on the board of thunder, and that he yet hoped to be of valuable service to his country. A life-size image of him is placed in the temple, and we saw incense burning before it. Near by are the images of two city officers killed during the Tae-ping rebellion. There are lesser divinities to whom worship is paid

since their death, as their rank was lower while living. The likenesses are pronounced excellent by those who knew the living officers.

We also visited a Buddhist temple for the sake of seeing their purgatory. On each side of the court, as you enter the temple, are the representations of the present condition of the dead in purgatory. Fierce, frowning demons or divinities are seated upon thrones, before whom are assembled the unhappy dead, who must by their sufferings make full expiation of their sins, before they can either be elevated to heaven or permitted by transmigration of their souls to return to earth in the forms of lower animals. The figures are either of wood or plaster, and leave a frightful impression of the sufferings of the dead. Some are being thrown on spikes long enough to pierce through their bodies; some are being pounded in mortars; some ground in mills, with the blood pouring out on every side; others are being sawed asunder; others are cut to pieces; others are walking amid serpents; others are burning in the flames; while others still are being transformed into animals, preparatory to their return to earth. It is not strange that, with such views of purgatory, the deluded people will pay large sums for enough prayers to effect a speedy release of their kindred. In fact, *fear* is the controlling spirit of the heathen worship and life. We saw children with rings in their noses, and the explanation was that the spirits might take them for calves and not want them. Boys wear rings in their ears that the spirits may think them girls, and so not worth having.

The yoke of idolatry is hard and its burden heavy. Even ancestors are worshiped more in fear than in love. Would that a voice might be heard in all the empire saying, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.



Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden light." While we were at one of these temples we saw a man bowing very earnestly before the idol, then taking the bamboo-case of sticks, which he waved three times, he shook it until one dropped out. This he took and handed to the priest, who gave him a slip of paper bearing the same characters as the stick, besides containing directions as to what he should do. Usually these directions are to do certain mysterious things, which are supposed to determine favorably the doubtful issue. In response to Brother Lambuth's inquiry the man said that he was praying for a sick person, but the priest remarked, "Do not believe him; it is about a matter of business." While he prayed, as is frequently the case, many Chinese crowded around, some laughing and talking, so that on rising from his knees he turned on the crowd and said, "Get out of my way."

At all these temples great quantities of "paper money" are burned. The idea is that money is thus transferred to the unseen world, and is ready for use there by the departed. I have seen more shops devoted to the manufacture and sale of paper money than of any other one thing. It is made both in the shape of silver dollars and of sycee silver. The sycee, or shoe-shaped blocks of silver, worth fifty taels each, or about sixty-seven dollars, is the currency for the wealthy Chinese, as the "cash" is for the poor. Paper imitations of this money are sold for a trifle, but are supposed to bring the full value of the original in the other world. I have seen sedan-chairs, opium-pipes, and wardrobes, all of paper, being taken to the graves to be buried for the use of the dead. Sometimes elegant paper-houses, completely furnished, are thus



ferried over the "Styx" for the dwellings on the other side. Horses and weapons may thus be sent to the warrior. Friends who desire the comfort of the dead may thus be able in a number of ways to contribute to their happiness, besides the annual bringing to their graves the choicest of prepared food.

The number of worshipers that we have seen at any of these temples in China was not large. Every house has its kitchen god, who is supposed to know every thing that takes place in the household. Many dwellings and places of business have on them a block of wood with the eight diagrams, which is supposed to regulate the good luck of the house, very much as the horseshoe over the door is regarded by the superstitious in other lands. I have seen incense burning to heaven and earth in the home of a wealthy tea and silk merchant. In short, the whole nation is given to superstition; yet probably not more than the Athenians, who, offering worship to every known idol, determined to be on the safe side by erecting an altar "to the unknown god."

What is the outlook for the salvation of this people? Japan is looked upon as a very encouraging field, with foreigners employed in her schools; with many of her young men being educated abroad; with merchants of enough enterprise to run a line of steamers; with the introduction of the railroad, and the safety of travelers in the interior. All these things are true of China, and this in addition, that foreigners have rarely to show their passports here, while in Japan they must be shown every night outside of the treaty limits, and before one can purchase a railroad ticket to a place other than a treaty port. The revolution in Japan is chiefly political, and by the head of the government, and followed, in some things at least (as evinced by the

recent attempted insurrection), by a reluctant people. The revolution in China is more intellectual and moral, and is more manifest among the people than the leaders of the government, and hence attracts less attention. Whatever advance has thus far been made is in response to the demands of the people, who are prepared to ask for more so soon as they see reasonable hope of success. This fact awakens the belief that what has been done in China in the way of progress will be permanent, and not dependent on a change of rulers. The people are anxious for yet other benefits of civilization, which are only possible in their fullest measure by accepting the Christianity to which they inherently belong. This also they will do in time, as many individuals among them have already done. While we can hardly expect the redemption of China at an early day, yet there is much ground for hope in the number of native Christians who are at work helping to hasten the day.

January 11 was our last day with our Church in China. All of the native preachers were present to say "Good-by," save one over eighty miles distant. One came twenty-four miles, and another sixteen, to be here. After a prayer-meeting in English with our devoted missionaries, one was also held with the native preachers, in which they all took part, both in praying and in speaking. Their prayers were very fervid, the burden of them being the blessing of God on the work in China. Their remarks expressed much gratitude for the presence and interest of the two visitors from America, for whose safe journey and possible return they promised to pray. They reminded us that the Church in China was yet weak, and needed the prayers and help of the Christian people in America, from whom they first heard of Jesus. This morning they accompanied us to the ship, and as we extended the

parting-hand before leaving the wharf, we felt that we were parting from brethren in the Lord. We have learned to love them as objects of Christ's love. His intercessory prayer ascends no less for them than for us. We expect to meet them in heaven and to know them there, holding converse in a common tongue. It would have been pleasant to linger for many parting words with our dear brethren, who have made our visit to China one of deepest interest and pleasure, but already the motion of the tide bade us hasten on board, and soon the "Geelong" moved down the Woosung to the Yang-tse and out on the Yellow Sea.

We are making fine headway toward Hong Kong, where we expect to arrive early on Monday morning, January 15.

Steamer "Geelong," Coast of China, Jan. 12, 1877.

## LETTER XVI.

## HONG KONG AND CANTON.

THE steam-ship "Geelong," which bore us to Hong Kong, belongs to the Peninsular and Oriental Steam-ship Company, whose only special competitor on these waters, and between Shanghai and Southampton, is the Messageries Maritimes, a French line subsidized by the government. Our officers were all English, and English customs, of course, prevailed on shipboard. "I thank you" is shortened into "Thanks." The usual way of getting you to repeat a remark that has not been distinctly understood is for your interlocutor to say, "I beg your pardon," with special stress or emphasis on the word "beg." This custom prevails all through foreign communities here. Even Americans are in the habit of using these phrases, as well as of pronouncing *a* broad, as in *ah*. One is somewhat nonplused at first when he hears "vases" called "vahses." These and other English customs are not objectionable, however; but somewhat less drinking would be more agreeable to a temperance man. Every officer has his bottle of ale, or beer, or wine, at every meal save breakfast, and if not at "tiffin," or lunch, always at dinner at 6 P.M., and he finishes the bottle at a sitting. They only bring their home customs with them, and we shall be able to see on reaching England the extent of these drinking habits, especially among the laboring

classes, which prevent manufactories from being run on Monday, that being the workmen's holiday, that he may sober off enough from Saturday and Sunday's dissipation, and go to work on Tuesday.

We made fine speed coming down, having the benefit of the north-east monsoon, the prevailing wind for six months of the year, as the south-west monsoon is for the other six months. The sea was very high during most of the passage of three days. In fact, on the last night of the voyage we shipped quite a heavy sea, the water flooding the cabin and a number of the state-rooms. The waves ran so high, and the night was so dark from a dense fog, that with a dangerous island in our course it was deemed best to turn the head of the ship east, and wait for day. With the morning came light, but not calm. The important question to settle was where we were. There was no land in sight to judge from. The clouds obscured the sun so that an observation with the sextant was impossible. In the meantime we steered almost due west, with men on the lookout, and officers here and there with glasses, trying to sight the land, and others with sextants watching if perchance the clouds would lift and give them a glimpse of the sun's face. It required an experienced seaman to stand on deck; but as we had escaped seasickness thus far on the voyage we presumed to try it, and with gratifying success, although it was like standing each moment on the alternate ends of a board while "see-sawing." We saw the China Sea in all her glory. At last a man far up on the lookout sighted the "Nine-pins," or nine islands, some twenty-two miles from Hong Kong, and in two more hours we were at our buoy in the harbor.

It may be interesting to note how in every nation of the crowded Orient the population overflows as we approach it. Not only the Chinese meet us in

great numbers in America and Japan, but now the East Indians appear in China. A number are in Shanghai, and enough are in Hong Kong to form a respectable part of the population. On board the "Geelong" all the sailors are East Indian Moham-médans. The Hindoo loses caste by becoming a sailor. The name given them is "Lascars"—the Indian for sailor. They are very dark, more so than the American Indians. They wear a turban-like head-dress, but otherwise there is nothing peculiar in their costume. Many of them are barefooted. We noticed them reading in their sacred books on Sabbath, but whether copies of the Koran or other Mohammedan works we did not learn. The officers all address them in their native language, although some of them speak "pigeon English." I do not think that they make as good sailors as the Chinese.

Our coalers, or firemen, are Africans—genuine thick-lipped Africans—black as night, and who have never lived in any other country. They come up from the engine-room occasionally, and while enjoying the fresh air sit on their hams, with their knees as high as their head. They are just the original of the illustrations of those on board slave-ships given years ago in *Harper's Weekly*. Thus far I have not been able to understand a word of their language, although they seem to have a few words in common with the "Lascars." There are some twenty of them on board, and are about as different from the negroes in America as they are from the East Indians.

The island of Hong Kong, which was ceded to the English in 1842, is over nine miles long and five wide. It is one of a number of islands, formerly notorious for the number of thieves inhabiting them, and accordingly called "Ladrones," or "Thieves," by the Portuguese at Macao. The present population of the island is estimated at one hundred and



fifty thousand, of whom one hundred thousand are in Victoria, the principal city, most usually called Hong Kong.

This city presents a splendid appearance, all of it being seen at once, as it is built on the side of Victoria Peak, which rises to the height of over one thousand eight hundred feet above the harbor. The houses are foreign-built—even those occupied by the Chinese are of brick and several stories. The streets are terraces cut in the sides of the mountain, and the houses rise one above another for several hundred feet. Like most houses in this part of the world, they are well provided with verandas. Even those are not enough for comfort in the summer, but punkas, or huge fans, attached to the ceiling, and worked day and night by means of man-power, are necessary. The city is well lighted by gas, and the view from shipboard all night long is that of a grand illumination of the whole side of the mountain. The city is peculiarly English, although there are perhaps less than two thousand English on the whole island, and they have a governor appointed by the queen. Macao, a Portuguese settlement, over three hundred years old, and long the seat of the cooly slave-trade, is only forty miles distant.

Immediately after reaching our buoy we were in a sampan, or small boat, hastening toward the wharf. The post-office was of course the first objective point, and we realized the full significance of the words cut in stone over the entry, "*As cold waters to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country.*" Letters read, we called on the American consul, and were able to mail some on the "City of Tokio," which in a few minutes moved majestically out of the harbor. It was not strange, as we saw our national colors, and the prow of an American ship turned toward our native shores, that we almost wished ourselves on board.

We were now in the home of "pigeon English." Comparatively few foreigners other than missionaries attempt to learn the Chinese language. The result is that what is commonly spoken is a composite of English and Spanish words and Chinese idioms—a conglomerate amusing for awhile, but soon distasteful. The Cantonese, being the most enterprising merchants in China, have, in their intercourse with foreigners, learned to use this new speech. The consul, in calling for two sedan-chairs for us, said to his servant, "Catchee two piecee chairs topside, sabe?" which meant, "Call two chairs on the street above, understand?" Our chairs brought us to the residence of Sir John Smale, Chief-justice of Hong Kong, to whom Bishop Marvin bore a letter of introduction; but, much to our regret, Sir John and Lady Smale were both absent, the former on important judicial business. He is held in high esteem by all classes, as one who has done much for the interests of the colony.

A stroll through the streets was full of interest. The elegant foreign residences are surrounded by almost tropical vegetation. The Chinese settlement is full of Cantonese, engaged in all kinds of business, and on such a scale as makes us anxious to see Canton itself, which we arrange to do on the morrow.

Canton is on the Pearl River, some eighty miles from Hong Kong. Two rival lines of steamers ply between the cities, and the consequence is fine accommodations and cheap fare. We left on the "Qchang" at 7:30 A.M., and by 2 P.M. were at the wharf in Canton. Steam-ships of considerable size can approach by another channel a few miles longer to the city. We pass through some beautiful scenery on the way, not reaching the alluvial section for several hours, and even then there were always mountains in the background. Immense quantities of sugar-cane and bananas are grown along the

banks of the river. Towering pagodas tell of towns and villages in the distance. But for these reminders, and the music of Chinese singers on board, we might have supposed ourselves in the elegant cabin of some Southern river-steamer in America. The "cut" rate fare for Chinese is ten cents, and some musicians make their living by playing for the crowds of natives who, for business or pleasure, find themselves on board. There is a heavy fine imposed on any steamer which carries over seven hundred at once, and the consequence is that the boat often has to leave before her time to keep her number within legal limits. There is considerable smuggling of opium on this river, usually accomplished by throwing out on the water straw bundles containing it, which are picked up by small boats on the lookout for the steamer. At our only stopping-place, Whampoa, several hundred disembarked on native boats, but not before custom-house officials inspected their boxes and bundles.

As we neared Canton we saw the immense floating population in their boats. Of the million souls of this great city, over one hundred thousand live on the water. They are born, live, and die on their boats. If the men have any thing which they can do on land the women, with their children on their backs, run the boats. Small as are their boats, fully one-tenth of their space is occupied by a shrine with an idol, to whom worship is offered daily. The boat population live largely by fishing, and even by growing domesticated fish, which are taken alive in "tahks" to the Canton and Hong Kong markets. The women are very skillful in handling the oars, and, being dressed about the same as the men, suffer no inconvenience on the score of costume. We saw many little boys and girls rowing boats with considerable dexterity. The sampan which we took on our arrival was rowed by three women.

Shortly after reaching Shanghai we received a letter from the Rev. Dr. Happer, of Canton, inviting us most cordially to visit this city and to be his guests. Though an entire stranger we felt that he ceased to be one from that hour, and his house very naturally became our home. He is a Presbyterian missionary, and has been in China thirty-two years, all of the time in Canton. A son and a daughter, following a father's honored example, have also devoted themselves to the work. The cheerful spirit of a true missionary, consciously in the line of duty, is something we can hardly appreciate in America.

Our time being limited to less than a day and a half, Dr. Happer called chairs and accompanied us to the five-story pagoda on the city wall, from which we might obtain a view of the whole city and surrounding country. In the country we saw the rice-fields, which here yield two crops annually. Nearer the city walls is the great cemetery. The graves are shaped like a horseshoe, or more strictly an arm-chair, with the head toward the middle of the curve. Many are made simply of earth, while others are marked by stone of the same peculiar style and design. The city wall failed some several hundred years ago to inclose all the population, and so a second wall was built on the south side; but the mass of humanity has long since passed that limit also, and even that of the river, and a large settlement beyond, called Hanan, contains part of the overflow. Only twelve miles distant is another city of half a million. Much of the space within the walled city being occupied by official residences with their grounds, is less crowded than that which is without the gates. The city on the whole exceeds in beauty any I have seen in China, save Hangchow, whose location is exceptionally fine.

Walking along the wall, with its rusty cannon, long dumb, happily, we came near the south-east

gate to the Examination Hall, capable of accommodating ten thousand students at the time of their competitive examination. Often the number is increased to twelve thousand, when booths are erected for two thousand more. Each student is assigned to a stall with a board to sit on, while he writes his essays and poems, to be submitted to the examiners, who determine whether he may be promoted from a B.A. to an M.A., and thus be in a more favorable position to obtain office under the government. Great *éclat* attends the successful examination, to obtain which many compete until late in life. It often happens, as here a few months ago, that some die while in their stalls. All are locked in for the first day, after which those who finish their essays and poems are allowed to withdraw, anxious friends awaiting them with applause at the gates. Their work is then copied by clerks before the examiner sees it. If any mistakes are seen it is thrown out without being copied.

Returning home in our chairs after dark, we observed the places of business closed, but incense burning in a little altar by every door. The idol thus worshiped is called the "god of the door." Every store has an altar built for his worship, and some of the finer stores have elegant marble altars. The "god of wealth" has a shrine within each of these stores, and usually it is fitted up at great cost.

The following morning was devoted to seeing in detail many of the streets of this Paris of China. The houses far surpass any thing in any other city in China. They are built of brick, sometimes the finest pressed brick, and are usually two stories high. The streets are narrow; but this is desirable to shut out the sun, whose heat is so great that an umbrella is needed, as we found, even in January. The stores are often protected at their entrances by iron bars or grates. The ceilings are very high,



and often ornamented with great taste. The store-rooms are often large and airy, and sometimes have considerable depth. We were prepared to see elegant carvings in ivory and wood, and elaborate embroidery in silk, the same design on both sides. Several of these firms made large displays at Philadelphia, but still have tempting show-cases full of the same wonderful work. Here are ivory balls, one carved inside the other, often to the number of nine or twelve, to say nothing of screen-work in ivory and elaborate designs in tortoise-shell or bird's-beak. The prices are reasonable, and some firms have them marked on their goods, and never vary from them.

The same elegance in the stores prevails in the temples, especially in the "Temple of the Five Hundred Sages." Here are gilded figures, almost life-size, to represent the five hundred disciples of Buddha. They occupy necessarily a very large space, and before each one is a fine porcelain incense-burner, made especially for this temple. But alas! rascality had spread upon the very pavement of the temple, to dry, tea-leaves once used, but now being dried preparatory to being colored and sent to America for fresh tea.

The architecture of Canton is really quite fine. The tiles in the pavements of some of the finer houses fit so close together that the point of a knife could not be put between them. We saw no private residence, however, that compared with that of Wu, in Hangchow, whose great wealth has enabled him to lay all China under tribute to furnish him the best.

A special meeting of the missionaries of Canton was held at the residence of the Rev. Mr. Piercy, of the Wesleyan Society. Bishop Marvin gave a brief sermon on "Ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you; and ye shall be



witnesses unto me." It was a profitable occasion. There are between four and five hundred native Christians in Canton. The Wesleyans are here in good force—seven male and two or more female missionaries. The number of female converts is larger in proportion than elsewhere, and many of them do good work as teachers in the day-schools. Women are induced to attend preaching in some instances by being shut off entirely from the male part of the congregation. The condition of the women is somewhat more hopeful here than elsewhere, by reason of their access to the churches. We were glad to observe less feet-binding than elsewhere, but whenever it was attempted it usually went to greater excesses. The harmful influences of the English and Chinese wars have long interfered with the spread of the truth here, but one venerable missionary thinks that there are now not less than thirty thousand in easy distance of Canton who are reached by the truth, but who need the Holy Spirit to awaken a sense of sin and need that they may be converted to Christ. Let fervent prayers everywhere ascend for this one end!

We returned to Hong Kong by the "China," a German steam-ship running to Shanghai. She lay anchored off the "Shameen," as the island park, devoted to foreign residences, is called. Here we saw a species of the banyan-tree, only the roots failed to reach the ground. They hang from all the lower limbs like Southern moss, for which we at first mistook it. We reached Hong Kong at daylight this morning, and are now about to resume our quarters on the "Geelong," for Singapore, the most southerly point we shall touch in Asia, and for Galle, in Ceylon. Already the awning on deck tells of our proximity to the equator.

We have thus, during more than a month in China, been permitted to see five of her principal

cities—Shanghai, Ningpo, Soochow, Hangchow, and Canton, together with a large number of other walled cities, and many towns and villages. The only word in common for the people of these places, that we have observed, is “Cumshaw,” or “gift;” literally, the word of which it is a corruption means “Give me cause of thanks,” or “Let me thank you for something”—a very polite way that priests and others have of asking for a fee. The differences in language are hardly greater than in the habits and customs of the people. Different significations are often attached by different sections even to a custom or superstition which they may have in common. Thus what is often true of superstitions of one part of the country is not true of another. China is a very composite country, its extremes varying even more than the North and South or East and West of the United States. In fact there are many points of resemblance between China and America, in their coast-line, in extent of territory, in influence present and prospective, and in general capabilities of good to the rest of mankind. True, we shake each other’s hands in place of our own, and that is just what the Chinese must be taught to do—to throw off their exclusiveness, and not only be on good terms with the rest of the world, but feel that interest for the spiritual welfare of other nations such as only the love of God can kindle. China converted, overflowing as she does on other nations, the prophet’s vision will be realized, “Every thing shall live whither the river cometh.” China heathen will render impossible the new heavens and the new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness. China is the last great stronghold of the prince of the power of the air. Already some of the outworks have fallen. Who will help to take the citadel?

The Buddhist religion, which the Chinese got

from India, has long been extinct in the land of its birth, but it is the best that the Chinese know any thing about. The religion of four hundred millions of people, it fails to bring comfort in this life or illumine the future. Because Buddha is deaf to their cries they have added many other idols. Such as have heard of Christ, and have accepted him, have found their souls' desire. But there are over three hundred and ninety-nine millions who know not the truth.

Hong Kong, China, Jan. 18, 1877.

## LETTER XVII.

## FROM HONG KONG TO CEYLON.

THE "Geelong" left Hong Kong promptly at noon, January 18. I was very glad to be on board, partly because she is an excellent steamer, but mostly because my baggage and Bishop Marvin were aboard, and I came near getting left. Returning in ample time to the ship after mailing my last letter, the stiff breeze made travel in a sampan somewhat rough and risky. We were making good headway, however, when our mast broke, and mast and sail went overboard. The woman at the rudder came to the rescue; but with the waves so high, it seemed doubtful about the ability of the three rowers—two men and a woman—to bring the boat in time to the "Geelong," which was anchored about a mile distant.

I admired the calmness of this well-regulated Chinese family. Evidently alarmed, not an unnecessary word was spoken, unless it was a request for me to steer while they rowed, which my ignorance of navigation compelled me to decline. However, a little ingenuity enabled one of the boatmen to give the rudder an occasional turn, and while they all toiled in rowing, and made slow progress, we reached the ship's ladder several minutes before she moved out of the harbor. Another sampan came near capsizing on the way out, but happily no accident occurred, and the

passengers were content with narrating their hair-breadth escapes.

Our run from Hong Kong\* to Singapore, on the China Sea, one thousand four hundred and thirty-seven miles, was made in a little over five days. We were in sight of Cochin China the second day out, and saw one or two steamers going to Saigon. The following day we were in the waters of the Gulf of Siam. With favoring winds and a smooth sea, retarded only by an adverse current on the last day, we made good speed and had withal a pleasant voyage. Numerous islands were in sight all the last day, but it needed not their tropical vegetation to tell us that we were nearing the equator. Always at meal-time, and often when writing during the day, the punkas, pulled by East Indians, called "punka wallahs," were kept going for the comfort of the passengers. All of the officers were dressed in white, while all the passengers, as far as possible, followed this example. Every day found us several degrees nearer the equator, until when we dropped anchor at Singapore we were distant less than a degree and a half, or only about eighty miles. The thermometer at no time, however, indicated more than eighty-five degrees in the shade.

I enjoyed during the voyage a sight of the Southern Cross, which is visible only in the tropics. It is the sailor's friend in southern seas, as by observations taken of Alpha Crux, the star at the foot of the cross, he determines his latitude and longitude. The first officer very kindly sent a messenger to wake me at 4:30 A.M. one day, when about to make

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\*I have received several requests to indicate in some way the peculiar pronunciation of the proper names in this book. The invariable rule, so I learned, about Chinese names, is not to lay stress on any one syllable. Thus in Shanghai and Hong Kong both syllables have the same force—a somewhat difficult thing for an American always to give. I regret that I cannot always comply with the request in other instances.

his observations, so that I could see the cross in its vertical position, with other stars pointing to it as indicators. The cross is composed of four bright stars, so arranged as to give it its name, and when vertical is instantly recognized in the firmament. The memory of the beautiful vision lingers as an inspiration.

Aside from the luxuriant tropical vegetation, which attracts the traveler's attention on reaching Singapore, the first thing which interests him is the tiny boats full of Malay boys, aged from twelve to sixteen, ready to dive for any coins which may be thrown overboard. Their only clothing is a breechcloth, which does not impede their motions, and no sooner is a coin on its way to the bottom of the water than they have sprung from their boats and are diving for it. They seem invariably to catch it before it reaches the bottom, however far from them it may be cast. Often three or four boys spring from as many boats after the same coin. They dive as eagerly after a copper as a rupee, and in every case they hold it up in triumph, with "I've got it, master!" They also dived after coral and marine plants, and after being gone about forty seconds would return with both hands filled with the trophies snatched from the bottom of the harbor. Many of these were quite beautiful, and found ready purchasers. In fact, hardly any feat in the way of diving or rowing seemed impossible to these boys. Their skill reaped a silver harvest, which they well deserved. But here are boat-loads of rare and beautiful shells and corals, which divide our attention with other displays of pine-apples and bananas offered for sale. Here are peddlers in parrots, and others have a monkey or two to sell. We know many a boy would have given a dollar and a half for a monkey, even though one could be bought for half that sum. In fact, one-half the first price is



what is really expected in about every instance. Many a passenger has bought what he did not wish by offering a merely nominal price for what was originally held at high figures.

Our ship lay at the wharf in Singapore about two days, taking in coal. The coal is brought out from England and stored at Galle, Singapore, and Hong Kong, for the use of these Peninsular and Oriental steamers. This is found more economical than to burn Japanese or Australian coal, as it requires four or five times more of the latter. Our delay gives us a good opportunity of seeing some of the luxuriant vegetation of the tropics. Taking a gharry—a four-wheeled vehicle drawn by a small horse—Bishop Marvin and I direct our Malay driver to take us to the Botanical Gardens, some two miles from the city.

Here we saw the banyan-tree, with its many roots starting from the boughs and piercing the ground, and many small ones starting at the ends of the limbs and amid the leaves. The immense amount of moisture in the atmosphere is very favorable to this style of growth, and we saw hundreds of trees with roots dropping from the limbs. One banyan-tree in the city is so large that a dwelling-house is built amid the roots. In the ponds or ditches we saw the sacred lotus in full bloom, and also the *Victoria Regia*, with its immense leaves, four feet and a half in diameter. Black and white swans swam on the lake, with pelicans of varied plumage and geese of peculiar build. Here were tigers, and leopards, and monkeys, eagles, golden and silver pheasants, the emu, ostrich, deer, and the rhinoceros; but the zoölogical display was especially rich in birds of gorgeous plumage. Invisible songsters filled the air with melody wherever we went. Cocoa-nut-trees abound all through the country, and are laden with their clusters of monster nuts.

The aloe appears to be indigenous, as we saw many growing in the woods and by the way-side. But most beautiful of all is the fan-palm, with the stems of its huge leaves projecting from the trunk like the fingers of an open hand. The aim of the gardens is to collect in one the flora not only of the tropics simply, but, as far as possible, of whatever part of the world. Surely all vegetable life requiring much moisture and heat will find here a genial home.

More interesting than this display is the private garden of a wealthy Chinese merchant and mandarin named Whampoa. A letter from President Grant to United States ministers and consuls throughout the world, bespeaking special favors, secured for us from the American consul here, of his own volition, an invitation from Mr. Whampoa to visit him at his house, some two miles from the city. We found him a man of about sixty, simply dressed in Chinese costume, and having fine command of English, and, withal, very much of a gentleman. After seeing his gardens he showed us through his elegant residence, which is in the best style of Chinese architecture, and is richly furnished with handsome carvings, and many articles of both Chinese and European manufacture. Choice bronzes and lacquer-ware, a collection of many years, abounded in the different rooms of the house. He pointed out with manifest pride some fine work in silver and ivory. Of the latter I mention especially an elaborately carved ivory ball containing not less than twenty-two others, all made of one piece. In one of the rooms cups of delicious tea awaited us, which we drank while discussing with our host the products of the wonderful clime. We might have almost supposed ourselves in the home of an English gentleman did not the subtle fumes of burning incense, mingling with the odors of spices and flowers rising

from the garden, tell of idolatrous worship, perhaps, before the ancestral tablets. Mr. Whampoa has a zoölogical garden also, where we saw the ibex, the Borneo bear, the moose, deer, and many other animals not in the Botanical Garden.

The most interesting objects were representations of animals in foliage, some species of box being trained so as to take on the exact form of animals. For example, guarding the way into the zoölogical gardens are two dogs with open mouths and glaring eyes. Another entrance is guarded by two deer with a startled look; yet another by elephants with uplifted trunks; and another still by horses. There were Chinese hogs true to life, looking as if their backbone were broken. Then there were birds about to fly, and fish ready to swim, and monkeys eating cocoa-nuts. The box was made to take on equally well the forms of inanimate objects. There were perfect pagodas, vases as tall as one's head, ships with sails, rigging, and life-boats, and even gharries, or carriages, with horses harnessed and ready to start. Most of these figures are first made of wire and the box is grown over them, but those I saw in the Parsee garden, in Shanghai, were branches of an evergreen trained without the help of wire to take on the forms of the monkey and the dog.

In the gardens of Mr. Whampoa we saw growing the pepper-plant and the tea-shrub, as well as the spice, coffee, and orange-trees. One orange-tree had a peculiarly mottled or variegated foliage. A green rose he regarded as among his rarest specimens of vegetable life. All forms of vegetable and animal life which are found here at all absolutely luxuriate in this warm atmosphere. In the published expense account of the English cathedral is a bill for killing three hundred and sixteen bats at five cents each. We counted no less than eleven lizards

visible at once on the side of the hotel as we sat on the veranda. We thereupon concluded not to spend the night there. The Peninsular and Oriental Company, as a matter of economy, have their ships put on the dry docks at the end of every voyage and scraped, to rid them of the barnacles that accumulate so rapidly as to reduce her speed a knot an hour.

Singapore numbers about one hundred and thirty thousand souls, and is the capital of an island of the same name, which forms part of the English Straits Settlement. Fully one-half of the population are Chinese, nine thousand are Tamils, from near Madras, the rest are Malays and Europeans. The Malays are called brown, but are nearly black. They wear no clothing, as a rule, save a cloth about the loins, and another wrapped like a turban about the head. They are quite erect, and have rather a manly gait. They are lazy, however, and are fond of sleep, being content with a shady place on the bare ground. The men wear ear-rings often at the top of the ear, as well as at the bottom. The ears of the women are sometimes distorted by the size of the ornaments worn, and they wear nose-rings also, often one in each nostril, as well as bracelets and anklets. The men appear to do all the work, such as washing, ironing, house-work, etc. We saw several acres covered with clothes, hung out to dry, while the washermen stood in a running stream washing others by beating them upon rocks placed for that purpose at convenient distances in the stream. Malays are usually employed by the English as gardeners and grooms. They are very vindictive when aroused, but are usually quiet and orderly.

The population of Singapore is so mixed that the Malay has to be the common language. Chinese from different districts and of different dialects, unable to understand each other, use the Malay. The only missionary in Singapore, the Rev. W. H.

Gomes, a converted Singhalese, preaches in Malay to a Chinese congregation, and is doing a good work. He also preaches to the Tamils in their own language. In a public school of some three hundred pupils we found in one room Europeans, Chinese, Tamils, Malays, and Eurasians, all studying English text-books and taught by a Portuguese teacher. In the courts we saw English judges in their official black robes trying cases with English, Chinese, and Tamil lawyers, and Malay witnesses. We also met a few Siamese and Klings. The prevailing religion of the Malays is Mohammedan. They have several mosques, and cling with tenacity to their faith, very meager success being met with among them. Both Protestant and Romanist missionaries have had about the same experience.

The English Governor of the Straits Settlement resides here. There is also a fort and garrison, and many other things to impress the native community with British might. The English are doing a good work here for Christianity and civilization. What they do they do well. They have a coinage of their own, fine streets and drives, a good school system, churches and public buildings. The revenue from the tin and spices exported, and from imports, supports the government. They manufacture their own ice, at about two and a half cents a pound. They buy the choicest of tropical fruit for a mere trifle—pine-apples at about a dollar a hundred, and bananas for ten cents a hundred. Moreover, by the help of punkas at home, in office, store, court-house, and even in church, they manage to live comfortably in this climate, where the mercury rarely exceeds ninety in the shade. In fact, Singapore is a sort of sanitarium in summer for persons living in Bangkok and other places many degrees farther north.

Leaving Singapore at 4 P.M. on the 25th, we sailed through the Straits of Malacca, with Sumatra visi-



ble on the left and the Malay peninsular constantly in sight on our starboard, and after a run of three hundred and thirty-one miles we were in the harbor of Penang at 4 A.M. on the 27th. Penang is another island under British rule, and the metropolis of the same name is a city of about eighty thousand, more than half of whom are Chinese. There are not many Europeans there aside from the garrison. The same rich tropical vegetation meets the eye as at Singapore—the pine-apple, the cocoa-nut, the betel-nut, and the banana, abounding on all sides. The Malay women, with their teeth blackened from chewing the betel-nut, and distinguished from the men not by the length of their hair, but by wearing more jewelry and clothing; the inevitable Chinese merchant with his foreign goods; and the Malay with his native wares displayed on the counter, where he patiently sits cross-legged waiting for a customer, or, wearied, lies down to sleep, his black form fairly shining in the sunlight; the minarets of the mosque and the spires of the English and Catholic churches, are all part of the same picture which we saw at Singapore.

We were present at the awarding of prizes in the Penang Free School. Here are the Chinese, Malays, Klings, and Tamils, engaged with European boys in studying English. The Chinese compose four-fifths of the school. They read, parse, write from dictation, all in the English, and master the “*r*” with apparent ease—most Chinese have to use “*l*” instead. Save an ignorance of the idioms of our language and amusing blunders in consequence, the natives compared well with the English boys, and bore off numerous prizes for knowledge of English grammar and history, geography, arithmetic, etc. The English welcome the Chinese to the Straits Settlement, and they do much to develop the country, and take great interest in business and educational



schemes. The business capacity of the Chinaman best appears under a favorable government, as at Hong Kong and Singapore. With promise of protection they would occupy in large numbers, and develop Borneo and the whole Malay peninsular. What power they would carry with them if they were Christians!

Leaving Penang at 2 o'clock P.M., January 27, a run of one thousand two hundred and thirteen miles has just brought us on the evening of the 31st to Point de Galle, Ceylon. The day after leaving Penang we passed the upper part of Sumatra, which is about ninety-five degrees east of Greenwich, and as Kansas City is ninety-five degrees west of Greenwich, I had the satisfaction on that day of completing my one hundred and eightieth degree of longitude, or just half my voyage around the world. Here we met the French steamer "Hoogly," on her way to Singapore. We saluted each other by slowly raising and lowering three times the flags under which we severally sailed, and then the darkness soon hid each from the other's view. This being the Sabbath, after the morning inspection, religious service was held under the double awning on the quarter-deck. After the morning prayer, read by Captain Frazer, with the capstan as my pulpit, it was my privilege, on the Bay of Bengal, as it had been on the Pacific, to speak in my Master's name. Bishop Marvin preached the previous Sabbath on the China Sea. It is gratifying to see the interest manifested in all the East for the spiritual welfare of sailors. Not only do we see them in considerable numbers in the churches, but there are sailors' homes, where the sick are cared for, and where, in pleasant reading-rooms, all on shore may be saved from the snares usually spread for their feet. Flying fish, like flocks of birds, marked our voyage all the way from Penang.

At first we mistook them for birds until we saw them disappear in the water after flying two or three hundred feet.

Mr. E. S. Wetmore, of California, is the only American on board besides ourselves.

Point de Galle, Ceylon, Jan. 31, 1877.

## LETTER XVIII.

## ELEVEN DAYS IN CEYLON.

THE somewhat dangerous approaches to the Galle harbor delayed our coming to anchor until 7 A.M. on the morning of February 1, and so our ship steamed round and round in the open sea all night, in full sight of the lights of the town. We had no sooner stopped than we were surrounded with the peculiar boats of Ceylon. They consist of a canoe, not over a foot and a half wide, with an "outrigger," or a log attached by means of bent poles, some ten feet long. This is necessary to prevent the upsetting of the boat. We found them very steady, notwithstanding the heavy surf that is always beating on the shore, even in the very harbor. Galle is a fortified town, and as we entered the walled city we very naturally thought of China, and were prepared to see Chinese, but if any ever came to Galle they were so disgusted by Singhalese peddlers and beggars that they took ship to Australia, where they are found in large numbers. One gets a bad impression of Ceylon and the Singhalese from stopping at Galle. As he looks upon the palm groves on every side, and is charmed with the mountain scenery, the persistent assaults of beggars, petty shop-keepers, who carry their wares with them, jugglers, snake-charmers, and peddlers of all kinds, recall the lines of Bishop Heber's well-known hymn:

What though the spicy breezes  
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,  
Though every prospect pleases,  
And only man is vile.

They will not be shaken off. They follow you to your room in the hotel. You cannot pick up a paper to read but that several of them are around, and touching their hands to their foreheads, say "Salam." Your attention once attracted, they begin, "Master, want to buy nice tortoise-shell, ebony, ivory, stones, rings, birds—every thing very cheap; look, master." The only thing I ever saw like them in America is a certain class of insurance agents or Jew peddlers. In fact, the well-kept Moors among them are known as the Jews of Ceylon.

The business of Galle is so wholly dependent on the steamers which touch there that travelers are looked for eagerly, and persecuted mercilessly. Exorbitant charges are made for every thing, to offset the dull business intervals when no steamers are in port. But this state of things happily does not properly represent all of Ceylon. Eleven days spent in different parts of the island sufficed to counteract the bad first impressions, albeit we had to suffer the same things again before reëmbarking.

Calling a "bandy," we hastened out of the fort into the beautiful surrounding country. A "bandy" is a one-horse vehicle for four passengers; two get up from behind and sit facing the rear, while the other two face the front. Driving through the native town we get a fine view of Singhalese life. All classes wear as little clothing as possible, the smaller children none at all, the men either a simple loin-cloth or a sort of skirt fastened about the hips, with all the rest of the person bare; while the women in the towns wear a loose jacket in addition, but in the country often dispense with even

that. The men wear long hair done up in a knot behind like the women. The women wear no combs, but the higher-class men wear round combs, such as are worn by little girls in America, and very often also a large tortoise-shell comb in their back hair. Even such men as wear foreign coats often have their simple skirt, or petticoat, fastened about their loins. All classes, with rare exceptions, go barefooted.

Both men and women are often seen with rings on their toes. But the women excel in wearing jewelry. Aside from toe-rings, finger-rings, nose-rings, bracelets around the ankles, wrists, and above the elbows, their ear-rings surpass any thing I have ever known. I have seen laboring women with each ear pierced in no less than fifteen places—all around the entire rim of the ear, in fact, and with a large ring in each hole. Even those who are less ambitious as to the number of holes make up for it in the size. The ear is distorted until, in many instances, the hole is an inch and a half in diameter, so that one or more fingers could be put through it. The women are the burden-bearers, carrying every thing on the top of their heads. At one hotel where we stopped, in Colombo, we saw women serving as hod-carriers, bearing the mortar on their heads to the workmen building the wall. These, however, were Tamil women, there being seven hundred thousand Tamils in Ceylon, out of the entire population of two million five hundred thousand. Tamil women are usually distinguished from the Singhalese by wearing a scarf, which passes over one shoulder and is fastened around the waist. The better class of the Tamil men wear a white turban. Tamil coolies are employed exclusively on the coffee-plantations, and occupy the whole northern part of the island. They seem to be the Chinamen of India, as we found them over-

flowing in considerable numbers into the Straits Settlement, as well as into Ceylon. The present famine in the Madras Presidency is increasing the number in Ceylon.

What most impresses the traveler are the immense groves of cocoa-palms. They are of all sizes and ages. Strange to say, the oldest trees, while the tallest, are usually the smallest in diameter. You never see a straight one. The natives have a saying that "whoever sees a straight cocoa-palm and a white crow will never die." I have no hope of immortality from this cause. A native with a small grove of, say, twenty-five or thirty cocoa-palms has a fortune. Each tree will yield him about two or three dollars a year. On the same tree I have very often seen the bloom, much like a tassel of corn, and the fruit in all sizes from that of a marble to the ripened nut, nearly two feet in circumference. An intoxicating drink is made from the blossom. Ere the milk of the nut has begun to harden into the white it affords a refreshing drink. Many are gathered for that purpose and sold to laborers or travelers. When the nut is ripe the husk is beaten, and ropes and mats are made out of the fiber; while the nut is cut in two and laid out in the sun to dry, when the shell is easily removed, and the substance of the nut is ground up and pressed for the cocoa-nut oil, which is used for lights and for making soap. The refuse, after the oil is expressed, is used for feeding cattle. The leaf is often twenty or more feet long, and is used either to tie around the tree to keep thieves from climbing without being detected, or is used for mats or for thatching either houses or wagons. Thus every thing is a source of revenue.

The wagons are invariably drawn by little Burmese bullocks. They are very strong, and have great powers of endurance. They are more used



singly than in pairs. I have often seen one less than four feet high drawing a passenger-cart containing from six to ten natives. These carts ply between the toll-gates, which are some seven miles apart, and the natives walk through without having to pay, and take another cart. The horses are all from Australia and India. They are large and spirited, and are not much used by the natives.

We saw a number of bread-fruit trees. The fruit is three or four times the size of an orange, and of the same color. It is usually sliced, boiled, and baked before it is eaten, and tastes so like a baked potato that one may eat it without knowing the difference. The jack-fruit is much like it, only several times larger. The odor is quite offensive, but the natives are very fond of the ripe fruit, and foreigners use it freely as a curry with rice. The fruit usually grows very near the trunk of the tree, necessarily, too, for it often weighs fifteen pounds. The timber of Ceylon is mostly of the wood of the jack-tree. We often saw wicker-work baskets around the ripening jack-fruit or bananas to protect against the ravens, which are hardly less numerous than in Japan.

If we hoped to get out of sight of people or houses by our drive, it was a vain hope. Although we traveled several hundred miles in Ceylon, only for a very few minutes did we lose sight of either. The houses are usually of mud, but often whitewashed with lime, made from burning coral, and hence look very well. They have no chimneys, and the smoke escapes as best it may. Even the houses of foreigners are, as a rule, without ceilings, in order that there may be a free circulation of air. They are usually covered with tiles, but native houses are thatched. Wherever we saw a native house we generally found a group of children, scantily clothed, while one of them or the mother carried the naked

baby straddled across the thigh. As a consequence the children are never bow-legged. Boys and men are excellent climbers. They put their feet in a noose, to keep them from slipping back, and away they go up a cocoa-nut-tree, almost a yard at a leap.

Our ride brought us to Richmond Hill, the Wesleyan mission-house, where we learned much of the history of their mission, first inaugurated by Dr. Coke, who was buried in the Indian Ocean shortly before his six companions landed at Galle, to begin the important work. The jubilee year was 1864, fifty years having elapsed since they landed. They have now sixty-five chapels, one hundred and twenty preaching-places, three thousand members, some ten thousand scholars, and some sixteen thousand regular attendants on public worship. In the South Ceylon District alone the native Church contributed last year for various objects thirty-five thousand four hundred and thirty-three rupees. A rupee is about forty-eight cents of our money. Many of the native chapels were wholly built by native Christians, and some of the circuits are self-supporting. The missionary society at home agrees to give twelve hundred and fifty dollars a year for erecting new chapels in hitherto unoccupied places, provided double that amount annually shall be raised in Ceylon for the same purpose. Last year the necessary amount was actually exceeded, in addition to the usual missionary contributions of the native Church. The schools of the mission, where tuition was originally given gratis, are now held in such high esteem by the heathen that the amount of tuition paid not only supports the schools, but yields a handsome annual revenue. Two of the Wesleyan schools in the island are affiliated with the Calcutta University, and fit young men for college. There are also girls' schools, but hardly so successful as those for boys. English is taught in these schools, and thus the

pupils have access to all that is valuable in English literature. All the native preachers talk English, and native theological professors give instruction in English text-books, such as "Watson's Institutes."

Thus by means of these schools, and the Singhalese preaching-services, a general knowledge of God's word and of the truths of Christianity prevails throughout many parts of Ceylon, just as in America. The Spirit's sword is made ready, and it only needs the Holy Spirit to wield it that the slain of the Lord may be many. Several gracious revivals, followed by large ingatherings, have blessed the Church in Ceylon, as they have in America. Several of these have occurred under the ministry of the Rev. Wm. Taylor, formerly of California, and that, too, notwithstanding the necessity of preaching through an interpreter. The fruits also remain just as largely as in our own country. In fact, the one thing which has grown upon my mind in this inspection of the great missionary field, now more than half completed, is that what is needed is to give the people, by means of the Bible in their own tongues, by schools, and by preaching, a general knowledge of Christian truth, and they are brought in time about on a footing with the unconverted in our own country, for whose salvation we look to the help of the Holy Spirit. The salvation of the heathen is just as practicable as that of the unregenerate in England and America, and by the same means. To despair of the conversion of either is equally discreditable to our faith and dishonorable to the Saviour of all men. It has required time to bring about this state of things in Ceylon. Faithful hands more than half a century ago dropped the mustard-seed which is fast growing to be so great a tree. There are still a million and a half Buddhists to be reached, as well as a third as many Hindoos, and many Moham-medans; but children from all these sects are in con-

siderable numbers in the different schools of the Wesleyan, Baptist, Presbyterian, and Church Missionary societies throughout the island, and in time the desired result will come.

Our drive back to the hotel led us to Wakwella bungalow—a one-story house located on the top of a hill—from which we obtained an inspiring view of the rice-fields, winding river, and palm-groves at our feet, with the distant mountains in the background. The “Haycock” was quite visible, but “Adam’s Peak,” the highest mountain in Ceylon, was hidden by the intense glare of the sun. On this peak is an indentation of some sort in the rock, said to be Buddha’s foot-print. It is some five feet long, and was made, as is believed, by Buddha when he quit the island. There is one like it in Burmah, which the faithful also worship, under the belief that he stepped there next, notwithstanding *it points to Ceylon*. The one on Adam’s Peak, I am informed by the Rev. George Baugh, who has examined it several times, was undoubtedly shaped in mortar, at least part of it, while the rest is simply an indentation in the rock. Ceylon is the Holy Land of the Buddhists, and many make pilgrimages here to see this foot-print, and to Kandy to see the casket which contains Buddha’s tooth, which was found in the ashes after his body was burned. The tooth is on about as large a scale as the foot-print, and is believed by such as have examined it to be a piece of the horn of a deer. On the annual festival occasion, in August, an elephant procession is formed, when the casket is placed on the back of a tame elephant and borne in state through the streets. The procession increases in size daily for a week, until usually no less than twenty elephants, the property of native chiefs, march in the line on the last day. All over the island are white, dome-like structures, generally about twenty feet high, and located where the

natural scenery is imposing. These are called "dagobas," and are supposed to contain or cover some relic of Buddha. The people make offerings of flowers to them, while yellow-robed priests are always on hand to receive more substantial offerings.

Buddhism, which has disappeared from India, where it once had a strong foothold, shows more vitality in Ceylon than in any other place where we have met it. We saw several new temples going up, a sight we have witnessed in no other land. Bishop Colenso's work on the Pentateuch has been translated into Singhalese, and is freely quoted by the Buddhist priests in their attacks on Christianity. But bigoted as they are, the Buddhists hold Christian schools in such high esteem that they willingly pay tuition for the education of their children; and these idle superstitions will lose their hold on educated minds. Devil-worship also prevails to a considerable extent, as we were reminded by several boys in masks, who proposed to show us a devil-dance, or the style of worship of the prince of darkness. Usually in cases of sickness a priest is sent for to exorcise the evil spirit, which will not yield to ordinary medicine. Tam-tams, or drums, are beaten, a dance is indulged in, an effigy is burned to deceive the devil into believing that his victim is dead, so that he will look out for another, and sometimes, under the great excitement, the patient actually recovers.

The nutmeg-tree was among the strange things we saw on our way back to Galle. The nutmeg itself, inclosed by mace, has an outside hull not unlike that of a hickory-nut. When this outer hull bursts, the rich color of the mace is very beautiful. We caught several delightful whiffs while at Wakwella, and thought they were certainly "Ceylon's spicy breezes," but as they were never afterward repeated we concluded that it was the fragrance of



the flowers. The spices give forth their odors only when crushed. "Spicy breezes" is poetry.

We went to Colombo in the "Socotra," of the British India Line. The distance is only about seventy-five miles, which we made during the night. Colombo, the capital of Ceylon, a place of one hundred thousand inhabitants and considerable commerce, has no harbor. A breakwater is being constructed at immense cost, in the hope of securing a safe place for the anchorage of vessels. Here we took the cars for Kandy, some seventy-two miles distant, and the ancient capital of Ceylon. The railroad was, of course, thoroughly English, with compartment cars. We passed along much jungle land, with vines, shrubs, and trees, all matted in one impenetrable mass. Tigers are occasionally found there, but the wild elephants are confined largely to the eastern side of the island. We passed many rice or paddy fields, and saw the rice-harvest being gathered. In other fields were brick-yards, where buffaloes, tied to each other, were preparing the mud for the molder, by treading it under their feet. Men were fishing in pools of standing water. They had funnel-shaped baskets, open at both ends, and when the larger end was put down in the water the presence of the fish would be discovered by their beating against the side of the basket, when the man would thrust his hand through the other hole and catch them. This being the dry and hot season of the year, there were many of these stagnant pools. The monsoon rains, as the spring and autumn rains are called, coming as they do with the changes of the monsoons, or winds, will transform them into torrents.

The scenery becomes grand as we near Kandy. Bold bluffs and mountains appear on each hand, some remote, and others so near that we can see the coffee plantations on their sides, with the



planter's bungalow up near the top. Presently, with the help of another engine, we begin to climb the steep grade which leads up the mountain side. For miles we continue the ascent, often along the very edge of the precipice, more than a thousand feet above the valley. The view lacks the sublimity of Cape Horn or the American River *cañon*, in the Sierra Nevadas, but it surpasses both in beauty. What with the graceful palms and all kinds of luxuriant tropical vegetation, the mountain sides covered with the coffee-tree, and the wonderfully terraced rice-fields all through the valley, now green with growing rice, that which alone is needed to make the landscape possess every element of the beautiful is a lake or river half hidden by the rich foliage. As it was we caught glimpses of the silver sheen of the irrigating streams which wound among the rice-fields. Lying across the splendid stage-road, which first pioneered these mountain fastnesses, is a huge rock called "Kaderganawa," or "The Drawing of Swords." The natives had a legend that whatever people should go through this rock would conquer the island, and it was, of course, regarded as a strategic point. The English went through it by tunneling under it. The rock, with the road beneath, is a very prominent object from the cars. A monument to the engineer of the road crowns the summit a few hundred yards distant.

Kandy we found to be a gem. It is the ancient capital, and in addition to its fine natural location amid the mountains, the old kings beautified it yet more by a large artificial lake. The palaces of the former kings, as well as their pleasure-houses on the margin of the lake, still remain. It was a delightful place to visit. Sabbath morning early we went to the beautiful Wesleyan church, just as the Singhalese congregation were about to celebrate the

Lord's Supper. The native preacher had finished his sermon and proceeded with the communion service. The only words which we understood were "Gethsemane" and "Jesus Christ," but those were enough, and although Bishop Marvin and I were the only persons other than Singhalese who were present, we bowed with them, and received, amid peculiar emotions, from the hand of a convert from heathenism, the emblems of our Lord's death. It is Jesus who makes the whole world kin.

Of the subsequent English service at 9:30 A.M., and of the Wesleyan sermon, and the day spent in company with the Rev. J. Nicholson and the Rev. George Baugh, at the house of Brother Eaton, circuit steward, I cannot say more than that it transported us back to America, and for the time we almost forgot the twelve thousand miles that separated us from our native land. In the evening the Bishop made a few remarks, and the Rev. George Baugh preached his last sermon in Ceylon, having been appointed Chairman of the Calcutta District. A tea-meeting was held the next evening to take farewell of himself and family. Cakes and tea constituted the refreshments, and then followed many speeches, the two Americans adding to the number. The Bishop's was one of his happiest efforts. The Church here embraces many nationalities, no less than seven—English, Dutch, Portuguese, Singhalese, Tamils, Hindoos, and Americans—bowing at the Lord's table on Sunday night.

While at Kandy we visited the Botanical Gardens, and among other interesting things we saw India-rubber-trees, many different species of the palm, the chocolate-tree, the cotton-tree, sixty feet high, and bearing the cotton in a large pod, and the cinchona-tree, from the bark of which quinine is made. After taking breakfast with the Rev. Robert Tebb, the Wesleyan pastor here, we were accompa-

nied by him to a coffee plantation. The coffee-tree grows wild, but when cultivated it is not allowed to grow more than three feet high. Coffee-growing is the great industry of this part of Ceylon. One planter told us that he cleared twenty thousand dollars last year. Labor is very cheap, and in Ceylon, as in Japan, China, and India, laborers and servants of all kinds board themselves. Coffee at 6 A.M., breakfast at 11 A.M., tiffin at 2 P.M., dinner at 7 P.M., and tea at 9 P.M., is the order of the meals among foreigners in all the East. It is not strange that a preacher was reported at Conference as sick from *digestion*! We also visited the temple which contains Buddha's tooth, the audience-chamber of the former Kandyan kings, their tombs, and other objects of interest. Our drive led us by some of the immense ant-hills made by the white ants. Many houses have floors of cement to protect against their inroads.

On returning to Colombo we were entertained by the Rev. John Scott, Chairman of the Wesleyan Mission in South Ceylon. We visited the schools of the Church Mission at Cotta, and also Wesley College. The latter has over two hundred students, and, aside from two English teachers, is like other such schools here, successfully conducted by the Singhalese. Near by are located the Wesleyan Mission Press—a great power in Ceylon—and the first Wesleyan church erected in the East. Among the tablets on the wall one bears the following inscription:

“Sacred to the memory of the late Rev. Thomas Coke, LL.D., of the University of Oxford, General Superintendent of the Wesleyan Missions, who was an ardent lover of immortal souls, and a zealous and persevering friend and advocate of Christian Missions among the heathen. By his instrumentality, liberality, and personal exertion, the Wesleyan Methodist Missions were introduced and

established in all the four quarters of the globe. Their success in the conversion of sinners lay nearest his heart, and was one of the chief sources of his joy while on earth. Thousands of real converts will hail him blessed in the great day. His last principal undertaking was the introduction of this Mission to Asia. For this purpose, like that primitive and eminent missionary St. Paul, he withstood the earnest entreaties of numerous friends, and at the advanced age of sixty-seven years he left his native and much-beloved country, under the express sanction of the British government, and bearing letters testimonial from several of the principal characters in the state, being accompanied by six other missionaries—the Rev. Messrs. Lynch, Ault, Erskine, Harvard, Squand, and Clough—and burning with fervent zeal for the conversion of the inhabitants of India, he was followed by the tears and prayers of anxious multitudes. His constitution, however, sank under the change of climate, and from intense application to preparatory studies. He died on the voyage, May the 3d, 1814, happy in that Saviour whom he had so successfully preached to others, and his mortal remains were interred at sea, in latitude two degrees twenty-nine minutes south, and longitude fifty-nine degrees twenty-nine minutes east.

“This tablet, inscribed by his surviving missionary companions and sons in the ministry, is designed as a public and constant memorial of their increasing respect, affection, and reverence for his person and character. August, 1816.”

It was a high honor to stand for a few moments in the first Methodist pulpit in this part of the world. Was it not our first American Bishop who had led this forlorn hope to Ceylon?

It was a great privilege also to address, through an interpreter, several hundred native Christians at

Morattoo. The Bishop preached some forty-five minutes, and I followed in a talk of fifteen. This place was once as notorious for wickedness as it is now for piety. A native preacher, by the name of Silon, inaugurated the work here in 1841, by house to house visitation among the people. Many were converted, and the people themselves built a church, costing two thousand five hundred dollars. The Church now numbers over four hundred members. They never meet without taking up a collection. Even on this week-day afternoon, when we were there, they adhered to the rule. For neatness in dress and general attention they would compare with an average American congregation. After the service they rose in a body to assure us of their prayers for our safe and prosperous journey, and many came forward to take us by the hand. We also visited another church in process of erection, about a half mile distant. This, too, is being built wholly by the natives, at a cost of three thousand five hundred dollars. During one week two hundred carpenters of the place gave their labor *gratis*, and finished all the wood-work, the people providing them with food. The building is of stone, and will hold about four hundred persons. We were much pleased with the native preachers. We took tiffin with our interpreter and his wife, at the comfortable home of one of the Singhalese members. They speak English fluently, but preach in Singhalese.

We passed Morattoo again on our way back to Galle in the royal mail-coach. Our ride of seventy-two miles was accomplished in about ten hours, and by means of twelve relays of spirited horses. Our way led by cinnamon gardens, through cocoa-palm groves, between the roots of a large banyan, which actually covered the road, and by marsh and sea-shore. Several huge lizards, from four to six feet long, which we at first mistook for alligators, crossed

the road as we hurried on. Stopping to give them chase, our passengers found them very fleet, but not wholly impervious to a bullet. The cinnamon gardens look like groves of young peach-trees. When allowed to grow the cinnamon becomes as large as an apple-tree, but its sprouts are constantly cut off on reaching a height of three or four feet, and the bark is removed for the market, while the wood is sold for fuel. I was told that the largest market for the cinnamon is in Catholic countries in Europe, where it is used in making incense.

Bishop Marvin preached at Galle on yesterday in the interest of the Wesleyan Extension Fund. We afterward embarked on the "Australia" for Madras and Calcutta, the Rev. George Baugh and family, with several pleasant companions from the "Geelong," as fellow-passengers. We have kept in sight of Ceylon all day, and shall sight India to-morrow, arriving at Madras on Wednesday morning. Our ship, which is quite a large one, runs between Calcutta and Southampton. She brought out a large passenger list for Australia, connecting at Galle with the monthly steamer for Sydney.

On the "Australia," Bay of Bengal, Feb. 12, 1877.



## LETTER XIX.

## MADRAS TO CALCUTTA.

THE "Australia" dropped anchor in Madras Roads at 7 A.M. Wednesday, the 14th inst. Considerable caution had to be used, as less than a month before the "Duke of Sutherland," owing to the sands having silted near her place of anchorage, grounded, and more than a fortnight passed before, by the help of tugs and tide, she was gotten off. Had not the winds been favorable all the time she would have been hopelessly stranded. Madras is built on the sea-shore, and without any harbor whatever. The surf is perpetually breaking on the beach, and every thing has to be landed in small boats. A pier one thousand feet long, and built of iron piles, is used as a place of shipping and unshipping goods by means of native boats, but in times of heavy gales or cyclones it has been badly damaged by vessels being driven against it or through it. A harbor is contemplated, which, if made by projecting walls of masonry, built out into the sea, will be one of the greatest achievements of engineering skill ever known. There appear no natural advantages whatever in its favor, as the beach extends in one unbroken line. If necessity is the mother of invention, Madras should have hope, as her need of a harbor is very great. It is often quite impossible to land, but as the surf was not higher than usual, we ventured our fortunes in one of the native boats.

A Madras boat is *sui generis*. It is very light, is about five feet deep, eight wide, and twenty long, with both ends turned up; is made of planks which are sewed together by cocoa rope, and is rowed by ten men, who are seated on poles fastened across the boat, and with oars about twelve feet long, with a little paddle, about the size and shape of a small palm-leaf fan, fastened at the end. You cannot conceive of any less clothing than that worn by the boatman, provided any at all be worn. Rowing is very hard work, but striking up a responsive song, in which all join in the chorus, they dip the tips of their oars in the breakers, and our boat rises and falls with the waves, but gradually nears the shore. How can we land without being covered by the surf, which is dashing on the beach? Ingenuity which can construct a "masoolah," such as has borne us over the waves, can enable us to get out of it in safety. So getting our boat all ready for a usually strong breaker, we are suddenly driven upon the beach, the stern of the boat being made fast in the sand. Instantly several of the boatmen spring into the water, and we are each carried on their backs to the shore, without catching even a drop of the surf. This was another addition to the many means of conveyance which we have enjoyed since leaving America.

There is one boat which we have no disposition to try. It is called a "catamaran," and consists of four logs tied together with cocoa ropes. It is built like a raft, but shaped like a boat, the outer logs being larger than the inner ones, the whole at a distance looking quite like a skiff. The rower uses a simple board, not over four feet long and not one wide, which he dips into the water, now one end on this side and then the other end on that side. The water comes up between the logs and dashes over the rower, but this only helps to protect him against

the broiling heat. He is usually employed to take messages or valuables that can be placed in his turban, and he often goes great distances and at fair speed.

We are safe on the land, and amid thousands of coolies and hundreds of thousands of sacks of rice, piled up for more than a mile along the beach. The famine in the Madras Presidency, amid thirty millions of people, has caused the rice to be brought here in large quantities from Siam, Burmah, and Bengal, and is shipped thence by rail from Madras to different points in the interior. The government has bought immense supplies, which it sells at low rates, or gives away in charity when the people are manifestly unable to buy. Many have actually died of starvation, some even in the city of Madras, but the suffering is greatest in towns off the railroad, where the rice is about all gone and fresh supplies have not yet been shipped. In some instances the people have torn down their houses and sold the wood in the villages to buy rice. The government hopes to give relief by employing the people in building public works and making new railroads, and paying them in rice, a pound and a half each day. Sir Richard Temple favors paying only one pound of rice daily, as he thinks each person can manage to live on that, and thus the supply may last the better against the dread possibilities of the coming year. The fear is that the gradually lessening rain-fall of the past two years may be followed this year by an almost total absence of rain, as in 1833, when untold suffering will follow. The average rain-fall is about forty-eight inches annually, but has been reduced about one-half for a couple of years. The rain falls mostly in May and October, during the monsoon season, but October passed without any at all, and that following the previous drought has left the fields parched and the people

in despair. The railway cannot carry grain into the interior fast enough to prevent many cases of starvation, and a new track is among the improvements contemplated. The honor and benevolence of the English are pledged not to let the people perish, and yet a nation never had a more perplexing question to deal with than has Great Britain in the care of her East Indian subjects. Population in times of peace seems to increase beyond the means of subsistence. England cannot afford to let the population decrease by famine, and thus come to bear a better proportion to the products of the earth, but can she not provide means of irrigation on a larger scale, or anticipate threatened famine, as was done by Joseph in ancient Egypt, or by the public granaries in China? We saw the poor gathering up grains of rice from the dirt, while man and beast showed that they were on short supply.

Entering a bandy we were driven rapidly along the beach, past Lord Cornwallis's Cenotaph, and many of the principal banks and public buildings, until leaving Black Town, as this part of the city is called, we passed through a large park, with Fort St. George on our left, on by the residence of the governor, the Duke of Buckingham, then out in the native town until we stopped at the premises of the Wesleyan Mission. Here a cordial reception awaited us from the Rev. Robert Stephenson, chairman, and other missionaries, under whose leadership we were able, during the day, to see much of Madras and the work being done there for the Master.

Like Washington, Madras is a "city of magnificent distances," covering no less than twenty-seven square miles, and containing, a year or two ago, a population of three hundred and ninety-seven thousand five hundred and fifty-two. Of these three hundred and eight thousand six hundred and eleven are Hindoos, while the Mohammedans number fifty

thousand nine hundred and sixty-four, and the native Christians twenty-one thousand four hundred and forty-one. The rest are Europeans and Eurasians, the former numbering only three thousand six hundred and thirteen. The Mohammedans and better-class Hindoos have each a quarter of the city to themselves. The minarets of the mosques are quite towering and graceful, while the massive stone gateways of the Hindoo temples are far more imposing. We visited one of the Hindoo temples, first stopping at the sacred tank in front. This was a large rectangular tank about three hundred feet square, with stone steps leading down to the stagnant water. In the center was a sort of stone pavilion, used on sacred festival occasions, while near by was a temporary raft, elaborately ornamented, and used for the dances of the *nautch* girls. A Hindoo some sixty years of age, who spoke English quite well, told us that the closing exercises of the festival would be held that evening. The tank served during the day-time as an immense wash-tub, where a number of men and women were washing their clothes, by beating them upon the stone steps, themselves standing up to their loins in the dirty water. Some of the women were thus washing their own and perhaps their only clothes, covering the person with one end of the garment while washing the other.

Near the tank stood the sacred car, not less than twenty feet high, elaborately ornamented with carvings in teak wood and iron figures, mostly representing Hindoo idols. The massive wheels were of wood, and fully five feet in diameter. It is drawn out twice each year, some mechanical contrivance being necessary to start it, when it is kept going by five hundred or six hundred men pulling the large ropes attached to it. The shed which covers it is torn down whenever the car is about to be drawn out. It reminded me of the car of Juggernaut, as

it had impressed me when a child, and is doubtless the same kind of one itself, if not actually used in his worship. The sacred elephant, used for drawing water for the service of the temple, stood near by. He was a great dirty brute, with his feet fastened by chains, in the same place where he has stood night and day for many years. He seemed kindly disposed, and bent his foot and leg for his keeper to mount him, and obeyed the command to "Salam" by lifting his trunk and making a bellowing noise.

The temple itself, as well as the approaches, is of massive stone-work. The elaborate stone gateway is not less than fifty feet high, while the portico is perhaps one hundred feet long, and consists of columns and ceiling of immense blocks of sculptured granite. Iron gates or doors protect the temple proper, which is simply a cave containing the idols, the whole surmounted by a smaller gilded gateway, somewhat like the stone gateway of the portico. The temple contains no windows, but is lighted by lamps, which are kept constantly burning. Entrance could have been obtained by awaiting the arrival of some functionary, who must grant permission, but our time would not permit our curiosity to be gratified. Large as this temple and tank appeared, it is less than half the size of some in Southern India, where the finest Hindoo temples are found. We are told to expect to find them more frequent in Northern India, but smaller. All around the temple, on the beach, in the park, in the schools—in fact, wherever we were during the day—the boys and men were marked with some sort of pigment in white or dark lines on their faces and heads, and often both colors were combined on the same face. The marks were either horizontal bars or shaped like a horseshoe. Some wore a slight projection from the middle of the horseshoe, extending down between the eyes, to distinguish them from those



who wore the simple horseshoe. The difference between these two sects often result in angry quarrels. Even the elephant wore the sign of some of them.

We visited several schools, some for boys and others for girls. We have seen but one mixed school since leaving America, and that was in Japan. Not only are the boys and girls taught in different schools in India, but different caste girls are taught separately. The Pariah or low-caste girls we found seated on mats spread on the floor, where they also sleep and take their meals, while the high-caste girls, with ears and nose full of costly jewelry, sat on benches in another building. They do not mix together in any way. The same state of things formerly existed in the boys' schools, but we saw all the different castes of Hindoos, as well as Mohammedan and Christian boys, sitting in the same seats. A like triumph will probably be effected in the girls' schools some time, but it is necessary to concede something now, in order to get the girls educated at all, in former days it being considered a disreputable thing for a girl to be able to read or write.

There are nearly three hundred pupils in the Wesleyan High School. The principal is a missionary, but all the teachers are natives, several college graduates among them. Not all the native teachers are Christians, but enough to give each class an hour's instruction daily in the Bible. In the highest class there are perhaps twenty-five preparing for the Madras University. Only five are Christians, but all study the Holy Scriptures daily. "The temptation of Christ" was the topic when we were present, and Bishop Marvin, being called upon for a few remarks, took occasion to enlarge in fitting terms upon the morning lesson. The Bishop and I were frequently introduced during the day, and while in Ceylon, as of the Methodist Church in *South America*. This

school is largely aided by government grants, as is also any other which proves itself capable of passing a rigid inspection each year as to its grade of instruction. There are few or no free scholars, and the school is wholly self-sustaining, not less than ten or more teachers being employed. We also visited one of over one thousand pupils, a Christian school of the Church of Scotland, where the Bible is taught daily, and a very high course of instruction is pursued, and where the tuition fees from Hindoo and Mohammedan youths amount to over eight thousand dollars annually. Thus a knowledge of the English language and of Christianity is being widely extended in India. In striking contrast were several native schools, where we saw the scholars seated on the veranda fronting on the open street; while in one instance the teacher was taking his nap, stretched out at full length on the floor. The boys learn to write by making letters in the sand, and later on strips of palm-leaves. Studying in the native schools of India and Ceylon is done at the top of the voice, as in China.

Madras is not a place of much historic interest, although she claims the honor of twice saving the British possessions in India—once when Clive went from Fort St. George to rescue Calcutta and win the battle of Plassey, and again when she sent General Neill for the relief of Lucknow, but only at the cost of his life. A memorial hall was erected in Madras to commemorate her own escape from the devastation of the Sepoy mutiny.

We visited Fort St. George to see St. Mary's Church, which was built in 1678, and is the Westminster Abbey of the Madras Presidency. Its walls are covered with memorial tablets to eminent men who have been identified with India, the remains of many of whom rest in the vaults under the venerable church. Prominent among these is

one to an early missionary, Swartz, whose prudence and conciliatory course secured for him the largest respect from the English and great usefulness among the natives. Even in times of war, European though he was, he was granted free access to the camp of the enemy, and that by the public proclamation of their savage leader. The view from the wall of the fort commands all the shipping in Madras Roads, as well as the Senate House, of Madras University, the South Beach and Promenade, with the palace of some rajah, and many other elegant private residences. There is within the walls of the fort a statue of Lord Cornwallis, who had a far more creditable military reputation in India than he made in America. He will be remembered in history as the victim of English folly in the Revolutionary War, and the hero of the Mysore war in Southern India. Not far from the fort are fine bronze statues of General Neill, who fell at Lucknow, and of Sir Thomas Munroe, a former governor of Madras, who died while in office in 1827.

Returning to our ship we embarked from the pier in our "masoolah" of the morning, and by using considerable caution we succeeded in jumping to the ship's ladder while our boat rode on top of the surf. We expected to sail early the following morning, but the amount of freight to be discharged was so great that we did not get under way until after six in the evening, and even then we carried much of the Madras freight with us to be landed on the return voyage of the "Australia" from Calcutta. A heavy fine is imposed on any of these mail steamers for being behind their contract time. By a late decision of the postmaster-general they are not exempt even if they may have stopped to help another ship in distress. We staid until the last moment, and left with the signal still flying at our mainmast, "Send off more lighters immediately."

The Bay of Bengal was like a sea of glass nearly all the voyage to Calcutta. Leaving Madras on the evening of the 15th instant, we landed at the capital of India three days later. On the afternoon of the 17th we sighted Pooree, or Juggernaut, as it is more generally called, where the infamous car of Juggernaut rests under a pagoda. Some years ago the priests, fearing that there would not be men enough who would volunteer to draw it, and that an annual festival without that usual ceremony would prove disastrous to the faith, asked the English commissioner to make a levy for that purpose, but only had their petition answered by a laugh at their presumption. The pagoda is visible from on board the passing ships.

The mouth of the Hoogly, one of the myriad mouths of the Ganges, was reached early Sunday morning. We were still one hundred and thirty miles from Calcutta, when our arrival in Diamond Harbor was telegraphed to the city, and thence to London, so that the "Australia" was published in London fully five hours before her signal at the mast-head was deciphered from the light-house on Sanger Island. This island, covered with jungle, is filled with Bengal tigers, some of which are occasionally shot from the top of the light-house. All this lower part of Bengal, among the mouths of the Ganges, is more or less densely populated, and a terrible storm-wave, as late as November, destroyed over two hundred thousand people. It took me several days to believe this statement, and I will give my readers an equal margin. I do not doubt it now, however, as the great density of the population becomes more apparent.

Bishop Marvin delivered a faithful message on "The prodigal son" at morning service on deck, as our ship plowed her way up the waters of the sacred Ganges. The waters are muddy like

those of the Missouri and the Yang-tse. We saw neither crocodiles nor floating corpses, but the enemies of idolatry in considerable numbers—the ships of commerce hurrying to and fro upon the bosom of the sacred river.

Calcutta, India, Feb. 19, 1877.

## LETTER XX.

## IN CALCUTTA, THE CITY OF PALACES.

THE most prominent object in approaching Calcutta from the sea is the King of Oude's palace, which has a frontage on the river of several hundred feet, but from the exterior is more imposing by its size than its elegance. Here, just before the Sepoy mutiny of 1857, the deposed King of Oude, whose province was the special seat of war, was assigned a home, with two laks of rupees, or twenty thousand pounds, a year. He is not allowed to return to his former kingdom, nor even to go beyond a very limited distance from his own residence. Here he lives with his many wives, and his yet more numerous retainers and relations, and, vast as is his income, he is constantly in debt. Like most of the wealthy natives of the East, he has collected a large number of animals, and prides himself upon his zoölogical garden. Visitors are admitted to his grounds, but only on tickets furnished by proper authorities.

Nearly opposite his gardens are the Botanical Gardens, first established by the East India Company nearly a century ago. We found, on visiting them, many objects of interest, in the way of an avenue of mahogany-trees, once yet more imposing, but greatly injured by a cyclone, which destroyed many of them; avenues of palmyras more than a mile in length; beautiful ribbon-beds, or different



flowers so arranged that when in bloom they resemble the colors of a ribbon; groves of evergreens of great height; but most interesting of all, several large banyan-trees, one of which, about one hundred years old, had sent down so many roots that a line drawn around them would measure over eight hundred feet. A congregation of five hundred people could be assembled in one small section of the space covered by the roots, which happens to be more open than the rest. Some of the one hundred and seventy roots which had thus originally dropped from the branches had in turn become such massive trunks that we supposed they were certainly separate trees, until inspection showed their connection with the original tree. Vast as is the area covered by the roots, the height of the tree is not over sixty feet.

We arrived too late for a place at the pier, and so we dropped anchor in the middle of the stream. Bishop Marvin and myself, going ashore in a native boat, were landed by being carried through the water by nearly naked coolies, who held between them a board upon which we sat. All along the bank of the river are landing-places with large gateways, called "ghats," often with a splendid flight of stone steps extending down into the water. Princess Ghat was our landing-place. There are also bathing ghats and burning ghats, where the people go to bathe, or where dead bodies are burned. It is said that when two judges appointed by the king came to Calcutta to inquire into the oppression of the natives by the East India Company, on landing at one of the ghats and seeing the throng of people almost wholly without clothes, one said, "See, brother, the wretched victims of tyranny. The Crown Court was not surely established before it was needed. I trust it will not have been in operation six months before we shall see all these

poor creatures comfortably clothed in shoes and stockings." Alas for the hopes of the chief-justice! that day will probably never be, because the people prefer to go without clothing, and especially without shoes and stockings. To go barefooted is the well-nigh universal rule with all save the wealthy and those who have adopted foreign ideas. Even well-to-do shop-keepers, as all the merchants are called, and others equally able to wear shoes, prefer not to do so. If they wear any thing at all it is usually a loose slipper or sandal, but without any stockings. The cotton-goods manufacturers of England estimate that if each of the inhabitants of India were to buy only thirty cents' worth of wearing-apparel a year they would have all the trade which could be desired. Many doubtless buy far more than that, but when it is remembered that nearly all the coolies wear a simple strip of cloth about the loins, and another as a turban about the head, it will be seen that the demand might be much greater. The turban-wearers are few compared to those who wear only loin-cloths.

We were advised before leaving the steamer to employ a servant, who would be valuable as a guide also, and would save us from imposition on the part of others. A high-caste Hindoo, named Cheady Lall, presented himself at our hotel with numerous testimonials from many distinguished travelers whom he had served with fidelity and honesty. The recommendations stated, however, that he could not wait on the table on account of his caste. All of his valuable services, high-caste included, were to be had for a rupee a day, and we engaged him. Cheady is low of stature, if high of caste, not being over five feet and a half. He wears pantaloons, a coat, or gown, and a turban, and always takes his shoes off when he comes into the room. He is about thirty-two years of age, and has a family. His

wife, he says, is a heathen, but he, being educated in a missionary school, learned of the one God. He is quite intelligent, speaks English well, is very considerate of our interests, and while we are amused at his high regard for his caste, we prize him greatly, and shall regret to part with him as we go up the Valley of the Ganges. Many gentlemen, as his testimonials show, have taken him with them throughout India. Of course he does not belong to one of the highest castes, but is a *sudra*, or of the laboring class. But there are many subdivisions of this class, and he belongs at the top. He blacks shoes, but cannot wait on the table. I should prefer to *help* at the table any time (especially myself) to blacking my shoes. But the Hindoo must not even empty a wash-bowl if the Englishman using it rinsed his mouth and spit in it, but he may empty it if the water was only used to wash in. This was the formal decision given in a test case among the Hindoos many years ago, when the Marquis of Wellesley was Governor-general of India. His servant declined to clean the wash-bowl, when he threatened to discharge him and never to employ any of his caste again. Nearly all the waiters at the table are Mohammedans.

The idea of the Hindoo not touching any thing which a member of another caste, or of no caste at all, has touched with his mouth was forcibly and unexpectedly thrust upon us one day. The principal of a school which we were visiting spoke in very high terms of the water brought many miles for the use of the city, when, being at the fountain used by the scholars, Bishop Marvin took up the brass cup to taste the water, but instantly he was requested not to do so, as it would never be again used by the scholars.

But we were not going to allow Cheady's weakness to deprive us of his services, for he had

shrewdly kept in the background the testimonials which mention his unwillingness to wait on the table, until he had already impressed us with his value. A gharry was ordered, and we proceeded to see the city. Calcutta derives her name, the "City of Palaces," from her many large and imposing buildings. The palace of the viceroy is well located, in a plat of six acres, about the heart of the city. The grounds are attractive, and the building is massive and imposing, though hardly high enough in view of its great depth and length. The Indian Museum, an immense building, is quite new; so are the High Court and City Hall—the former of fine architectural proportions, and commanding from its roof a splendid view of the Hoogly, and of the whole city.

The post-office, another imposing building, stands on the site of the old Fort Williams, so historic as the "Black Hole of Calcutta," as it was in the narrow prison of the fort, only eighteen feet square, and designed for one or two prisoners, that on the night of the 20th of June, 1757, one hundred and forty-six English were thrust by order of the nawab, and before morning all but twenty-three had perished from the insufferable heat and from thirst, and from the foul air, made yet more intolerable by the rapid decomposition of the dead bodies of their comrades. A monument erected in memory of the sufferers was subsequently displaced. It was their sufferings which brought Clive from Madras, precipitated the battle of Plassey, and led the way to establish British rule in India. Near the same tank on which the post-office stands is the writers' building of the old East India Company. It was used for their large number of clerks in the palmy days of the company, and is still used for the offices of different railway *employés*. Many of the banks, stores, and private residences, are also on a

palatial scale, making Calcutta, originally named from *Kalighat*, or the temple of Kali, the goddess of hate, now the most beautiful city which we have seen in the East. It numbers some four hundred and twenty-five thousand souls; yet while more populous than Madras, does not cover so many square miles. As the capital of India, it will always be a place of much importance, although Bombay is becoming the commercial metropolis.

In many parts of the city we found blocks of fine buildings fronting on a square, in the center of which was a large tank, approached by descending steps. I suppose that these tanks are supplied with fresh water from the city water-works. From them, and from the river, water is brought in sheep-skins, which men carry by means of straps about the person, for sprinkling the streets. The skin of the sheep is removed without cutting it, save at one or two places. These are carefully sewed up, and the skin is made water-tight. The water is poured in and squirted out through what was the neck of the sheep. It seems a slow way of watering the street, especially as the skin has to be refilled every few minutes, but there are many men employed, and they do it more speedily than one would think. The ravens hop about the streets in as large numbers almost as in Ceylon and Japan.

In striking contrast with the elegant turn-outs of the English are the palankeens of the natives. A palankeen is a sort of sedan-chair, borne by four coolies, only there is no seat save the floor, and the person riding has to stretch his feet out at full length in a very uncomfortable posture, yet it is used by many Europeans. In place of two poles to rest upon the shoulders there is only one extending from each side of the top of the palankeen, with two coolies at each end, one directly behind the other, bearing it on the shoulder in a very awkward



manner. It is the least comfortable way of riding which we have seen, judging by appearances, for we have not been tempted to try it. A gharry, such as is used at Singapore, a four-wheeled vehicle drawn by two horses, was our usual pleasant mode of conveyance. It takes two men at least to run it, one to drive and the other to ride behind and be ready to open the door.

The morning we started to the Botanical Gardens we found ourselves unable to cross the Hoogly on account of the bridge being open for an hour or two for shipping to pass. Cheady instantly proposed to show us the Hindoo mode of cremation, which was taking place near by. We stopped at the Burning Ghat on the bank of the Hoogly, and from external indications we should not have known, save by the name, but that we were at one of the many bathing ghats which line the river. It is simply a huge gateway, with steps leading down to the sacred river. Behind a stone-wall or screen we found the funeral-fires. Several bodies had already been burned that morning. One was already more than half consumed, with the knees and face plainly visible amid the embers. Another had just been placed upon the pile. He was from a province where it is customary to be burned with the face downward and the corpse in a kneeling posture, so that his body was placed in that attitude. The wood was built around the body in such a way as to afford ample draught, and the whole was quickly fired by means of burning reeds. We were present while it was being fired, and we were surprised to see that no more wood was required. Perhaps fifteen or more natives looked on indifferently, more interested in the presence of foreigners than in the funeral-rites. It is hard to say whether solemnity or disgust was the prevailing feeling in our minds. With them, however, it was recognized as the cus-



tomary, and of course the proper, mode of disposing of the dead. The ashes are then gathered up and thrown into the Ganges. One of the low-caste coolies, whose business it was to burn the dead, was engaged in shoveling up the ashes into a basket for the purpose of throwing them into the river. Our guide told us that he himself expected to be burned in the same way. In fact, this is the universal mode among the Hindoos, all the graves visible in India being those of Europeans and Mohammedans.

Happily, no longer is the suttee witnessed, when the widow, with a wretched existence before her if she lived, and the promise of great honor on condition of her following the custom of her country, would throw herself upon the funeral-pile of her husband, and, clasping his dead body, be herself consumed in the flames. This custom, which originated in the desire to make the woman wish her husband to survive her, and thus not be tempted to poison him or otherwise shorten his life, was forbidden many years ago by the strong arm of British authority. All over the country, however, may be seen little monuments, now objects of worship, which signify that there a suttee took place, when the shrieks of the burning widow were drowned by the yet louder cries of the mob, led on by the priests, who usually shared any property which might have been left by the unhappy couple.

Caste is strong even in death, and the people rebelled against the indiscriminate burning of the dead in a place specially prepared for the purpose by the English authorities. Accordingly the tall chimney which was to carry off the smoke and gases of the cremation-house remains without an occupation. It should be stated that the bodies are usually brought to be burned within a few hours after death—in fact, sometimes so soon that they are found not to be dead at all. Recoveries to health

as well as to life have occurred when the funeral-fires were being lighted, and such events are always attributed to the power and favor of the gods. Persons who thus recover are not allowed to live among their friends again, but in villages to themselves. Friends of the family, or even relatives, are not necessarily present at the burning. Only professional burners, who know how to lay the wood and build in the corpse, together with idle lookers-on, appeared to be present at the early hour of the day when we were there. Near by were hundreds of men and women bathing in the river where the water would come freshly freighted with the ashes of the dead. Their voices were quite audible amid the crackling of the fires.

Returning to the hotel we visited the principal native business quarter, the Burra Bazaar. We turned first into the street devoted to the manufacture and sale of idols, of which there were large numbers on sale in the dingy niches of the wall called shops. There are no Hindoo temples in Calcutta—Kali Ghat, or the temple of Kali, being located some distance out of the city. Worship is paid to the Ganges, and also to little idols in shrines in the city, but the worship of the goddess Kali, which calls thousands to Calcutta, takes place at her temple outside. She is represented as a fierce divinity, her tongue stretched out half way down her breast, and red with blood, while in one hand she holds the sword with which she has just cut off the head of some victim, whose gory locks she holds exposed in the other. Her husband is one of the principal deities in Benares, nearly five hundred miles away. There seems to be a poetical fitness in his absence. A woman with such a tongue!

We have not seen elsewhere any thing to compare with the narrow, dirty nooks, called native shops. They are dark, they are dingy, they are

dirty. Still they are filled with goods, and often goods of large value. Each package of goods, in many shops, is wrapped up separately in a dirty cloth, to protect it from the dust, and the result is that the whole place looks foul, when these cloths conceal the finest Cashmere shawls and other costly articles. The shop-keeper sits on the floor, and very often on the counter, his feet drawn up under him, but becomes quite active at the prospect of a sale. He is very unwise who makes a purchase at the first price named. We saw plenty of Chinese, of whom there are some five hundred in the city, mostly engaged as carpenters and shoe-makers. The native Indian blacksmiths, as all other kinds of artisans that we saw, sit while they work. The shop-keepers frequently bring large stocks of goods to the hotels for the guests to see. They will unwrap their packages and display goods of all kinds, with a varying scale of prices, according to the enthusiasm or indifference of the purchaser. They have many English goods among them. All classes of the natives are extremely polite, alike to foreigners and each other, when they address one another at all. They usually speak only to their own friends. The mode of salute is a bow, often touching the hand to the forehead.

We were much interested in the work of the Zenana Mission, of the Women's Union Missionary Society of America. This society was organized in 1860 for the purpose of work among heathen women, and, being the first of the kind, represented different denominations. They began their work in India some fifteen years ago. There are some twelve female missionaries connected with the society in Calcutta. They have an orphanage of over one hundred girls, and also about eight hundred and eighty zenana pupils. A zenana (pronounced ze-nan'a) is the part of a Hindoo house where the

women live. Any family of means has one, and sometimes a whole family-connection unite in one, which will embrace as many as twenty inmates. It is a virtual prison, as it is perfectly secluded, no woman being allowed to look out or to go out. There have been cases of women in these zenanas who have never seen the moon nor a horse. Should they ever have occasion to be taken from one to another they are carried in a close palankeen, and with a cloth thrown over it as an additional precaution. So soon as a woman is married she becomes an inmate of a zenana for life. If her husband dies, she must remain as a drudge, despised and maltreated by all. It is not strange that in other days the widow preferred to die with her husband! Even within twelve months a case of suttee occurred in the province of Oude. If she remains barren, or without male children, she is despised by her husband, who is then at liberty to bring home another wife, who will only make her lot yet more bitter. In this prison-life she sees no one but her husband and the other inmates of the zenana, together with a low-caste woman who comes every fortnight or less to pare their finger and toe nails and to stain them with senna. Her presence is always welcomed, as she brings news of the outside world, which is eagerly devoured, and none the less because it is the vilest gossip and scandal. Observing their wretched condition, she tells, especially the widows, of the easy life of pleasure and attractive abodes of *the daughters of sin*. The consequence is that this lowest class of society is mostly composed of widows escaped from the zenanas.

A widow need never have lived with her husband. When a mere child she is betrothed to a boy, whom she has never seen, the priest and the barber acting as the go-betweens. Once betrothed, a red spot is placed between her eyes, which she wears as a sign of her marriage. We saw several little girls, from

five to ten years, with this sign of their betrothal. They appeared very bright and happy as they sat at their desks in the school-room. All each knows about it is that one day a little boy was borne in a palankeen along the street, and that there was much music attending him as he rode by, and that on the same day she began to wear this red spot to signify that she was his wife. She does not know who he is. But if he should die without her ever seeing him she will never be permitted to marry another, but must live in seclusion all her life. In the course of a few years after her betrothal she is taken to her husband's home, and without any other ceremony she lives with him as his wife. There are frequent instances of girls eleven and twelve years of age who are mothers. There are rarer instances of the same sort at ten years. In these zenanas, filled by unhappy women and girls, the missionary ladies go as teachers. They are taught to read and write, but with the understanding that the gospel shall not be excluded. The women are eager to learn, that they may be able to read the New Testament, for they say it is the only thing which has any comfort for them. The desire to have the women read is now so great among the men that tuition fees are paid. They are small now, but promise to increase. Native women have been employed to some extent for this purpose, and even the little children in the schools teach their unhappy mothers, so that they may read the words of Jesus, the woman's Friend.

How many real converts there are in the zenanas there is no means of fully knowing, because it has been deemed best, owing to the peculiar state of domestic society, to let the leaven work in silence. At present, owing to woman's despised position, a public profession of her faith would cause her to be driven from her home and children, and thus



be separated from the very ones whom it is desired that she shall influence. Despised and ill-treated as woman is, the son, on returning from a distance, will pass his father on the street in silence to go home to speak first to his mother. Her commands are to be obeyed rather than the father's, although the father will beat her for giving them. A mother's curse is the greatest earthly calamity. Her position being one of such importance, it is recognized as essential to the salvation of India to reach the woman. At present her influence, of course, is only evil. Europeans seldom employ women as servants, they are so quarrelsome and vile. A life of shame is regarded as nothing improper, since the very gods whom they worship are notorious for their impurity and intrigues. Thank God for the good work being done in the zenanas of India! Of thirty female laborers in Calcutta twelve of them are connected with the society before mentioned. Miss Brittain, of New York, is the energetic superintendent here, and to her I am indebted for the information about the work which I have just given. The ladies receive such a hearty welcome in the zenanas, and their message of life is so often received with zest and joy, that they are quite happy in their work. Would that many an American lady, slowly dying of *ennui*, could see these happy faces and catch their enthusiasm! Woman's work for Christ in India is at present among the most hopeful being done.

Another interesting interview was with the Rev. Dr. Wenger, of the English Baptist Mission. We were anxious to meet one of the successors to the noble Carey, and Dr. Wenger fully shares his spirit. He is quite a scholarly man, and after more than forty years in India he is spending his last days in the important work of translating. We are satisfied, from what we learned from him and others, that a new day is about to dawn on missionary work here.



Much stress has hitherto been laid on school-work, and nearly all the missions have large schools. Dr. Duff's, of the Free Church of Scotland, has some one thousand two hundred pupils, and many others hardly a less number. Formerly there were more or less conversions from these every year, but latterly there are few or none. This is giving all the missionaries great concern, as hitherto this was the principal source of their native membership. The causes of this dearth are not determined. Some attribute it to the influence of the Brahmo-Somaj, a theistic society, whose teachings better please the native mind ready to cast off idols, and whose great leader, Keshub Chunder Sen, resides in Calcutta, and commands general respect alike by his ability and his character. The adherents of this faith believe in one god, and have a simple worship, but retain various remains of Hindoo belief, especially about caste. They also insist on the contemplative side of religion so welcome to the Bengalese mental habit. Moreover, being natives, awakened natives are more readily drawn to them. The system is regarded by many as really preparing the way for Christ, but still it appears at present like a John the Baptist making far more disciples. The concern of the missionaries is leading to much earnest prayer and crying unto God. This is perhaps preparatory to a change of methods of work. They will not teach less, but preach more, and probably more in the English language, which the schools have so widely taught.

The work of the Rev. Wm. Taylor, of the M. E. Church, is quite suggestive. He preached at Calcutta in English, and hundreds of the natives and others were converted in the course of a few weeks, and are now organized into a large congregation, with one of the best churches in the city. We attended service there one night when there were five

hundred people present, more than half natives, or of native descent. The singing and preaching were in English, and were entered into with spirit, having reference to immediate results. The work inaugurated thus is breaking down caste, and is making a wide impression for good. Other Churches confess its power, and will, on recovering from their astonishment, break the bonds of old methods, and follow a mode which has been so signally useful. While reaching different classes, these services have been largely successful because adapted to the hours of the poor.

We leave to-night for Benares, the "Holy City of the Hindoos."

Calcutta, India, Feb. 21, 1877.

## LETTER XXI.

## THE HOLY CITY OF THE HINDOOS.

THE journey from Calcutta to Benares was made by rail, and required about twenty-one hours. We followed the advice of our consul and others, and provided ourselves each with a pillow and a *rezal*, or comfort, by means of which we turned our long seats into passable beds, thus extemporizing a sleeping-car. The English cars lack some of the advantages of ours, but have others which we lack. Thus, in our travels throughout the larger part of India, extending over nearly three weeks, we have never had more than four persons in our car. In fact, the whole system of the English railway is based on the old style of stage-coach travel. The ticket-office is called the "booking-office;" the car is a "carriage," and that is divided into two compartments, each but little larger than a stage-coach; the engineer is called the driver, and the man most nearly corresponding to our conductor is known as the guard. The train always runs on the left-hand track, just as the stage always keeps to the left in place of the right-hand, as with us. In consequence the lever of the engine is placed on the left side, and it is out of the left window that the driver constantly looks to see that the track is clear. The tickets are examined and punched occasionally by men called ticket-examiners connected with important stations along the line. These are often natives, as are also

some of the drivers, but the guards are generally, if not always, English. Ability to speak English is a necessary qualification for an important *employé* of the railroad.

Without exception we have found the officials of every rank gentlemanly and obliging. The word *kindly* is often upon their lips. "Will you kindly do this?" is an invariable mode of address. The "baggage-smasher" is an unknown being here. Your baggage, which, unless too bulky, is placed in the car with you, is handled by coolies, who are always at the station waiting for such work, for which they usually receive a couple of pice each. A pice is a little less than a cent.

The telegraph lines are all owned by the government, but such as are needed for the sole use of the railroad are rented annually for that purpose. A dispatch to any part of British India is, like a letter, sent for a fixed rate, and not as with us according to the distance. For six words, exclusive of the address, you pay a rupee, and for one or more over that number double the amount. The natives are largely employed as telegraph operators. Night messages, in place of being at half rates, as in America, are at double rates.

We awoke on the morning of February 22 to find ourselves speeding through a somewhat undulating tract of country, with solitary hills here and there on both sides of the road. We shortly struck the Valley of the Ganges again, and continued in sight of the river at frequent intervals until we crossed it at Benares. The country was level enough for an Illinois prairie, and perhaps no prairie in America could stand such constant use without fertilizers and yield as fair crops. The land here has been compelled to bear two crops a year for over two thousand years, and that too without either manuring or deep-soil plowing. The women gather up all that

is fit for manure, and after making it with their hands into flat cakes, dry it in the sun for fuel. Many houses along the road were thus frescoed, the prints of female fingers visible some distance off. When fit for use, the women carry it in large baskets on their heads, and the donkeys in bags on their backs. None is ever wasted. The two most degraded beings in India, woman and donkey, have the whole matter in hand. It is not strange, under these circumstances, that the men often call the women *donkeys*! Assigned to such work by the low esteem in which they are held, they do it openly and without any sense of shame. Of course no proper respect can ever be felt for woman so long as it is regarded as the proper thing for her to do such filthy work. This fuel is generally used in cooking, and often among the poor for the cremation of their dead. Wood is very expensive, *and is sold by weight*. It is very probable that, as in China, trees are not cut down, but dug up by the roots, so that all may be used.

The crops are mostly good in this part of India, immense quantities of rice awaiting transportation to the famine districts. Wheat, barley, oats, and rice, are the principal grains. A sort of pulse, or bean, is largely grown for the use of the very poor. There were extensive poppy-fields all along the road. The opium is mostly produced from the white poppy. The pod is pierced every evening, and early the next morning coolies pass through the fields and scrape off what has oozed out and hardened during the night. This, after being somewhat prepared, is the opium of the market, which, next to cotton, is the most valuable article of export. The government derives an immense revenue from it. Unhappily its use is not confined to China, where, at the point of the bayonet, the English won the unwilling consent of the Chinese for its importation

and sale, but it also largely prevails among the natives of India.

As in Japan and China, there are no farm-houses, the tillers of the soil all living together in little villages. The houses are usually of mud, thatched with straw. There is no such thing as a door—simply a hole on one side, which one can enter by stooping. Sometimes the houses are made wholly of straw, and in either case one is in danger of passing by a village without noticing it. A sure way of finding out whether it is a village or not is by observing whether the mud-walls one sees are plastered with fuel put there to dry. If so, he may feel assured of woman's presence, and know that the place is inhabited. The principal tree in sight is the mango. It is usually of good size and beautiful shape. A mango orchard is quite like an apple orchard. Its shade is very cool and refreshing. The fruit has somewhat the taste of the peach, but is not so good to an uneducated palate. The people are very fond of it.

Changing cars at Mogul Serai, within a few miles of our destination, a branch road brought us to Benares. Before entering the sacred city we must first cross the Ganges. Taking a gharry, we crossed over on a bridge of boats. The sound of music floated down the river, and we saw the brightly-illuminated boats of the worshipers of some idol, in whose honor a festival was being held. The darkness and distance shut them out from our view as we drove rapidly to the European part of the city, where we found comfortable quarters in the United Service Hotel, owned and managed by native Christians. Even in the starlight we could see the spires of some of the thousand temples of the holy city. An elephant, bearing a number of natives, met us on the way, but the presence of elephants is so common here that our horses did not give him one



foot additional room. In America they would have paid all sorts of honors in the contortions of their bodies, and very probably offered the broken pieces of the gharry as homage.

Before we go out into the city on the morrow, let us consider the significance of its name, the "Holy City of the Hindoos." What Jerusalem is to Jew or Christian, or what Mecca is to the Mohammedan, that Benares is to the Hindoo. If Mussulmans make long pilgrimages to Mecca, and Christians weep at the first sight of Mount Olivet, none the less do Hindoos go into raptures as the temples of Benares burst into view, and with shouts of "Praise, praise to Mother Ganges!" rush down to the sacred river and bathe their wearied bodies in its sanctifying waters. Much of the business of the railroad is that of carrying pilgrims, who, coming in the cars from remote places, strain their eyes for the first glimpse of the holy river, and it is no sooner had than glad shouts herald it to all others on the train, who hasten to swell the volume of praise. But if the Ganges is sacred wherever seen, it is especially so where it laves the foundations of the holy city. It is hardly possible to describe the enthusiasm shown when the pilgrims stand in the shadow of the temples, or rush with their clothes on into the river. Nor, must it be remembered, is this enthusiasm of a recent date. It existed before Christ was born, before the Jews were led into captivity. Benares is more than twenty-five centuries old. She is older than the "father of history," and from earliest times she has been regarded holy, because leading Hindoo gods appeared there and even left their foot-prints.

The site of the city has shifted a few miles during this vast interval of time. The most ancient site is some four miles away, but all the intervening space was doubtless covered with houses. The changing

site may be largely owing to the fickle Ganges, which, like the Missouri, delights to change her bed. In company with the Rev. Mr. Lambert, of the London Mission, we visited the ruins of the ancient city. It is called Sarnath. It is hardly less famous in Buddhist than in Hindoo history. When it was already widely known as a sacred city, Sakya Muni, more generally known as Buddha, or Teacher, came from Sava, a less holy place, that he might have all the prestige of the most holy city as he announced the teachings which were to become the creed of a large part of India, as well as of Ceylon, Burmah, Thibet, China, and Japan. His creed not only dispensed with the vile gods of the Hindoos, which seemed so unsatisfactory, but knowing no other or better, he taught that man had need of none, but that by abstraction and contemplation he could himself reach a divine state. Alas! his followers speedily degenerated from this sublime theory, and now worship *him*. The enormous bronze idols of Japan wear his contemplative face, and are called by his name, Dai Butsu. The Chinaman, when he prays at all, says "Eternal Buddha, save us!" while the Singhalese worship his very foot-print, and pay homage to his supposed tooth. He was doubtless a reformer in his way, opposing both idols and caste. That he had great influence and a considerable following in the Holy City of the Hindoos itself is apparent from the fact that the principal remains are of Buddhist temples and monasteries.

The most striking ruin is what remains of an old tower, ninety-three feet in diameter at the base, and over a hundred feet high. It is made of large bricks, measuring, as I found, ten by sixteen inches. These, save where it has fallen off, are covered with stone, nearly half its height. The stone is deeply carved, and, considering its age, has kept its place

in the wall remarkably well. This is owing to each block being fastened by iron clamps. This is one of four pillars erected at as many points, to mark great events in Buddha's life. One other is still standing less than a mile away. When we remember that Buddha began to teach in the sixth century before Christ, and that two eminent Chinese travelers described these towers in the fifth and seventh centuries of our era, so that they can be readily identified, accept whatever date we may for their construction, we are transported to a remote antiquity. It would seem most probable that they were erected shortly after Buddha's death. The carved stone-work is perhaps of a later date, as appears by the peculiar letters of the inscription. The whole appears to my mind to contain in itself a history of Buddhism and its downfall.

There was first the brick tower, marking with fitting simplicity, the teachings of Buddha, a protest against idolatry; but subsequently this was covered with carved stone-work, with frequent images of Buddha. This degenerated into his worship, and finally into the worship of his image, which was set up in their temples. When Buddhism ceased to be a protest against idolatry it lost its power. It then became a simple question of a war between idols; and Brahmanism, possessing greater vitality, gave the death-blow, and expelled Buddhism from India. Finally the Mohammedans sought to destroy all that remained of their idols. Here and there in India a Buddhist may still be found, and they come once a year to worship here the marble image of Buddha, which remains, strange to say, in a Hindoo temple. Many excavations have been made in different parts of the monastery and temple-grounds, and quantities of images of Buddha, cut in stone, taken from these ruins, we saw in the grounds and cabinet of Queen's College, Benares.

The natives had a tradition that large sums of money or valuables were buried beneath these ruins, especially under the towers. The government finally sank a shaft in each, and made a tunnel to connect with it, and even in one case to pass through it. The tradition still lingers, however, very much like that of Captain Kidd's hidden treasures. The old native, with his sheet around him, who flits like a ghost among the ruins, and who lighted us through the tunnel with a handful of reeds, such as will be used to kindle his funeral-pile, insisted that whoever spent ten thousand rupees there would take ninety thousand away. He had repeated it so often that he had made it into a rhyme in his native language.

We visited the ancient city on the second day of our stay in Benares, but the order in which a traveler sees things is not always the best for their narration. Such being the antiquity and history of the city, we may the better understand the enthusiasm of the Hindoo pilgrims who had just arrived after a journey of four hundred miles. Others, with matted locks, had just come from the mountains, bringing with them the furs and skins which would defray the expenses of the journey. The number of arrivals was unusually large, in view of the minor festival which was being celebrated. After stopping to see an observatory, with its quaint old astronomical instruments, founded in 1680, we passed down the steps of the ghat in front of it, and took a boat for a ride on the Ganges. It was quite like a canal-boat, or house-boat. We sat in chairs on the top, having with us an intelligent Hindoo guide. We first drifted slowly down the river for a half mile, and returning went up stream for about a mile. All the length of our ride, and much farther, the river-bank is crowded with massive temples, from which broad stone steps lead down to the water. The general effect is imposing rather than

beautiful, though perhaps the different styles of architecture make a more beautiful picture than the same style repeated for so great a space. The time was, doubtless a few years ago, before the treacherous Ganges had undermined several of the finer buildings, and while all of them were in better repair, under the patronage of wealthy princes, when the view was beautiful and imposing in a very high degree. As it is, I have never seen a river-front that could compare with it. A stretch of over a mile of tall buildings and different styles of architecture, many of them of elaborately-carved stone, with stone steps in front, covered with pilgrims down to the water's edge, and some distance out in the holy river, was the picture which greeted us as we floated along.

The pilgrims were all at their respective bathing ghats, according to the parts of the country which they hailed from. The Brahmans, or the priestly caste, and their families had a bathing ghat of their own. The bathing consisted in dipping the entire person in the water, or in pouring it over the person out of a brass vessel, such as is universally carried among the Hindoos wherever they go. They carry the water of the Ganges in these vessels, and pour it out for an offering before or even *on* the idols in the temples. They also took up water in their hands and poured it out in their worship of the sun. "Watch and pray" appeared to be part of their creed, as they kept their eyes on us more than on the sun, at which, nevertheless, they tried to look steadfastly for short intervals. There was much washing of clothes, as well as bathing of the person. There seemed to be no incongruity to their minds in using the same water to wash away dirt and sin. In fact, the fouler the water the greater the efficacy, according to the contents of the two sacred wells of Benares, one of which, near the river, was



thronged with people. Its water was foul to a state of fermentation from the flowers which are constantly thrown into the well. It is not over three feet deep, and is approached by steps on all sides, leading down to the water. The people are taught that however black the sin which they have committed, even though it be murder itself, it will be washed away by this water, and so they come hither from every part of the land. It is as great an inducement to sin as the indulgences of Tetzels.

Among the bathing ghats is a burning ghat, where, all the day long, the Hindoo dead are being burned, and their ashes thrown into the Ganges. Our boat stopped a few moments for us to witness the sickening spectacle. Several bodies were already about consumed, while a corpse, wrapped in a white cloth saturated with butter, lay on the bank awaiting its turn in the flames. There were visible upright conical stones along the burning-place, to signify that the suttee had several times taken place there, when the widow was burned alive with her husband's corpse. Bad as cremation appears, it is preferable to being buried without a coffin, as is done by the Mohammedans. I visited one of their grave-yards in Bombay, where the ground was strewn with human bones. The jackals readily dig the body from the sand, and pick the bones. It is preferable, too, to half cremation. Many of the poor cannot afford wood enough to burn their dead, and after charring the body with fire throw it into the Ganges, to be fought over and devoured by crocodiles. Our guide informed us that the bodies of small children were often thrown into the river without burning. It sometimes occurs that where the Ganges is low they lodge on sand-bars and on the banks, and a residence near the river has on that account been found quite undesirable by Europeans.

Dismissing our boat, we pressed our way through



the crowds of worshipers on the steps, and climbed one of the minarets of the mosque of Aurungzebe, the Mogul ruler, who did not hesitate to tear down the Hindoo temples, out of which to erect mosques, and who built this one on the very banks of their sacred river as a perpetual protest against the worship of idols, which could not avenge the insult. From the summit of this lofty minaret we looked out upon the entire city, and could see the towers of Sarnath plainly in the distance. In very clear weather the guide-book promises a view of the Himalayas. We saw the many handsome residences of Hindoo princes and nobles, who prefer to reside part of each year in this holy place. Some who incurred the displeasure of the English during the mutiny, and are held in a sort of custody, are allowed to live here, where there is a good garrison to watch them.

Of course we visited the principal temples. Large and small, Benares has over a thousand. The Well of Knowledge is near one of them, and its supply comes from the water poured out in offerings at the adjoining temples, which, mixed with rice and flowers, runs into this well and makes a compound of the proper fermentation for purifying purposes. It is accordingly doled out for the use of worshipers by a man who draws it from the well. Yet foul as is all this worship, the temples are specimens of the most painstaking skill and ornamentation, and were doubtless erected at considerable cost. One, known as the Golden Temple, has gilded domes, the bequest of some Hindoo of large wealth. As a rule they are not large. They are quite tall, but cover small space. We saw only one that approached in size the temple of Madras, and even this was less than half as large. This was the Monkey Temple. We knew that we were approaching it by seeing the monkeys running loose

and climbing walls and trees, or chattering by the road-side, several hundred yards before we reached the temple.

The temple is dedicated to the goddess Durga, who is the soldier's patroness. Our guide, who belongs to the soldier class, accordingly received from the priest a dab of red paint on his forehead, to signify that he had been to the temple and obtained a blessing from the idol. The large number of monkeys found here give it the name of the Monkey Temple. They are objects of veneration, if not of worship. They are very quarrelsome and noisy. The visitor has only to buy some popped rice and throw it to them to see what a rumpus these divinities can make. There are hundreds of monkeys about the temple, but all that we saw were of one species. They sometimes play very mischievous pranks with the pilgrims who come to bathe in the large tank by the temple. One left his clothing and thirty rupees on the steps once while bathing, which a monkey seized and took up a tree. After every effort to induce him to come down had been tried in vain, the monkey began to throw down the rupees, but threw every other one in the tank. Thus fifteen were lost, but the pilgrim regarded it as a just retribution from the monkey god, who knew his sin, and thus punished it. He confessed that, being a milk-dealer, he had always diluted his milk with half water, so that just half of his gains had been thrown back into the water which had helped to supply them.

It will be seen that I have hesitated to take my readers into the temples. Hindoo worship is too vile to be described. Starting with a high regard for animal life, so that fish is the only animal food eaten by them, they not only refuse to take the life of an animal, but they even worship it. They will worship a sacred bullock even though his horns

are dripping with human blood. The magistrate of Benares ordered all these dangerous animals sent to the jungles, but still tame ones are found ascending and descending the steps of the temples along with the worshipers. This deep regard for life led to special reverence for its origin. Their conception of its origin was of the most sensual sort, and the symbols under which they worship the Creator are too gross and vile to be mentioned. Yet these symbols of Mahadeo are found in every temple and shrine, women and men mingling together in paying homage to them. Their sacred books abound with stories of the amours of this god—of his all-consuming lust. I would fain suppose that his worship was originally born of a mind not licentious, but that conceived of the source of life in the simplest way without thoughts of its grossness, yet the sacred books are so vile as to make one hesitate to entertain so charitable a thought. Such being the divinity worshiped, we are prepared for the universal impurity of the people. Girls are married to the gods, and their wages of vice go to support the temple. Priests, in some places, are the incarnations of gods, by whom offspring is especially desired. Look at it as one may, woman is everywhere degraded, and woman's place always gauges the moral tone of a nation. The women of the well-to-do are never allowed to be seen, and those who are seen are the very poor or the very vile. A well-dressed native woman, who was of good character, unless she were a Christian, we have not seen since we have been in India. It is vice which arrays itself in jewels and costly apparel, and is subsidized for the uses of the temple.

Before leaving Benares we enjoyed an elephant ride. Some gentlemen traveling with us sent their cards to the Nawab of Tonk, a native prince under the English eye at Benares, and he sent them an ele-

phant for a ride through the city. Bishop Marvin and I were invited to take seats in the howdah. The mahout, seated on the elephant's neck, pressed his pointed spike into his monstrous head as a signal for him to kneel. After a little delay (for great bodies move slowly, as becomes their dignity), his hind legs bent under first, and after they were fully bent he brought his fore legs into position. Even then we could only mount by means of a ladder, which is always carried with the howdah. Firmly seated, we each clung to the side of the howdah as his highness rose to his feet. He rose as deliberately as he kneeled, and we were for several seconds seated on his back while it was at an angle of forty-five degrees. Now he moves off, responding to the spear of the mahout firmly seated on his neck, and to the attendant with another one who trots by his side. The motion seemed slow, but it was evident from the gait of the attendant that it was faster than a man could walk. But what a way of riding! I prefer to be on a ship in a storm, provided the storm is a moderate one. The rolling motion of an elephant's gait is worse than that of a ship, and is equally liable to produce vertigo or seasickness. The elephant seemed under the perfect control of his driver, who used his spear mercilessly, often driving it an inch or two into his head. The elephant would respond with a slight bellowing, and quicken his pace or change his course according to the will of the mahout, or driver. After riding several blocks we returned to the hotel and dismounted by means of the ladder, but not until we had the monster kneel so that the ladder could touch the ground.

We subsequently remounted to have a photograph taken. Some preferred to stand by the elephant's side, but he kept them in constant dread, as he would insist on squirting water on them in the en-

deavor to cool himself. He would insert his trunk into his mouth and draw out considerable quantities from a water-reservoir somewhere down in his stomach, and then came the shower-bath. He had just moved his trunk for another when the artist was ready to close his camera. He accordingly looks in the picture as if he had no trunk, but those who were sprinkled will certify to the contrary.

It will not be surprising, after what we have seen of Benares, to learn that it is a peculiarly hard field of missionary labor. The missionary must here attack Hindooism in its stronghold, where there are over twenty thousand Brahmans, or priests, who minister at its altars and guard its interests. Holy city as it is, like Ephesus, its principal business is connected with the temples and the manufacture and sale of idols. Many an image-maker is ready to lead a mob rather than submit to the loss of his gains by the invasion of Christianity. The pilgrims who buy these images and carry away holy water from the Ganges do much other business as well, and leave the plethoric pockets of the merchants yet fuller for every festival. Under these circumstances most of the one hundred and seventy-five thousand people of Benares are connected with Hindooism as a trade as well as a religion. It is made to the interest of the people to remain true to the ancient faith. Woe betide the man who, becoming a Christian, thus sets himself against the commercial interests of the place! His experience must be read in many of those texts of Scripture which have no significance to us in a Christian land. It implies often the giving up of houses, lands, father, mother, children, and having as one's foes persons of his own household.

What a few have already done more are ready to do, were it not that the cost is so great. They are a timid people, and lack the courage to do their

duty. Many of them are disgusted with their religion, seeing at the same time its holy city and the vile practices which prevail there, but they prefer to appear faithful to it, though despising it, to being despised for renouncing it. While commenting on its vileness in the presence of our Hindoo guide, he, with the badge of his morning idolatrous worship still upon his forehead, said with an emphasis and a sincerity which were unmistakable, "*Our religion is a humbug.*" When we asked him why he did not renounce it like a man and accept the Christian faith, his reply showed that the cost was too great. We learned that many others in Benares were of the same view. Thus is the leaven of the truth at work in the Holy City of the Hindoos.

Bombay, India, March 9, 1877.



## LETTER XXII.

## IN LUCKNOW AND CAWNPORE.

NOTICING immense throngs of natives hurrying to the depot the day before we left Benares, our guide informed us that a great Hindoo festival would be held near Fyzabad in a couple of days, and that these were but a small part of the hundreds of thousands who would flock there from all over India. The following day, when we went to take the cars, we found fully one thousand five hundred pilgrims on the train. Almost as many more thronged the space about the depot, and spent the time in shouting to their more fortunate friends who were in the cars. They were in the cars, but packed and jammed, not seated. After all the third class or native passenger-cars had been brought into requisition, many freight-cars were filled. Then, after considerable delay, we moved out from Benares only to find crowds of disappointed pilgrims at every station. Many had come from remote points in the interior, in the hope of taking the cars to Fyzabad, and when they saw the cars approach so completely filled, and were not allowed to pass the gates to take the train, they manifested their displeasure by shouts and violent gestures. One man ran the gauntlet and got on the train, but was received with blows in the car where he forced an entrance, and after a bitter quarrel the guard administered a few well-directed blows and deliv-

ered him, assigning him quarters in another car. A broken arm was the extent of the damage done. Many, in their disappointment, wanted to throw themselves on the track and be run over. They were not gratified, however; partly, no doubt, for the reason once given by an engineer, who said that he never did like to run over a man, "it always mussed up the engine."

At some of the stations the people were quieted by being packed in flat-cars which stood on the track, probably waiting for hours before a locomotive was attached. We were often awakened during the night by the noise of shouting pilgrims who saw the train go by without them. We could see in the moonlight where they had camped by the road, awaiting the train, which was to shorten the time of their journey but not to abate one jot or tittle of its merit. Aged women, leaning on the arms of sons, themselves in mature life, started toward the cars only to find that they could not go. We passed many thousands who thus bewailed their disappointment. Finally, when about midnight we reached Fyzabad, the people swarmed from the cars, and, not knowing where to go, rushed about in wild confusion. As we continued our journey we met other trains equally crowded, some made up wholly of freight-cars packed with this noisy human freight. Thus we were seeing the enthusiasm which attends a Hindoo *mela*, or religious festival. Formerly it was somewhat dangerous for a European to be present at one, the fanatics not hesitating to commit murder in their frenzy. A missionary thus lost his life some years ago. At this very *mela* a number of missionaries and native preachers were present to speak to the people and to sell them books and tracts. Among the number was my classmate in college, Brother Cunningham, now Presiding Elder of the Oude Dis-

trict. It was quite a compensation for the failure to see him at Lucknow that he was leading in such a good work.

We learned afterward that in the fearful crush, as the people ran down to bathe in the river at the sacred spot where Rama bathed over three thousand years ago, not less than sixty persons were trampled to death. Bathing twice a day is a necessary part of a Hindoo's religion. He will hold bitter discussions to prove his greater purity from his habit of personal cleanliness. The natives are also very careful about cleaning their teeth, which are remarkable for their clear whiteness. They use the end of a twig of some bitter tree for that purpose. They will scrub them daily, although they often use dirty, stagnant water in the process. If cleanliness was godliness the palm would have to be yielded to the Hindoos over some Christians. Water is profusely used after any act which defiles the body. The more sacred the bathing-place the more meritorious the bathing. Hence these holy spots are much frequented, and are places of social gathering and of extensive business transactions, as well as of religious ceremonies. Many Mohammedans attend Hindoo *melas*, and the Hindoos flock to Moslem festivals. The prospect of gain is stronger than religious hate.

We spent the Sabbath in Lucknow, the better enjoying its sacred rest and privileges after the noisy confusion made by idolatrous pilgrims with whom our lot had been cast for sixteen hours previously. Bishop Marvin preached at night in the Methodist church. The occasion was one of profit. American Methodism is here doing a good work among English subjects. A beautiful new church, built of funds raised on the spot, is about ready for dedication. The congregation is almost self-supporting. The M. E. Church owns much valuable

property here, and has made this the head-quarters of their mission in North India. Here is located their publishing house. The Rev. James Mudge is the editor of the *Lucknow Witness*, their Church-paper. I spent a delightful Sabbath with him, discussing the missionary outlook in India, as well as old college days at Wesleyan University, where we were fellow-students twelve years ago. Others of the friends of those years are at different points in India doing good work for the Master. Melville Cox Eliot, himself bearing an honored name, led the way, and fell at his post before the intelligence came that his appeals for India had won the consent of some of his college-mates to join him in the field.

One feature of the work in Lucknow is the large number of Sabbath-schools among the natives. I attended one of fifteen connected with this mission. There were some sixty boys present, who sung with considerable spirit. Pundits, or teachers in the day-schools, were there to assist as librarians and secretaries, but only Christian teachers aided in the work of instruction. One class of young men recited entirely in English. All of them were either Hindoos or Mohammedans, yet they manifested much interest in the study of the Scriptures. They were ready with shrewd questions, which showed that they had given the international lesson of the day considerable thought.

Lucknow interested us more as the scene of the decisive battles of the Sepoy rebellion than by its ancient or imposing buildings. We saw the ruins of some which were perhaps grander than any now standing. Years ago Lucknow was compared to Constantinople for architectural beauty. Many of the old palaces and mosques still remain, but one must see these structures of brick and stucco before he sees the stone and marble of Delhi and Agra to be impressed by them. It was thus that we saw

them, and we will try to forget the finer vision while we describe them. Kaiser Bagh, which we had to pass on our way to the hotel, was the favorite resort of the ex-King of Oude, for whom the government has provided quarters near Calcutta. The name literally signifies "Emperor's Garden." It embraces several acres, and is inclosed on all sides by tall and spacious buildings erected for his numerous wives. The gateways are quite imposing, while the grounds are well kept, with here and there a summer-house or an arbor of marble screen-work. The whole was erected at a cost of a million sterling, or five million dollars. It was much damaged during the mutiny, but has been put in a tolerable state of repair, and is now in charge of the native nobles, whom the government has conciliated by allowing them this favor. The royal palaces near by have only been repaired sufficiently to be used for public buildings, the government press, library, and museum. Some of them are on a large scale and in the midst of beautiful grounds. They now serve better purposes than for the uses of voluptuous kings. They have been consecrated by the English blood which was spilt to win them. In some of them untold cruelties were inflicted on English prisoners, none surviving to describe the nameless horrors.

The most massive building of Lucknow is a large mosque, designed to surpass in size the famous Jami Musjid of Delhi. The widow of the third King of Oude finished what her lord began, but while the result is a vast building there are no funds for keeping it in repair. Large endowments were left for all these fine structures. Mohammedanism is so largely indebted to the munificence of royal patrons that it appears to lack vitality to do any thing unaided by them. It is even accused of wasting funds which were left as endowments. In fact, the tomb of the

first King of Oude is kept in repair, and the objects of his charity are aided, by an endowment of a million sterling, which he left to the East India Company as trustees. He preferred the word of Englishmen to the oath of Moslems. From the proceeds of this endowment the grounds are illuminated twice every year—once on the anniversary of the king's death and again at the *moharam*, or great Moslem festival. The tomb is one of many in the city. It is really a vast building, covered with a dome. One is apt to take it for a mosque, until he observes that a mosque usually has three domes. Some of these tombs are fitted up with immense mirrors and glass chandeliers, and when all the surrounding grounds, as well as the tombs, are illuminated, the effect is a sort of immortality that is very dazzling to Oriental eyes.

The suite of buildings which each king sought to build consisted of a mosque, a building for both secular and religious uses, and a tomb for himself. These, approached by beautiful and lofty gateways, would make an earthly paradise. The pride of Lucknow was such a suite of buildings, called the Imambara. They were undertaken in 1784, as a sort of public-works relief, to give employment to the famine-stricken people. More than a million sterling was spent in their erection. The tomb was not built, however, and the nawab's body was buried in the large hall designed partly for secular uses. This entire building, constructed throughout of solid masonry, is now used as an arsenal by the English, and all the grounds are well fortified. Immense military roads were cut through the city after the mutiny, and these are commanded by the guns of the fort. Part of that policy which proclaimed Victoria Empress of India is to attach the natives still more to the British crown by restoring to them this great Imambara. *The English will build a new and better fort first.*



The Residency, with its battered walls, is still standing, and is the center of interest to the visitor at Lucknow. The extensive grounds are well kept, but the gateway through which Havelock led his brave columns after contesting every inch of the way for miles through the streets of the city, stands, like the ruins of the Residency, with its gaping wounds made by the enemy's cannon during the dreadful siege, a monument of the courage of its defenders, who did not falter in all the five long months of almost an uninterrupted battle. We first visited the cellar, where the women and children were placed for their greater safety, and where the wounded and dying were brought to receive their kind offices. Here the lint was prepared to stanch the flow of blood, and prayers were offered for the dying. Here, after the explosion of a shell gave him his death-wound while at his post of duty, Sir Henry Lawrence was brought to die. On being asked what he wished for his epitaph, he responded, "Here lies the body of Henry Lawrence, who tried to do his duty. May the Lord have mercy on his soul!" In the grave-yard near by, amid many long inscriptions on the elaborate monuments of his subordinates, there is a plain tomb with that simple epitaph. A large monument in the shape of a cross has been erected near the gateway, in memory of him and the gallant men who waited Havelock's coming. All during the siege an officer kept a lookout from the tower of the Residency, while batteries stationed at different points of the grounds answered the sullen voices of the enemy's cannon. The Sepoys had not in vain learned the arts of war from their English officers, and their mining operations were only too successful. But for the opportune appearance of relief the result might have been among the most appalling of history. The coming of Havelock's men, while it gave

assurance of greater powers of resistance, only increased the privations of the garrison, hundreds of whom succumbed to disease, and among them their brave Christian general. The final relief came nearly two months later, and in November, 1857, the besieged garrison, with its sacred trust of women and children, withdrew in safety to Allahabad.

Sadder than any event which occurred at Lucknow were those which took place at Cawnpore, the sites of which we also visited. Nana Sahib, a Hindoo of considerable pretensions to rank, had appealed in vain to the English for some inherited position on which he had not been permitted to enter. He continued, however, apparently on the best of terms with the officials, who did not hesitate, when the mutiny threatened, to give him a post of considerable honor. In short, he had charge of the arms, powder, and treasure. Pretending to reconcile the mutineers, he dissuaded them from marching to Delhi, and led them in an attack on the unsuspecting English, bombarding them with the very cannon which they had placed in his charge. After three weeks of fighting they welcomed a proposition to be escorted in safety to the Ganges, and be allowed to embark for Allahabad. When only a part had embarked the boats were set on fire, and a heavy fire of grape and musketry was opened on the deluded garrison. Many were slain, and the remainder, with only four exceptions, were driven back to the town and placed in confinement. The males among the captives were afterward taken out and shot. A worse fate awaited the women and children. Their numbers were shortly increased by about fifty other captives. The threatened approach of the British troops hastened their fate. By order of the Nana the work of slaughter was commenced. The marks on the walls showed that pistol-shots and saber-thrusts were the appointed means of

death. There were nearly two hundred to be slain, and it is doubtful whether all were killed that night. Perhaps many weltered in their own blood, and that of their comrades, until the following morning, when the bodies of the dead and dying were thrown together in a large well.

When the soldiers entered the town the slaughter-house was empty, save the large quantity of blood which covered the floor. Looking down into the well, they saw a mass of naked human limbs. The well was filled with earth, and after the close of the war a beautiful monument was erected over it. There it stands to-day, an angel with downcast face and drooping wings, all of pure white marble, while round the pedestal is the inscription: "Sacred to the perpetual memory of a large company of Christian people, chiefly women and children, who near this spot were cruelly massacred by the followers of the rebel Nana Dhoondonapont, of Bithoor, and cast the dying with the dead into the well below, on the 15th day of July, 1857." Now all the grounds are inclosed, and no natives are allowed to enter except by special permission. As, accompanied by the Rev. Dr. Waugh, we drove slowly up the avenue, at the other end of which stood the monument, the angel looking down upon the mangled forms which sleep beneath, the impression was deeply solemn. It seemed almost a sacrilege to speak.

While there was hard fighting done at Delhi, as a small force of English besieged the Mogul emperor in his capital, and finally blowing up one of the gates and forcing an entrance, virtually ended the war, yet the spots consecrated by most blood were Lucknow and Cawnpore. There was no doubt a perfect understanding between the people of Oude and the Moslem head-quarters at Delhi, and Oude became the real battle-field, while the mutiny naturally had its center in the imperial city. This is

not the place to discuss the causes of the mutiny—whether it was due to the recent deposing of the King of Oude, or to the settled hatred of the natives, brought to a focus by the tradition that one hundred years after the battle of Plassey, in 1757, English supremacy would cease in India. It doubtless showed that the empire must still, as in former years, be ruled by force. Thus England has to-day not less than sixty thousand soldiers in India, aside from two or three times that number of native troops. These latter make good soldiers so far as their fighting qualities are concerned, but the question is, For whom? In the mutiny they fought well against their masters, after conspiring to assassinate their officers. They belong mostly to the soldier caste, and would be disgraced by any other than military employment. Native princes have ceased to have large standing armies, and these Sepoys depend on the English for employment. Such officers as I have talked with appear to believe in their courage, and rely upon drill to take the place of loyalty. It should be remembered that not all were faithless during the mutiny. They receive about seven rupees, or three dollars and a half, a month, and provide their own food. They are thus far cheaper than English soldiers, who receive a shilling a day and their keeping. They are, moreover, acclimated, and in the event of dearths their ranks can be filled more readily.

This part of India, which was swept by the war of the mutiny, was selected as the mission-field of the Methodist Episcopal Church. They had hardly begun operations when, in 1857, the gathering tempest burst. Thus their field is one of average difficulty at least, and to achieve any success, amid those whose religious prejudice would naturally be intensified by dislike of their conquerors, is a result full of encouragement. I have before me the min-

utes of the North India Conference, just held, from which it appears that there are over two thousand native communicants, besides fifty local preachers. During the past year there were one hundred and sixty-six adult and one hundred and ninety-three infant baptisms. These include one hundred and five converts from Hindooism and nine from Islamism. They have eight thousand and ninety-three day-school pupils and six thousand seven hundred and fifty-one Sunday-school scholars, and of this latter number one thousand one hundred and seventy-two are fifteen years old and over. Weekly papers are published in the vernacular, which have an extensive circulation in the schools and homes of the people. Many standard Christian books have also been printed in the Urdu and Hindoo languages.

While the converts have been mostly from the lower class of society, people without a caste, and hence called *outcasts*, their condition has been so much improved, as the result of their teaching, that they are prospering in worldly affairs, and promise soon to support their native pastors. More than a year ago it was reported that seven native Churches were about self-supporting. The tone of moral life among the members is said to be good, while those who are not Christians have learned to regard as sinful many things allowed by the Hindoos and Mohammedans, and hence have ceased to respect the religion of the latter. It is one thing, however, to despise a religion and another to renounce it. To renounce it means to invoke the hate and violence of all who espouse it. That many are faithful to their convictions, despite the consequences, is a reason for believing their sincerity.

The work has commanded not simply the respect and aid of government officials, both civil and military, but one or two wealthy natives have become

interested in some departments of it. The Nawab of Rampore, a native ruler, donated to the Mission a large house and some forty-two acres of land, to be used as a hospital for native women. Another native gave a considerable sum to establish a Female Medical Class, to be under the control of the Mission. Here, as in China, the medical practitioner has ready access to the homes and hearts of the people. Some of the female missionaries are also physicians, and the wives of some of the native preachers have studied medicine, so that they may be more welcome among the people, and be able to find ready ears for the truth.

These are indications of what is being done. They at least show the practicability of missionary work among the most prejudiced and bigoted people of the world. A more general outlook will be given in our last letter from India.

Bombay, India, March 10, 1877.



## LETTER XXIII.

IN DELHI, THE OLD MOGUL CAPITAL.

LEAVING Cawnpore at 2:30 P.M. on February 27, the following morning found us crossing the splendid iron bridge which spans the Jumna opposite the imperial fort at Delhi. This was the most northerly point touched in our journey in India. We were nine hundred and fifty-three miles distant from Calcutta. The Himalayas could have been reached by a few days' additional travel, but it was consoling, when our time would not permit the journey, to know that the winter is a bad time to visit them. Moreover, the remains of Oriental splendor had for us a greater interest than untenanted mountain wastes covered with snow. Here was the center of that magnificence which travelers had vied with each other in describing, and which had given to India the reputation of untold wealth, a reputation enhanced by being mentioned in the lofty verse of Milton, where he describes Satan sitting on

A throne of royal state, which far  
Outshone the wealth of Ormus or of Ind.

Under the direction of our Mohammedan guide, we speedily found our way to the palace, where once rested the famous Peacock Throne. Royalty had first built itself a massive and spacious fort, and within the inclosure had erected the buildings belonging to the court. Entering by one of the im-

posing gateways, the Lahore Gate, we found the fort filled with the new barracks of the English troops. While all the palace buildings, with a few exceptions, had disappeared, we could see the outline of their foundations, marked by the stones which still remained, but leveled to the ground. Uniformed Sepoys saluted us as we entered, and an artillery company were testing some of their heavier guns throughout our visit. The only court-edifice which has been occupied by the English is the Zenana, now used for the head-quarters of the garrison. It is the most inferior building of the lot.

The Hall of Public Audience, which we had to pass on our way to the others, is a large hall, open at all sides save one, and is supported by pillars of red sandstone. You enter it by ascending a flight of stone steps and passing between these columns, which are joined at the top by a peculiar arch, called, I believe, the Saracenic arch. This arch is found in all this part of India, alike in royal buildings and in the finer private dwellings. It is often exquisitely carved, and the general effect is quite beautiful. The only things of interest which now remain in this hall are the canopy over the throne, the inlaid work representing birds and flowers on the marble wall back of the throne, the table where the prime-minister sat, and the steps by which the king ascended to the throne. These latter outnumbered those of Solomon's throne, but were not, like those, intended to attract notice. In fact, they are wholly out of sight, a side-door having to be opened to ascend them. Unaccustomed as our eyes were to royal splendors, we knew that some sort of composition had been substituted for the genuine stones. The few which remained made the counterfeit all the less attractive. But then this was not the palace proper, only a sort of judgment-seat where the emperor sat to hear and pass upon public matters.

The Hall of Private Audience is a marble hall, open on all sides, the side toward the river, however, consisting of marble screen-work, the openings being filled with small octagonal panes of glass. On a large platform of marble at that side of the hall once rested the splendid Peacock Throne. This throne was six feet long by four broad, resting on six large feet, the whole of solid gold, inlaid with rubies, emeralds, and diamonds. It was surmounted by a canopy of gold with a fringe of pearls, the golden pillars of the canopy glittering with gems. The name was given it because of two peacocks, made entirely of gold and inlaid with sapphires, rubies, emeralds, and pearls, so as to represent life, which were placed behind the throne. The cost of this was so vast that it is estimated all the way to thirty millions of dollars. It was planned and constructed under the supervision of a famous French jeweler, Austin de Bordeaux, who took refuge in the Orient, to escape punishment for stealing the jewels of European princes, two centuries ago. Nadir Shah, a Persian conqueror, who took Delhi in 1739, carried away the throne among his spoils.

Whether its splendor be fabled or true, this I know, the throne-room was worthy of it. Here it stands, almost as freshly beautiful as when built by Shah Jehan two hundred and thirty years ago. It is on a raised marble terrace, the floor itself of marble, the marble columns supporting the roof inlaid with precious stones, in imitation of choice and graceful flowers, while the ceiling was once completely covered with beautiful designs in gold and silver. This latter was worth nearly a million of dollars when melted down by the Mahrattas, who took it away after the capture of the city, over a century ago. All the rest, being of solid marble—save the inlaid stones, which have suffered somewhat—remains as it was when the old Mogul em-

perors used to grant here a private audience to princes and nobles who were alone permitted to look upon its splendors. One side of the hall looks out upon the palace gardens, another on the king's private apartments, another toward the court which separates it from the royal bath, while you look through the perforated marble on the other side at the sacred Jumna. The whole is not over sixty feet long and about forty broad. Its beauty is not in the inlaid work, but in the massive columns with their connecting arches, all of marble, carved in chaste and handsome designs. In four different places it bears this inscription: "*If there is a paradise on earth it is this.*" The private apartments of the emperor are more elaborately ornamented, but lacking thus far in the true elements of the beautiful. They are especially remarkable for the amount of gilding which covers wall and ceiling. They contain, however, some finer perforated marble than the Private Audience Hall. A pair of gilded scales over an entrance through the marble screen was pointed out by Rumzan, our Mohammedan guide, with the explanation that the Koran required the ruler always to pause and look upon them before he went to sit in judgment.

Near the palace is the Pearl Mosque, the place of worship of the imperial family. The exterior is red sandstone, but once passing the bronze gateway we found all the interior of purest white marble. It was a gem—beautiful as a pearl. All the court was paved with marble; steps of the same material led up to the platform, where, looking toward Mecca, the Mogul emperors repeated their creed and offered their prayers. All the interior was full of chaste carvings in marble, the designs being mostly flowers. Strange to say, all these carvings are by Hindoo sculptors, who have long been remarkable for their rare skill. It was their trade, and they did not hes-

itate to serve a Moslem as well as a Hindoo. The designs are all cut after the marble is put in its place in the wall. The figures are thus made to conceal angles and make curves yet more graceful. Sometimes immense blocks are cut and polished, and you look in vain for the seams which you suppose must somewhere exist. The steps of the pulpit, where the mollahs used to stand on Fridays and read the Koran, are all of one piece of marble. Thus did the descendants of Tamerlane worship the god of their fathers. Hardly less elegant than the mosque is the marble house of the mollahs near by.

On driving out through the Delhi gate of the fort, we passed a handsome mosque, known as the Golden Mosque, from its gilded domes, and came shortly to the other great building of Delhi, the Jami Musjid, which was also erected by the Emperor Shah Jehan, who built the fort and the palace. All were erected from 1629 to 1658, A.D. In fact, the modern city of Delhi was often called Shahjehanabad, the city or abode of Shah Jehan, on account of these famous buildings. Most of the places in India bear names ending in "abad" or "pore," signifying who lived or was born there. Our guide insisted that Jami Musjid signifies Friday Mosque, or the place of great assembly on the holy day of the Moslems. It is certainly capable of holding a vast company of worshipers in its court, which is a square of four hundred and fifty feet, paved with red sandstone. A marble reservoir stands in the center. Colonnades of sandstone are on three sides, while the immense mosque, two hundred and one feet long and one hundred and twenty broad, partly faced with marble and with large marble domes, occupies the other. The minarets are one hundred and thirty feet high, and are made of marble and red sandstone placed in vertical strips.

Ascending the long flight of steps which led up to the court, we were first taken to a sort of cloister, where the mollah, or Moslem priest, showed us, among other things, ancient parchments said to be copies of the Koran made by the grandsons of Mohammed, while the sandal and hair of the beard exhibited were said to have belonged to the great prophet himself. Of course we knew nothing of their genuineness, but they looked old enough to have belonged to Moses. This is the greatest Mohammedan building in the East, and they of that faith expect to find here something which is as sacred as what is to be seen in Mecca. From the lofty minaret we feasted our eyes on the distant plain where Victoria was so recently proclaimed empress, and upon the miles of ruins where, at different times, the old city of Delhi had shifted its seat since before the birth of Christ. In the far distance stood the Kootub Minar, one of the most remarkable columns in the world, as it is the tallest. It was eleven miles away, but stood out with wonderful distinctness. Wherever we looked we saw ruins. The old forts of the kings, long deserted, appeared amid the countless tombs of royalty. Every king—or his family—built for himself a magnificent tomb, often costing incredible sums. But being massive, and built of stone, they still remain, although some date back nearly one thousand years. Thus these monarchs, like coral insects, have left only their tombs behind.

After visiting some of the native shops, famous for their jewelry and Cashmere shawls, we drove out of the walls which surround the city itself, and saw the well-contested field where English military skill proved itself too much for the far greater army of the last of the Moguls. On the ridge overlooking the city stands a stone pillar, originally erected at Meerut, in the third century before Christ. It



marks the site of a former palace, near which it was set up by the Emperor Feroz Shah, A.D. 1366. Being thrown down by the explosion of a powder-magazine, it was erected on its present site some ten years ago by the English. It is known as one of King Asoka's pillars, whoever he was. Returning, we found the city in its holiday dress, celebrating a Hindoo festival. Mohammedans mingled with the moving throng, and appeared to share their hilarity. The gayest of their wardrobe was worn by the men and children, who, in carriages or handsome bullock-carts, or on foot, crowded the streets. Of women there were none to be seen, except the extremely poor or the few whose profuse jewelry was but a mark of their shame. The wife or mother was not so much as to look out upon the scene. Our guide explained it that "no proper women had any business to be knocking around without orders." His own two spouses, he was glad to know, were not exposed to temptation, so great is the distrust of women. We were surprised that there were no elephants used in the procession. They were very common, however, in this part of India in former years. We saw several taking their bath in the river at Lucknow, their attendants scrubbing them with pumice-stone. They enjoyed it greatly. Camels abound near Delhi, and are largely used in the government service. They often pass through the streets drawing a two-story wagon—a regular double-decker—filled above and below with goods or people.

The following morning, having sent a cooly on in advance to order breakfast for us at the Dak-bungalow, a house provided by the government for travelers to stop in, at least for twenty-four hours, we started early to visit some of the extensive ruins of old Delhi, or rather of the old Delhis, there have been so many of them covering different sites,

over an area of many square miles. On our left, as we drove out, were the ruins of a vast observatory, constructed about a century and a half ago by some rajah with a scientific turn of mind. He was the same man who built the one at Benares. It speaks little for the appreciation in which his work was held that both are now much neglected and falling into complete ruin. In fact, save a large stable, built as substantially as a palace, all the buildings we saw were tombs, themselves, with few exceptions, needing burial. Whatever building we saw, to our question, "Rumzan, what is that?" came the invariable response, "A tomb, sir." One or more domes always covered them, and sometimes the falling walls had left the dome lying on the ground, often on the side. The owner of the stable, the Emperor Sâfdar Jang, sleeps in a large mausoleum near by. The grounds were once beautiful, but are now gone to decay. The building is a large one, with a massive marble dome, as remarkable for the groined work on the inside as for the beauty of its exterior. The emperor's remains rest in the vault beneath, a fine marble sarcophagus covering the spot on the floor above. Flowers are dropped on the real grave of earth through a small opening in the floor. This emperor was of the East India Company's making, and the Moslems never give him the title. Our guide insisted on calling him the vizier, or minister.

The Kootub Minar was in sight during a considerable part of our drive. We found it to be quite massive, its base being fully fifty feet in diameter. It is five stories high, the highest two being of marble, while the others are of fluted sandstone of different designs for each story. Its present height is two hundred and forty feet, but it is supposed to have once been three hundred feet. The lightning has struck it more than once, and it still bears the

scars. It is remarkable how well preserved it is, considering that it has stood the lightning and earthquakes of over six hundred years. We ascended to the top, stopping to rest at the different balconies which mark each story. The English government has spent ten thousand dollars in putting it in a state of repair, and properly so, for it is one of the objects of greatest interest in India. There is doubt as to the design of its erection. The Hindoos claim it as erected by one of their rajahs for his daughter to see the Jumna from the top. It is evidently of Hindoo execution, but most probably under Mohammedan direction. The fact of another rising near it to the height of over forty feet, and evidently of the same general design, though left unfinished, seems to favor the idea that the original purpose was to erect a mammoth mosque, of which these were to be the minarets. The unfinished one is about four hundred and twenty feet to the north of it. We were disappointed in the view which we hoped to get from the summit, owing to the haziness of the atmosphere, a very common phenomenon in all India, especially until near midday.

The Kootub marks one of the sites of Delhi, and all about the base is rich in ruins. Most noticeable is a mosque built entirely of the ruins of twenty-seven Hindoo temples, which were pulled down for that purpose. It is in striking contrast with most mosques, which excite admiration by the absence of much carving. Here, however, appears in great profuseness the deep carvings in sandstone so common in Hindoo temples. It is rather a triumph of religious hate than of architectural beauty, as the stones are joined together without reference to their original positions, and hence the carvings bear no proper relation to each other. Often a huge plain stone is inserted between two elaborately

carved ones. In the center of the court of this mosque, which is without a dome, is an *iron pillar* some twenty feet above the ground and yet more under-ground. It is sixteen inches in diameter, and is covered with ancient inscriptions, one of the name of the king who erected it, A.D. 319. It was erected under the advice of some Brahmans whom the king consulted as to how to secure the permanency of his reign. He was instructed to sink the iron shaft until it should pierce the head of the snake god, Lishay, who supported the world, the Brahmans giving specific directions as to how it should be done. The rajah preferred to see with his own eyes whether or not the snake was so fixed that he could not wriggle and upset that part of the world embracing his own kingdom. He accordingly dug up the shaft, so runs the legend, and while he found to his satisfaction that the end of it was covered with blood, the snake changed quarters in the meantime, and subsequently disturbed things so that the rajah lost his kingdom and his life. His death ended Hindoo rule in Delhi.

But I cannot attempt to describe a thousandth part of the ruins which surround the Kootub Minar. We did not see Aladdin's lamp, but we saw Aladdin's gateway. Nor was any thing said about where Eve was buried, but we saw Adham's tomb. Adham Khan, however, was a very bloody man, who, being too free with his sword, lost it and his head at the same time, by the order of the emperor, over three centuries since. An extensive fort, over two miles in circumference, is still standing in a tolerable state of preservation. A native village is built amid these ruins, and the villagers will often accompany you endeavoring to make themselves serviceable, in the hope of a fee, but the information which they give is wholly unintelligible, and they manifest great wonder that you do not understand

or speak their language. They evidently pitied our ignorance as much as we pitied theirs. Some of them are the best divers that I ever saw. An old well or tank, eighty feet deep, is the scene of their triumphant skill. Springing from a wall on one side, they leap feet foremost, keeping their feet drawn up and wide apart until near the water, when they suddenly bring them near together, and disappearing for a few seconds they swim toward you with open palms ready for "backshish." This word, which I did not expect to meet until reaching Egypt, is well-nigh universal in the mouths of the natives of India. If the amount does not suit they will clamor as if they had received none. If a native speaks to you, the next word will be "backshish." He usually repeats the word until the traveler yields.

The Emperor Humayun's tomb, which we visited on our return to Delhi by a different road, is itself a fine building, and is approached through a beautiful avenue of trees, planted there by order of his widow, who also built the tomb. It is chiefly remarkable for its size and the strength of the walls inclosing the grounds. On this account it has at various times been the place of refuge of the people during hostile invasions. Here the last Mogul emperor concealed himself after the capture of Delhi, in 1857. He was taken prisoner and banished to Burmah, where he has since died. In this vicinity the tombs grow thicker and more costly. Humayun's cost seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and was sixteen years in building. Others are small, but of more exquisite workmanship. There is one large hall built entirely of white marble, with sixty-four marble pillars, supporting twenty-five domes of the same material. It covers many tombs. Our intelligent guide pointed out the fact that on the tomb of each of the males was a marble

pen-box, while a plain slab or slate marked the tombs of the females. Thus even in death was perpetuated the idea of the perfect confidence of the wife in whatever her husband should tell her. This, in fact, was her only way of getting information at all.

Among many tombs, surrounded by exquisitely-wrought marble screens, is one without any covering. It is that of Jehanara, a daughter of the Emperor Shah Jehan. It bears the inscription which she herself dictated: "Let no rich canopy cover my grave. This grass is the best covering for the tomb of the poor in spirit." She has her wish—the grass grows over her grave, while the glistening marble covers all the others. She died after her father. It was he who erected the most famous buildings in India, including the palace at Delhi and the Taj at Agra, and it is quite possible that had he survived his daughter, whom he greatly loved, he would have been tempted to disregard her wishes, though nothing can exceed the simple beauty of her tomb.

Nearer the city is another old fort, its walls being sixty feet high. Within this inclosure lived the Emperor Humayun, and here he met his death over three hundred years since. We visited his library, a sort of massive summer-house, where he was absorbed in reading, when hearing the call to prayer from a mosque near by, he started up quickly, and losing his footing on the stair-way, he died a few days later from his injuries. The stairs are quite difficult to climb or descend, owing to the peculiar shape of the building in the endeavor to make it high and yet not large.

I will only mention one other object in these fields crowded with interesting ruins. Climbing to the terrace of a building long since disappeared, we got a close view of a red sandstone pillar, orig-



inally erected in another spot three hundred and twenty years before Christ. The inscription it bears, though cut over two thousand years since, is remarkably clear. It is in the Pali language, and after puzzling the Brahmans for a long time, European scholars have deciphered it, and say that it is an edict in behalf of virtue and religion. It also contains the figures of some animals, most probably part of an hieroglyphic inscription, in which the forms of beasts stood for words.

The gateway of the modern city that looks toward all these ruins, which we visited during the day, is properly called Delhi Gate. The new city, old as it is, is but an infant compared with its venerable namesakes, whose deeds of blood are being forgotten as their palaces crumble and their walls decay. The Mogul dynasty is dead, but it died only in the struggle to massacre every European in India. England's gentle queen is the kaiser, or empress, now recognized in the old Mogul capital.

On board the "Pekin," Arabian Sea, March 15, 1877.

## LETTER XXIV.

## IN AGRA, THE CITY OF THE TAJ.

LONG before coming to India, the one object which I desired to see above all others in this historic land was the Taj, at Agra. I had read and heard of its splendor, and had formed so high a conception of it that I was fearful of disappointment. I imagined that no building in the East could give one so correct an idea alike of the costly magnificence of Solomon's temple and its stately beauty, which inspired the Jewish heart as the lovely vision burst upon the eye from some of the approaches to the Holy City. After traveling all night from Delhi we changed cars about fourteen miles from Agra, and shortly after starting on the branch road my attention was attracted by what seemed massive enough for a solid dome, and yet light enough for an air-castle. It grew more beautiful as it became more distinct. It was the white dome of the Taj, distinctly visible ten miles away. Presently the minarets appeared in sight, and thus for miles before reaching Agra the one object which I desired most to see had almost come forth to greet us. It had fully met my expectations thus far, but would it stand a closer inspection? Crossing the Jumna by an iron bridge, and reaching our hotel, we ordered an early breakfast, and soon set out with our guide and gharry to visit the gem of India.

We had time on the way to recall the history of

this wonderful building. It was erected by that greatest of imperial builders, the Emperor Shah Jehan, in whose reign the palace at Delhi as well as the fort and great mosque were also erected. Strange to say, like many polygamists, he had one wife especially whom he deeply loved. As Jacob loved Rachel, so did Shah Jehan love Mumtaz Mahal. Her pet name was Taz, or more commonly Taj. His affection was reciprocated, and the faithful wife, "the distinguished of the harem," as her name signifies, had accompanied her husband on one of his campaigns, when she died in childbirth. The emperor brought her remains to Agra and interred them in her favorite garden, declaring that he would erect over them a mausoleum that should surpass any thing of the kind in the world. This building, which employed twenty thousand workmen and required twenty-two years for its construction, was the result of his vow. When completed he called it by his wife's pet name, Taj. By this name, Taj, or Taj Mahal, it has been since known. Its erection was commenced in A.D. 1630. The cost was very great. Even with much of the labor either forced or only paid for in food, its cost was fifteen millions of dollars. It is estimated that the cost of the material and work at the present day would be not less than sixty millions of dollars.

Our gharry stops, and we enter the massive gateway, crowned with twenty-six white marble cupolas, itself a splendid work of art, built of sandstone and inlaid marble. We look up the long avenue through the beautiful garden, with its fountains, flowers, and foliage, a fit approach to the stately marble pile which excites the enthusiasm of every traveler who sees it. A walk of perhaps two hundred and fifty yards brings us to a white marble platform, about twenty feet high and over three hundred feet square. On this stands the mausoleum, with a graceful min-

aret of white marble at each corner. The principal building is over one hundred and thirty feet square, with a central dome seventy feet in diameter and one hundred and twenty feet high. From the garden-level to the top of the golden crescent of the pinnacle which surmounts the dome is two hundred and sixty feet, nearly a hundred feet higher than the minarets. Below the marble platform is a yet larger one of sandstone, measuring nine hundred and sixty-four feet in length, at one end of which is a handsome mosque of sandstone faced with marble. But as it is a point in some styles of Oriental architecture never to leave a building, or any part of it, without something to correspond with it, called a "jawab," or answer, so at the other end of the platform is a similar building, equally fine, to be used as a sort of resting-place or inn for such worshipers as should come from any distance to the mosque. The foundations of this platform reach down to the River Jumna, which glides by in silent beauty, as if itself paying a tribute to the lovely dead.

The central building is almost a square, save that the corners are cut off so as to give it an octagonal shape, with recesses at proper intervals to relieve the angles. Aside from the marble cupolas on the corners is the marvelous white marble dome of exquisite beauty, which, instead of resting flat upon the building, rises as if it were a bubble, and yet looks as if it could withstand the storms of ten centuries with as great immunity from harm as it has withstood those of the two and a half centuries gone. The whole is of marble. Over and around the grand entrance at each of the four sides the white marble is inlaid with black marble, the design being Arabic characters, giving sentences from the Koran. These are so frequent inside and outside of the building that it is claimed that the whole of the Koran is thus inlaid. The different arches over the en-

trances and recesses are pointed so as to be in keeping with the height of the edifice. The whole design, if not absolutely perfect, comes more nearly realizing my ideal of architectural beauty than any thing which I have ever seen.

We enter one of the spacious door-ways to find the interior as elegant as the imposing front would lead us to expect. The first object seen is the marble screen-work which surrounds the tomb. It is over six feet high, and is made of slabs of marble perforated so as to represent graceful flowers. It is inlaid with precious stones. Passing through the entrance of this protecting marble tracery we come to the tomb, a solid block of marble inlaid with agate, carnelian, lapis lazuli, and other precious stones. These are made to represent different flowers, and are so shaded as to bring out the proper colors. The tomb of the queen rests just beneath the center of the dome. Shah Jehan had contemplated a similar mausoleum for himself, and laid the foundation of the lower platform on the opposite side of the River Jumna, intending to connect the two by a marble bridge. It is supposed that the wars which disturbed the latter end of his life—wars with a son borne him by his lovely queen—prevented the completion of his design. At any rate, on his death he was buried by the remains of his wife in the Taj. "Thus," as has been beautifully said, "fate conceded to love what was denied to vanity." His tomb is at the left of his queen's. It is somewhat larger than hers, and is inlaid with precious stones in the same manner. On her tomb are the ninety-nine names of God, in the Arabic characters, inlaid in black marble, while on his, inlaid in the same way, is an Arabic inscription containing a reference to the death of the emperor and the history of this wonderful building. All the inside of the marble screen-work is also inlaid with precious stones in

imitation of flowers, some single blossoms containing over fifty different stones. The walls are ornamented with a wainscoting of sculptured tablets representing flowers.

The building is lighted through windows of marble screen-work, which, from below, look almost as fine and delicate as lace. The light, of course, is not strong enough to reveal all the hidden beauties of the interior, but doubtless a soft, somber light was part of the original design, as most becoming a place of burial. The real graves are just beneath the tombs described. We descended by a few steps into the vault to see them, and found that they were covered by inlaid blocks of marble, the exact counterpart of those above, his with the pen-box and hers with the slate ready to receive whatever he might communicate. Even the vault is finished with no less care than the more public room above.

The building possesses a most remarkable echo. Words distinctly and slowly spoken linger for some seconds in the air, and finally float imperceptibly away, leaving you in doubt as to whether they are really gone. Never did the name of *Jesus* sound so sweet as, hushing the voices of the Mohammedan priests who were offering their services in the hope of backshish, we pronounced that sacred name, and heard it swell up into the full volume of the dome and then drop back in sweet and solemn echoes on our worshipping hearts. Then in measured tones we sung together,

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,

until all heaven and earth seemed vocal with the song, and the distant echoes sounded as if the angels had blended their voices with ours in praising Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Were this building devoted to religious uses the Mohammedan would



certainly be tempted to idolatry, his very temple being the object of his worship. It is infinitely more calculated to excite religious emotion than any idol or heathen temple which we have seen.

The fascination was so great that we returned to see it by moonlight. We first, by the payment of a few rupees, had the interior illuminated by the burning of blue lights, the precious stones glittering in the same light which revealed the symmetrical proportions of the spacious dome. We then waited the rising of the moon, which was to flood the whole scene with a beauty which we had not beheld during the day. We had climbed one of the graceful minarets in the morning and from its summit had seen the garden, the river, and the stately pile of marble, and thought that nothing was wanting to make the view complete. But we needed to see the combination of light and shade as the soft light of the moon half illuminated the recesses and played upon the dome, or seemed to hide itself in the cupolas, or cast the shadow of the Taj upon the white marble platform and the silvery surface of the Jumna. We rejoiced that in a land where woman is the almost universal slave, and where, if petted and fondled at all, no confidence is shown in her integrity, there should rise the stately, as it is the most beautiful, monument in the world to the memory of a faithful wife and mother. Agra has other interesting buildings, but her greatest honor, and one that any city might covet, is to be the city of the Taj. Shah Jehan left a number of villages as a perpetual endowment of this costly building, the income from which is used to keep the grounds in repair. The government is now engaged in renovating the whole premises. An agent has charge of them, and under his care the spacious garden is constantly fragrant with flowers, and on certain occasions the playing fountains throw the

water many feet in the air to fall back into its marble basins. The warbling birds dwell undisturbed among the trees, making perpetual melody.

Another name for Agra is Akbarabad, it having been the city of Akbar, who was really the greatest of the Mogul kings. His grandfather, Baber, who founded the Mogul dynasty, was the sixth in descent from Tamerlane, while Baber's mother was a descendant of Jengis Khan. Baber lived on the opposite side of the river from Agra, where, in his palace-grounds, is still pointed out the fountain filled with wine, which he used to cause to play for the enjoyment of his friends during his drinking-bouts. It was Akbar who, having consolidated and greatly extended his empire, winning the hearts of even his Hindoo subjects by his liberal policy, built his fort and palace at Agra, A.D. 1566. His reign covered a period of forty years, and he laid the foundations of that prosperity which enabled his grandson, Shah Jehan, to build such magnificent edifices at Delhi and Agra and still leave the imperial treasury full. He was something of a builder himself, but was unwise in the location of his earlier palace some twenty-four miles from Agra, and soon abandoned it, although it still remains a splendid ruin. This alone, of all the objects of special interest near Agra, we failed to see. He built the fort at Agra, a substantial structure of red sandstone, the walls sixty feet high and over a mile and a half in circuit. It is on the same general style as the fort surrounding the palace at Delhi. He is also supposed to have built the palace at Agra—at least one palace there, although additions were probably made by his successors, materially changing the original. A wall originally surrounded the entire city of Agra, but we saw no traces of it in our drive about the city, although some of the gateways still remain.

The palace buildings at Agra are quite disappointing, as seen from a distance, either from the other side of the river or coming up from the Taj, which stands more than a mile away. They appear squatty, as the white marble which composes them does not rise very high above the sandstone wall of the fort, and appears to rest upon it. There is, however, on a nearer view, much of Oriental magnificence about them. The finest mosque which we have anywhere seen, although not the largest, is located within easy reach of the palace. It is made entirely of white marble, with an extensive court of the same material. From the elegant workmanship, whether of its Saracenic arches or its chastely-carved panels, one is prepared to learn that it was built by Shah Jehan. He also erected a much larger one outside the fort-wall, for the use of the people, as this was for the royal family. The larger one he built in honor of his daughter, Jehanara, whose beautiful grass-covered grave we so much admired at Delhi.

Being in Agra on Friday, the Sabbath of the Mohammedans, we arranged to be present at this large cathedral mosque precisely at 2 P.M., when the people were assembled for worship. There was a disorderly mass of several hundred gathered in the large court, where we arrived a few minutes before the time. The voice of the mollah was heard resounding under the dome of the mosque as he read the Koran to such as came near to hear it. Presently, however, the crowd became orderly as the people arranged themselves in a double line, all facing the mosque. What seemed a single sentence from the Koran was then announced in a loud voice from within the mosque, at which all the people made a low prostration. Then instantly the silence was broken by a hum of voices, and the people began to disperse. This appeared to be all of the

service which was at all obligatory. A mollah's voice was heard in song, a plaintive wail, and such as chose could remain for other services, but all, with few exceptions, preferred to go. A polite English-speaking Mohammedan invited us to go within the mosque if we would remove our shoes, but we declined, and, turning away, thought how popular these brief sermons would be with some people in a distant part of the world.

The palace at Agra consists of a number of buildings quite near together. Opening on what was once an extensive court-yard, five hundred by three hundred and seventy feet, but now crowded with British cannon (for the fort here, as at Delhi, is now garrisoned by English soldiers), stands Akbar's Judgment-seat, or Hall of Public Audience. It is an open hall, one hundred and eighty feet long, and as broad, the roof resting on three rows of massive pillars joined by the invariable Saracenic arches. Of course this is all marble, as well as a sort of alcove or recess on one side of the hall where the throne formerly was. Akbar, who appears to have been a man of simple tastes, always occupied a seat below the throne, and more nearly on a level with the people, when he administered the affairs of justice. This was doubtless in part the secret of his popularity. His successors failed to profit by his example, being noted for their haughtiness, a quality for which the name Mogul became a synonym. At the other end of the palace buildings is a large red sandstone edifice, full of minute carvings. This was the palace of Jehanger, Akbar's son, and Shah Jehan's father. Between these two buildings are the finer marble structures of the palace proper, which failed to impress us when seen from a distance. A closer inspection showed them to be of elaborate workmanship, the marble tracery or screen-work vying with the inlaid mosaic-work.

Standing in the palace itself its proportions do not appear faulty. Here is a sort of pavilion, richly inlaid within and without with precious stones, where the king sat to see his elephants fight in the inclosure below, or to watch the boats sail on the Jumna. Near by is a slab of black marble six feet square, once Akbar's throne, that has a way of bleeding whenever any conqueror sits on it. Our Hindoo guide confidently pointed out the spots of blood which gushed forth when some rajah and Lord Ellenborough sat there, the latter as Governor-general of India. None of our party had "heft" enough to influence it. If Bishop Kavanaugh had been along the effect might have been different. It not only bled but croaked when one usurper sat on it.

The Hall of Private Audience is not so large as the one at Delhi. Just back of it is a miniature mosque, a mere cloister, where the king could retire to pray. Quite near was the women's apartment, opening upon a large court filled with fountains and flowers. Among the royal amusements was playing a sort of backgammon, the board being a court paved with squares of black and white marble, the pieces being the beautiful women of the harem, who moved here and there on the board according to the pleasure of the king. We were also shown the palace of glass, or the royal bath, all the walls of which were ornamented with countless mirrors. The fountain in the center was made to be lighted from within, and hence the spray must have glistened like innumerable diamonds. The water entered the bath in a sort of cascade, the carved marble over which it poured making it appear to be full of fish. We saw something of the sort elsewhere, and the effect was very fine.

Curious stories are told of the underground passages of the palace, through which we wandered. Here is the place where, in the oppressive heat, the



ladies would play hide-and-seek for the delight of their lord, and there the well where the unfaithful ones would be put to death. All these buildings are out of repair. The hands of vandals have picked out the precious stones of the inlaid work, and cannon-balls have in several places shattered the perforated marble. Some parts were restored just previous to the arrival of the Prince of Wales, that His Royal Highness might form some idea of their original splendor. Workmen are busily engaged now in restoring the whole. Agra has to-day men as skillful in inlaying precious stones as their forefathers, whom Shah Jehan had Italian masters to instruct for the memorable works of his reign. The two other great works which we visited in Agra were the Tomb of Itimaduddaulah and the Tomb of Akbar. The former stands on the other side of the river, and was erected in honor of the grandfather of Mumtaz, for whom the Taj was built. In point of amount of marble, open-work, and inlaid stones, it surpasses any thing which we saw anywhere. It is not very large, however, only about fifty feet square, with a marble tower forty feet high at each corner. The grounds are very handsome. Hundreds of workmen were busy replacing the lost stones.

Akbar's tomb is at Secundra, some five miles from Agra. We found it a large building, measuring more than three hundred feet on each side, and rising in terraces, the fifth and last being of white marble and all the others of red sandstone. The total height of the edifice is fully one hundred feet, while the massive gateway, through which we entered the garden in which the tomb is built, is not less than seventy feet. Akbar's remains rest in a tomb in the vault. The marble block is covered with a richly-embroidered cloth of gold, a present from one of the viceroys. Another tomb is directly



above this on the top of the building. This sarcophagus is deeply sculptured, and contains, among other things, the ninety-nine names of God. A sort of pedestal stands at the head of the tomb. The natives believe that the Kohinoor, the great diamond now in the crown of Victoria, once rested on this pedestal, the tomb and all being covered by a canopy of gold. All around the upper story are marble screens, the different panels appearing to be of different patterns. Turrets covered with domes stand at each corner. Through one of the panels we could see some of the buildings of Akbar's first palace, constructed at Futtehpoore Sikri, twenty miles away.

The tomb of one of his wives is now used as a publishing house by the Church Mission Society. They also have a large orphanage at Secundra, where about four hundred children are cared for and taught useful trades, as well as the knowledge of Christ. Of course many of these are orphans only in name. The practice of infanticide is so common that many of them have been cast out to die, and have been found by the police. This is not only true of girls, but of boys as well. One of the inmates is known as the "wolf boy," having been discovered in the woods, where he was being nourished by a wolf. When first brought to the orphanage he made a noise like a wolf, and seemed unable to talk. He was allowed the freedom of the place, and soon began to get adjusted to his new surroundings and to recover sanity. We did not know of the case until after our visit, but a friend who told us of it afterward thinks that we saw him. One lad that we saw acted somewhat strangely, extending his hand, but seemed unable to say any thing. This was the one. He is fast recovering sanity, and I feel confident that he will learn to speak, and that his first word will be "Backshish."

We left Agra at the close of our second day there, only regretting that we could not pay yet another visit to the Taj. The beautiful vision lingered, however, until we were fully twelve miles away, and then disappeared from sight, but from memory, never. I know not but that we shall see in Europe buildings larger and of more richly-decorated exterior, but we shall never see surpassed the simple beauty, the exquisite proportions, of what was built for a tomb, and is fit for a palace. In fact, the largest buildings we have seen in India have been not palaces, but mosques and tombs. Our attention was called to the fact that the idea of the palace was taken from the nomadic habits of the Mogul conquerors, a fine central pavilion as a place of audience, the private life of the king being spent in the harem. Nowhere was the poverty of the people so striking, and their mud-houses so obtrusive, as in Delhi and Agra, within easy distance of the glistening marble of the palaces and tombs of royalty. The wealth of India was that of a few.

On Steam-ship "Pekin," Gulf of Aden, March 17, 1877.

## LETTER XXV.

## IN ALLAHABAD AND BOMBAY.

AFTER traveling all Saturday night we reached Allahabad at six o'clock on the morning of March 4. We were met at the depot by the Rev. Dennis Osborne, the Methodist pastor, and spent a pleasant Sabbath under his roof. Early as it was, we were soon enjoying the morning service, which was held an hour later. The Sabbath-school followed, and then the middle of the day, as is usual in India, was spent in quiet by all the English save those who were engaged in mission-work. The natives do not care for the heat, and hence the laborers go forth among them at any time. Twenty or more heathen children gathered about noon on the front veranda, where, seated on the cement floor, they sung hymns and repeated verses of the Bible. Their minds seemed better furnished than their bodies, none of them having on much clothing, and one or two none at all. They were the children of the very poor, as were the boys in another school which I attended a couple of hours later. A seat flat on the floor is their usual position in the native day-schools of India, and they do not appear at ease in any other. This is the way in which the natives work, whether as tailors, carpenters, blacksmiths, or shop-keepers.

A delightful communion service was held at 6 P.M., after a sermon by Bishop Marvin, on "The

sacrament as a monument, a symbol, and a memorial." We were permitted in India to celebrate our Lord's death with many who have been made partakers of its saving efficacy, as we were also in Japan, China, and Ceylon. One interesting feature was the different nationalities paying homage to a common Saviour. The costumes were as different as the faces, but the hearts of all seemed thrilled with one supreme love.

The Methodist Church here originated in a revival-service held by the Rev. William Taylor. It is self-supporting, and has a valuable property already, and a new church is contemplated. The congregation is composed in large part of Eurasians, or those of mingled European and Asiatic blood. These constitute a large class among the people of India, and are most usually in the employ of the government. Being able to speak both the English and the native languages, they are found most valuable. In earlier years this class were usually born out of marriage, but latterly they marry among themselves. They are, as a rule, a fine-looking set of people. For many years they were quite depraved, and no Christian labor was spent among them. Thoughtful Christians, however, saw that they might be as valuable to Christianity as to the government in serving as a sort of connecting-link between the English and the natives. So it is proving. Converted to God, they will do a great work toward the redemption of India. Some of the most cultivated persons whom we have met in the Orient have been of mixed blood. The East Indian is of the Caucasian race anyhow, and inter-marriage with others of that race only improves his color. His features are purely Caucasian to start with.

Allahabad is the seat of government of one of the nine provinces which make up the British Em-

pire in India. The foreign part of the city is laid off with wide streets planted with shade-trees. The houses are mostly one-story, and are called bungalows. The heat is far greater than in South India, where the sea-breeze is felt. It is a very sacred city of the natives—next, perhaps, to Benares. Its name signifies the “abode of God.” The native part of the city is on peculiarly holy soil, being between the Jumna and the Ganges rivers, which form a junction here. The Hindoos claim that a third river, a celestial one, invisible save to the eyes of faith, also mingles its waters with the other two. Pilgrimages are made here from all quarters. The pilgrim sits by the river-side and has his head and body shaved, the hair being thrown into the river. For every one of these hairs he is promised by the sacred books a million years in heaven. The number of barbers is very great, and during the *melas*, or religious festivals, they are required to pay a tax to the government.

When one sees how generally in heathen lands the hair of the head is shaved off, he sees new meaning attached to the law prohibiting the Israelites from shaving the head or cutting the corners of the beard. With the Hindoos this is strictly a religious custom. Since leaving China we have seen in the Straits Settlement, among the Malays, and in Ceylon and India, the same shaving of the head, with but slight differences, as among the Chinese and Japanese. Sometimes all the hair is gone, and at other times only on the middle of the scalp, and then again the simple *queue* of the Chinaman remains. I have but little doubt that it all had a common origin in idolatry, however it may have since been adopted as mere custom, whether imposed by the Tartars, as in China, or of yet greater antiquity, as in Japan.

One of the notabilities of Allahabad is a fakir, or

religious mendicant, who for over forty years has spent the day stretched at full length on a stone out in the broiling sun. He receives the offerings of the people, who regard him as a holy being, and some probably worship him as a god. He leaves his bed only once in every twenty-four hours, going down at midnight to bathe in the Ganges. We did not see the poor wretch, but we saw other fakirs equally filthy, and perhaps equally holy.

Before leaving this part of India I must mention the cowries, or shells, used for money. It takes about sixty of them to make a pice, or about seventy-five of them to make a cent. The cash of the Chinese, twelve of which make a cent, seemed to be reducing change to a very small point, but it takes a small basket to carry five cents in cowries. There is no such index of the poverty of a people as the minuteness of their coins. Two annas a day, or less than two dollars a month, is the common pay of the cooly. For this sum he will do the hardest work, and any amount of it, at any hours of the night or day, and board himself besides. In the rural districts he gets even less. Tobacco would appear too great a luxury for one with no larger an income, but not so. The kind grown in the country may not be very superior, but when smoked in his hookah he appears to enjoy it hugely. A hookah is a pipe made of a cocoa-nut and an upright stem with a bowl at the top. The tobacco is placed in the bowl, while the smoke must pass through the water in the cocoa-nut, a small hole in the side of the latter being covered by the lips of the smoker, who occasionally smacks them with evident satisfaction. Even Indian poverty has luxuries.

We left Allahabad at 10:30 P.M. March 4, and reached Bombay at 12:30 P.M. on the 6th inst. Much of the country passed through is comparatively level. We saw the people cutting grass and grain,



in both cases leaving only the roots. The country is less thickly settled than any part of India which we visited. The station-masters, however, have made each station a pleasant thing for the eye to see. Beautiful flowers and foliage-plants of richest color, such as only a tropical sun could give, appeared in sight some distance on each side of the depot. We were much interested in the passage of the Ghauts, or coast range of mountains. To do this the road passes through thirteen tunnels in as many miles, and after reaching its highest elevation makes a complete V, the locomotive being attached to the other end of the train and drawing it back in the same direction, only lower down the mountain side, until reaching a pass, or *cañon*, it makes its way to the sea. The leafless trees and dry grass reminded us that we were in the Bombay Presidency, much of which has suffered with Madras in the wide-spread famine now prevailing.

Bombay is a very lively city of some six hundred and fifty thousand souls. The European population is only about seven thousand, exclusive of the military, but it has over four hundred thousand Hindoos, besides nearly one hundred and fifty thousand Mohammedans and some forty-five thousand Parsees. These latter are the great business men of the place, many of them having amassed immense fortunes. Some of them have endowed large charities in the way of hospitals and asylums, the empress knighting several of them as a recognition of their deeds. They make shrewd merchants and good physicians, and large numbers are employed as clerks by English firms. A large proportion of the firms in Bombay, as in other parts of India and the East, are "limited." Thus, "Joseph & Sons, limited," means that Mr. Joseph and his boys wish it understood that their liabilities are limited to the amount of their capital, whatever private fortune

they have being beyond the reach of their creditors. The Parsees have either not learned this legal trick or do not advertise it so largely. In features they resemble the Jews. The men wear a peculiar tall hat without a rim or crown. Stick the elbow of a stove-pipe down tight on a man's head, and strike it so as to loosen it at the joint, and then remove the top piece, and you have the Parsee hat. The Hindoos made them adopt this style of hat when they first came, in the seventh century, from Persia, as a condition of their being allowed to settle in the country. The Hindoos afterward wisely stopped wearing it themselves. If this is the origin of the "stove-pipe" hat we have greatly improved on it in America.

The Parsee is much lighter than the Indian. The women are allowed the same liberty almost as the English ladies. They dress very neatly, their head usually being covered by a long silk scarf, which is also partly wrapped about the person. They appear a festive people, many weddings, attended with much music and floral gifts, occurring during the week we were in Bombay. This, however, is the "pairing" season here for all the natives, the celebration of marriages of Hindoo children and Mohammedans also taking place.

The Parsees profess to worship God, but pay homage to the sun, moon, fire, and water. In the early morning I saw many of them bathing hands and face in the sea, and bowing to it as well as to the sun. Several of them told me that they simply used these as helps to worship, saying, "O God, thou madest the sea and the sun." Fire is kept constantly burning in their temples. It is usually sandal-wood that is burned, giving out a sweet fragrance. They also use beads in their worship. The Buddhist, the Hindoo, and the Parsee, use a rosary the same as the Roman Catholic, and nom-

inally for the same purpose, to assist devotion. Moreover, these rosaries are all about alike. I hear of yet other idolaters who use the rosary, but I now write what I have seen.

The Hindoo burns his dead; the Mohammedan wraps the body in a cloth and buries it a little under the sand or earth, and the jackals dig it up and scatter the bones, as we saw in the cemetery here; while the Parsee leaves his dead in the "Tower of Silence" to be devoured by the vultures. None but those in charge can ever enter one of these towers of silence. Several Parsees explained to us their use, and we saw the model of one in the museum here. There is a deep well in the center, and from the wall of the well to the outer wall of the tower iron grating is arranged in three concentric circles, all slanting toward the well. The bodies of children are placed on the inner circle of grating, those of the women are placed next, and of men on the last. Immediately the body is left there by the bearers, the vultures swoop down upon it, and in two hours have eaten all the flesh. The skeleton is then thrown down into the well by the bearers, where it speedily decomposes in the water. There are some nine of these wells in Bombay, one being used every year, so that at the end of nine years the first is virtually empty. This seems a cruel way of disposing of one's dead, but it is a part of the Parsee religion. Being exposed thus at the top of the tower is like being absorbed by the sun which they worship. Even among the English here burial occurs on the same day with the death, *often within five hours.*

In Bombay we saw several crowds of hired mourners. They were mostly women dressed in black. There were usually about twenty of them, and they would sit or stand in front of a house and, beating their breasts, utter most plaintive cries, and all the

while keeping a sharp lookout on all that was going on around them. We were told that both Moham-medan and Hindoo women of the higher castes enjoyed greater liberty here than in other parts of India. In no other part of the country did we see the working-women so utterly indifferent as to whether they wore clothing or not. Thank God that my daughters were born in a Christian land! Woman can never know how much she owes to Christianity until she sees her sisters in India.

We of course visited the great cave temple of Elephanta, an island in the Bombay harbor, about six miles from the city. Through Mr. George Miles, a leading citizen and a good Methodist brother, to whom we were indebted for many favors, a government steam-launch was put at our service, and a party of fourteen Christian ladies and gentlemen accompanied us to the island. Landing at the pier, which was built that their Royal Highnesses the Duke of Edinburgh and the Prince of Wales might the more readily visit the wonderful temple, we ascended a number of stone steps to the entrance of the cave. The temple, which is one hundred and thirty-three feet long by one hundred and thirty wide, is cut out of the solid rock, long rows of massive sculptured pillars being left to support the stone roof. Immense statues of elephants, once standing at the entrance, gave the island and temple the name Elephanta. One of these is now in Victoria Gardens in Bombay, where we saw it. The temple is, strange to tell, somewhat in the form of a cross, only the beam is about as long as the upright. At the extreme end of the main room, as we enter, are groups of idols cut out of the solid rock. The central group consists of a three-headed figure nineteen feet high, supposed to be the Hindoo trinity—Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva. Siva, however, is often worshiped under a figure with three faces, and

this fact, with others, has led to the belief that the temple is in his honor. Groups of figures, equally large, are on each side of the central group. One is that of a woman with a single breast, a kind of Amazon.

Chapels open out of the temple on both sides, in one of which—as well as in a separate room in the main chapel, having four entrances guarded with figures nearly twenty feet high—appears the vile black stone, the universal object of Hindoo worship. Doubtless eight hundred years ago, when the temple was first made, these huge idols were worshiped in an elaborate ritual, which helps to account for the overpowering effect of idolatry on the human mind, leading as it did the early Christian Church to seek its aid, unhappily never to get rid of it. But now gigantic Dai Butsu, in Japan, and immense Siva, on Elephanta, are without worshipers. The little images and the miserable tam-tams have taken the place of these giants and their imposing ritual. Now there is nothing too insignificant or too disgusting for idolatry to deify and worship. In this temple, which bears the marks of blows from yet other iconoclasts than Time, the great iconoclast, the company of Christian people sung

All hail the power of Jesus' name,

and, kneeling where thousands of idolaters had prostrated themselves, were led by Bishop Marvin in a fervent prayer to Almighty God for the overthrow of all false worship, as polluting as it was false, and the bringing not the people of India only, but all the world, to the worship of his Son our Lord. The ears of the idols, whose stony eyes looked on in such amazement, had probably never been accosted with such a prayer before. The Hindoos do not appear to care specially for the temple, and it is in charge of an officer of the English government,



who resides near the entrance. Small fees are charged for admission, but hardly enough to pay his salary. The government doubtless supplements them.

Elephanta is only one of several islands in the harbor. Bombay was another, but is now connected with the main-land by a sort of breakwater, over which the trains run. More palm-trees were seen here than in any place since leaving Ceylon. There are many fine public buildings, most of them of very recent erection. The native town is by far the best in India, the houses being as much superior to the general run as those of Canton are to the rest of China. The population is very mixed, the Chinaman, the Arab, the African, coming to try his fortune with the already numerous nationalities more indigenous. Bombay is quite a horse mart, the famous Arab horses being brought here for sale. We visited one of the horse-bazaars to see these famed animals. We agreed that either we had not seen the best breed or that we had equally fine horses in America. The Arabs who had them in charge told us the prices of different animals, ranging from six hundred to two thousand five hundred rupees. This, however, is the "asking" price. A fine horse may be bought for one thousand rupees, or five hundred dollars. Horses are brought here from Australia as well as Arabia.

The great mass of the people are Hindoos, as was manifest by the paint on their faces. The worshipers of Siva wear horizontal lines on their forehead, while those of Vishnu receive perpendicular marks every morning from the priests, to indicate that they have been to the temple and have received a blessing from the idol for the day. There are many Hindoo temples in Bombay. Most of them are very small. The Hindoos are said to make excellent lawyers. The working classes are employed in large



numbers in the cotton-mills, of which there are many in the city. They are also quite skillful in inlaid work as well as in carved sandal-wood and ebony.

Bigoted as are the Hindoos, they are more readily reached than the Mohammedans or the Parsees. I had an opportunity of witnessing a bazaar preaching-service, through which means usually their attention is first turned to Christianity. Accompanying a missionary and a Parsee, we took our stand not far from one of the numerous public wells, where, as in Palestine, the people come to draw water. A hymn was then sung in the Mahratta language, several natives stopping to listen. Ruttonjee Merwanjee Metta, the Parsee, then began to read, when in a few minutes some fifty Hindoos, Mohammedans, and Parsees, all men, save a few fuel-bearing women on the outskirts, gathered around us, and, while exchanging an occasional remark with each other, remained orderly and stationary during the service. After reading, the Parsee addressed them in the Mahratta language, holding their close attention for fifteen or twenty minutes. He then interpreted while I spoke to them for less than half that time, recommending the true God and Jesus Christ whom he had sent. The missionary then followed with a short talk, and invited them to attend the evening service in the church. One at least did so, and remained after the sermon to be more fully instructed. Thus are converts made, as Nicodemus was led to Christ—personal interviews following the public service. In this way and in schools has the truth been made known in India. The natives are with difficulty gathered in chapels for worship. Remaining long in-doors under any circumstances is very rare, and to be there with Christians or to hear preaching is to compromise their religion.

For long years this has been the usual means of

missionary labor in India. It is not strange that its results should be long in appearing and not large. Yet up to 1875 there had been raised up in India three hundred and eleven ordained native preachers, and two hundred and sixty-six thousand three hundred and ninety-one native Christians, or those who had renounced their idols and attended regularly upon religious service. Of these sixty-eight thousand six hundred and eighty-nine have shown evidences of spiritual regeneration, and are recognized as communicants. These figures are the more encouraging in view of the great progress made in the four years preceding, during which time there had been an increase of eighty-six native preachers, forty-two thousand one hundred and thirty-three native Christians, and fifteen thousand eight hundred and seventy-three communicants. These statistics do not include British Burmah, where great progress has been made, but India proper. The largest success has been in Southern India and among the hill tribes of the North. The villages have always been found a more hopeful field than the large cities. In the latter heathenism is so massed that it is difficult of access. Great progress appears to be making in the way of overcoming prejudice and getting a hearing for the truth. Bazaar-services are less interrupted than formerly. Still the obstacles are of a very serious and formidable character. Perhaps in no part of the world have missionaries met with greater and more prolonged opposition, and have had greater difficulties in getting a hearing. The hope of the future lies in the possibility of such a hearing; for faith comes by hearing, and hearing by the word of God.

The hope of such a hearing is based on two things. One is British rule in India. There is no guarantee that with a change in public sentiment the Japanese or Chinese may not expel all Christian missionaries

from their coasts. In former days the East India Company yielded to the prejudice of the natives, and drove different missionaries from the country. Since November 1, 1858, the government of India has been in the hands of the Queen of England, and religious liberty is the privilege of the English subject everywhere. The natives are not compelled to hear preaching, nor can they prevent others from doing so who may choose to hear it. The English empire in India, however, does not embrace all the country. There are Portuguese and French possessions at different points; and then there are large native states entirely independent, save that they are bound to the English not to make war with each other, and pay a good sum annually for British protection. These native states, such as Cashmere, Nepaul, Mysore, and others, embrace about two-fifths of India.

Since we have been in the country a suttee took place in Nepaul, when a rajah's three wives cast themselves upon their husband's body and were consumed with it. The English authorities cannot prevent these things outside of their own territory. But the influence of Christian thought is felt even in these native states, and missionaries are allowed to labor there in quiet. From these latter, however, they may be compelled to retire, but not from the nine provinces which belong to the English crown. There they can stay and preach, whether the people hear or whether they forbear. A better hearing is being given from year to year, as is manifest by the great progress of the last four years.

To my mind the hope of a yet larger hearing is based on another thing. Up to a remote period the religious life of most foreigners in India did not commend Christianity to the natives. The missionaries devoted all their time and energies to the vernacular work, and there was but little preaching in

English. The Europeans and Eurasians, being but little labored among, had become very wicked. They had either been born in India or had lived there for many years. They were familiar with the native language, and to them it was a vehicle of profanity and blasphemy. The natives heard the Englishman curse the name of God which the missionary spoke with such reverence, and ridicule the religion which he commended. The wonder is that under such circumstances any progress was made at all. Within five years, however, over one thousand six hundred of these English-speaking people, foreigners and natives, have been converted, and they now have self-supporting Churches of their own, and are laboring zealously for the salvation of the natives. Their conversion has deeply impressed the heathen who knew their former character. Well it may, for I have never seen such apostolic zeal, such genuine love for souls. The Rev. Wm. Taylor, of America, was honored of God in inaugurating this work in 1870. Bombay was one of the first fields of labor. Self-supporting Churches have been established here and in Madras, Calcutta, Allahabad, Agra, Bangalore, and other principal cities and towns of India. The Churches not only support their own pastors, but in some cases pay their traveling expenses from America. They also support missionaries among the natives and do earnest work in the native language besides.

One English officer on his conversion asked the privilege of supporting two missionaries with the money which he had formerly spent every year for wines. One of those who became identified with the work gave toward building a church a legacy of five thousand dollars, which had been left him by a friend. Others of smaller means have perhaps done much more in proportion. As we have wor-

shipped with these people and held communion with them, we have been impressed alike with their intelligent zeal and high moral purpose. They are all on fire, and have been for several years. There is no excitement about their services, but a spirit of true consecration to the work, which is most unmistakable. It was the privilege of Bishop Marvin and myself each to preach twice for them at their two places of worship in Bombay. I do not know that I ever heard the Bishop preach with greater liberty. Hindoos and Parsees mingled with the English in the large congregations which attended upon the services. A native woman rose for prayers at the conclusion of the Sunday-night sermon.

I believe that this movement is pregnant with good for all India. It is by no means in conflict with the missionary work, but removes one of its greatest obstacles and heartily coöperates with it. Nor does it dispense with it. The two hundred millions of India need a hundred times more laborers than are now among them. The day of their redemption may be distant, but it is sure. Happy they who shall help to hasten it, and whom the redeemed children of Hindoostan shall rise up in the last day and pronounce blessed! While ourselves not in this field, we should rejoice in the noble work being done by the Methodist Episcopal Church. Their missions girdle the world. Japan, China, India, Italy, Germany, and Switzerland, all in our line of travel, are made glad by their presence and labors.

Embarking for Suez on the 12th inst., we are now far on our way.

On board the "Pekin," Red Sea, March 20, 1877.

## LETTER XXVI.

## VOYAGE FROM BOMBAY TO CAIRO.

WE left India on the 12th of March, embarking for Suez on the Peninsular and Oriental steamer "Pekin." Our fellow-passengers were almost all connected in some way with the English military or civil service in India, and were going home on leave. However long an Englishman has been in India he does not look upon it as home. It is his place of business, where he hopes to acquire in time a competence which will enable him to return to England, and spend the rest of his life. The compensation being higher here, is an inducement, in view of the overcrowded condition of things at home, to endure the severer climate for a term of years in the hope of an easy life in the future. As an additional inducement, a leave of absence is granted at certain intervals alike to government servants and to *employés* of mercantile houses, that they may return home to recruit their health. The intense heat of all India, save for about four months of the year, is very trying. A daily bath is necessary, and the punkas are kept going day and night by such as can afford the wages of punka wallahs, or servants. No one ventures out in the sun save with a pith hat or an umbrella, and usually both. Pith hats are made for both sexes, and the umbrellas are often covered with white to attract less heat. The point most to be guarded is the



back of the head, where the spinal column connects with the brain. The approach of permanent prostration from the heat is very insidious, the sufferer often being unable to account for any special exposures.

The English are quite liable to this debility, because they have brought their drinking habits with them to India. Their general strength being reduced in consequence, they have less power of resistance to the heat. It must be said, however, that they drink their wines and liquors when they do them the least harm—that is, with their meals. The same amounts consumed between meals, as in America, would soon put an end to the English and their rule in India. It is only the abstemious who have been able to remain permanently. The amount of the different beverages shipped to India is positively enormous, enough to furnish freight for several ships carrying no other cargo.

What a vast empire England has acquired in the East! What with her possessions in India, in Africa, in Australia, the numberless islands which acknowledge her rule, only the Chinese and Russian empires can begin to compare with it. English customs are beginning to prevail in all the Orient. Since we touched land in Japan, wherever Europeans reside in China, in the Straits, in Ceylon, in India, and on all these waters where we have sailed, even in American ships on the Pacific, English manners and pronunciation prevail, the very natives endeavoring to copy them. The English language promises to be the spoken language of the world. It is the most of a native's capital to be able to speak it. Happily in India there is no such wretched jargon as "pigeon English." Those little crowded islands on the coast of Continental Europe have found a grand outlet in this distant part of the world, and now rule ten times more people than

their own population. What the English do, for the most part, they do well. Perhaps to no other nation in the world could the Almighty have committed so important a trust with as little danger of abuse, or as little liability to wide-spread corruption. That mistakes have been made is doubtless true, but the wonder is that they have not been many times more numerous. While I have not hesitated to criticise objectionable things about English life, I bear this tribute to the general excellence of our transatlantic cousins. We have sailed many thousand miles in English ships since leaving Shanghai, and we have uniformly found their officers competent, well-informed, and obliging. The brusqueness which we expected has not appeared. The same is true of the many civil and military officers which we have met on land, as well as our present fellow-voyagers.

We had not more than fairly started out of Bombay harbor when we cut in two a native boat. Its crew of eight men were running it without a light, and were trying to cross our bow. They instantly sprang into the water, and their cries gave the alarm. Our monstrous vessel stopped—life-floats were thrown overboard, the boats were lowered, and every effort was made to save the drowning men. The night was very dark, and their whereabouts could only be known by their cries. Two were found clinging to the rudder-chain of our ship, and were instantly brought on board. The old man proved to be the owner of the boat, while the little boy was his son. The father's emotion, whether of sorrow for his loss or gratitude for his safety, burst forth in tumultuous weeping. The others were finally rescued, and after taking them all safely to the light-house, we resumed our voyage.

The Arabian Sea was very calm, offering no resistance to our ship, which plowed her way through

the waters at the rate of nearly three hundred miles a day, reaching Aden on Sunday evening. On Sabbath morning nearly all of our hundred passengers assembled under the awning on deck, and I performed the delicate duty of reading the English Church service, including prayers for "our most gracious sovereign." Bishop Marvin preached on "What is man?" Neither of us was "in orders," but then the place of worship was not a church, and had not been "consecrated." The singing of the hymn "for those in peril on the sea" was very touching.

Of all the barren spots Aden deserves the palm. Not a tree, not a bush, not a blade of grass, not even moss upon its volcanic rocks. If all Arabia were like this it is something else than "Araby the blest." Still this port, which came into British possession in 1839 (because of the natives robbing a shipwrecked crew), is a place of much importance to the government. It commands the entrance to the Red Sea, and is a coaling station for ships, the coal being brought out from England. It rains here only once in about three years, large tanks being provided to catch the water and hold it for use in the long intervals. We did not go ashore. Boys and men with ostrich-feathers for sale drove a lively business on board, despite the Sabbath, which is much forgotten in India.

We weighed anchor after six hours, and the following morning found us passing out of the Straits of Babelmandeb into the Red Sea. The island of Perim, which we passed, looked as desolate as its forlorn sister, Aden. We sighted Mocha about noon, and saw its mosques, but did not stand close enough to the shore to see its people or stop to take on any of its fragrant coffee. We sighted occasional islands during the voyage, but kept clear of the coast, which was often forty miles distant on each

side. The red coral-reefs which abound, and which have given the Red Sea its name, make navigation very unsafe outside of well-known lines. Smaller vessels touch at different ports, especially at Jidda, where, at certain seasons of the year, immense numbers of pilgrims disembark to go to Mecca, the birthplace of Mohammed. The kissing of the Sacred Stone at Mecca is little short of idolatry. In fact, Mohammedan women of India bathe in the Ganges, and often worship Hindoo idols.

We had heard evil reports of a Red Sea voyage, the heat often being so intense that vessels have had to change their course, steaming in an opposite direction to keep the passengers from suffocating. But we have had a fine breeze all the way, one of the many blessings which the good Father has showered upon us since leaving our native land. The deck of our ship has been almost like a lawn with an awning to cover it. The many children on board find it a grand place for romp and play, while the English ladies, at the piano or with their needlework or books, seem hardly less at home than in their own parlors. Some small boys even attempted kite-flying, and with remarkable success. We made the voyage from Bombay to Suez, a distance of about two thousand miles, in eleven days, three days ahead of time. With delightful weather and a pleasant company, our Red Sea voyage will be among the most agreeable memories of our tour.

It was with mixed emotions that we approached the head of the sea, where it branches off into two gulfs—the one the Gulf of Akaba, over which the ships sailed which carried to Solomon's caravan the ivory, spices, and gems of India; the other the Gulf of Suez, whose waters stood up in crystal walls that the Israelites might escape from the land of bondage. The scenes of place-worship which we had witnessed in India, where long pilgrimages

had been made that great merit might come from kneeling in a spot consecrated by some traditional event in the history of an incarnate Hindoo god, had so disgusted my mind with mere regard for place that I was fearful of being ill-prepared for a visit to the memorable scenes of sacred history. The idea of the Jordan being a sort of Ganges and Jerusalem only another Benares, as they seemed to be to some visitors to the Holy Land, was so revolting that my own thoughts began to go to the other extreme. I at least would be calm amid such scenes, and not indulge in any excesses of enthusiasm that might level them to the sacred places of the Hindoos or Mohammedans.

With such a general purpose I awoke, on the morning of the 23d of March, in that very arm of the Red Sea which God had divided for his people, and my eye fell first on the desolate hills of Africa and Arabia on either side. The first unbidden thought was, "It bears the curse of God." All was barrenness and desolation. The coast range of mountains standing just in front of Sinai, and hiding it from our view, had witnessed its bald peak covered with the black masses of cloud on fire with the lightning's flash, and had trembled under the same voice which had shaken it as with an earthquake. The pillar of cloud had rested on some of those very peaks whose towering heads I now beheld. God had taken of their granite the tables of stone on which his finger wrote the words that were to give in themselves the unquestioned proof of their divine origin. The facts of Scripture rose in infinite majesty above the fables of idolatry, and the scenes which had witnessed those events were not to be associated with the sacred spots of the heathen. The whole sublime system of truth which rests upon those facts, and which falls without them, was a sort of guarantee of their reality. The land and



the sea which had been silent witnesses of their truth became instantly more than other land and sea to my mind. They were unworthy of my homage, but they bade me stand uncovered in the presence of that God whose glory and majesty they had seen as he spoke from Sinai's awful brow.

So, too, when we came to the traditional place of the crossing of the Israelites, some twelve miles before reaching Suez. It may not have been just the place, but the surroundings appeared to meet all the necessary conditions—the opening to the sea, the mountains rising boldly on each side of the pass; the width of the sea, some twenty miles, in which Pharaoh's hosts might have been gathered for their destruction; and the beach on the other side, where Miriam might have led the song, "I will sing unto the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea." Here, or near here, had taken place events which were as indubitable as the fact of the divine existence; and looking out upon these scenes, the devout mind could not but be lifted up to God. It was not a wild enthusiasm that could not account for itself—it was not place-worship; it was awakened memories of God's dealings with men in the past, which told of a new and better manifestation in the future. Sinai stood black with the clouds and tempest, its barren peaks proclaiming the divine severity, but a voice out of the blackness told of a God long-suffering and gracious, forgiving iniquity, transgression, and sin. God's promises spanned all the distance between Sinai and Calvary.

"Moses's Wells," as they are called, are several wells of water, surrounded by palm-trees, which stand about two miles from the sea on the Arabian coast. They are too near Suez to be the Wells of Elim, with their three-score and ten palm-trees; but they are doubtless of the same general style, for



wherever water is in the desert there are palm-trees. We could see those wells at a point near the traditional crossing, and they may have been used by the Israelites while they waited upon the beach before starting for Mount Sinai, but they cannot be identified as any of those mentioned in the Scriptures. These palm-trees were the only green things which we saw during all the day, with the land in full sight on each side.

At 6 P.M. we dropped anchor in the Suez harbor, nearly two miles from the pier, and as much more from the city. A special steam-launch was to come out to take off the passengers in time for the Brindisi steamer, they being conveyed overland by rail to Alexandria, while early the following morning our ship would enter the Suez Canal and continue her voyage to Southampton. Unwilling to risk missing our train for Cairo the following morning, we concluded not to wait for the steam-launch. So hailing a fruit-boat, ten of us took passage for the pier, which, by help of wind and oar, we reached without difficulty.

The question was whether we should find donkeys there to take us and baggage to the hotel, two miles distant. Our boatmen promised that there should be two hundred. Before we landed he began to call, and instantly fifteen or twenty donkeys, with attendant boys, appeared. "Plenty of donkeys!" shouted our boatmen in triumph; "see there, two hundred donkeys!" Instantly we were surrounded by boys and donkeys, the heels of the latter in unpleasant proximity to the limbs of the travelers, who, with umbrellas and canes, tried to clear space enough on which to stand in safety. One of the donkey-boys handed me his stick to defend myself, and finding that it was useless to belabor the *donkeys*, I followed the example of others, and tried it on the backs of the *boys* with better

success. Our valises were tied together and strung over the back of one, while Bishop Marvin and I succeeded in mounting two others. Mine was just forty-two inches high, while his was several inches higher. After all ten had mounted, each accompanied by a donkey-boy to run by the side and whip the donkey, we started for the city. The name of my donkey was the "Earl of Salisbury," *née* "Sir Robert Tichborne." Others were called "Gladstone," "Disraeli," "Dr. Kenealy," "Dr. Gorley," etc. These boys are very quick at learning nationality, and they have several names for their donkeys, according to the country of the rider. Thus, I afterward rode "Yankee Doodle" in Cairo. He also had an English name, "Champagne Charley," besides a French and a German name. Finding this out by inquiry, I asked the boy how he knew that I was an American. He responded, very soberly, "O I know *every thing*."

But my boy gives my donkey a whack, and away I go, Bishop Marvin and I leading in the race. Was there ever such a "flight into Egypt?" I had been longing for the time when I should see *him* on a donkey. The clear moonlight added to the effect. I have no doubt that I looked just as ridiculous as everybody else did to me. But it was splendid riding. The donkey either ambled along or went in an easy gallop. Though my feet were only a few inches from the ground, I felt highly set up. I had never been on such intimate terms with an earl before. I knew not how to address him, whether as "Your grace," or "Your lordship," and so, presuming on my American freedom, I familiarly called him "Earl," which answered every purpose. The Bishop, who rode only a common donkey, insisted that the one that kept braying all night near the hotel was the Earl groaning out his humiliation at such treatment.

We had not gone far when a custom-house officer appeared. The donkey-boys suggested that we give him a fee, and he would not detain us. Some stood firm and went on, while others yielded and paid the backshish. Presently we were stopped by another for the same purpose, but all were too sharp to be taken in again. Finally we approached the narrow streets, with the houses almost meeting overhead, and, passing through the crowded bazaars—all the gayer because of the approaching birthday of Mohammed, a time as festive as Christmas is with us—we reached our hotel. The boys held fast to one stirrup while we dismounted on the other side. The Earl and I parted, with a shilling for *him* to remember me by, for the boy insisted that that was “for the donkey,” while he wanted another for himself. I shall always remember his lordship as my most distinguished acquaintance, and I will also add, one of my most pleasant ones. The luxury of riding is known only to those who have ridden on a donkey, and a *titled* one.

Early the next morning we started for Cairo. The station was filled with people wearing the fez, or the tasseled cap. It is even worn by foreigners who are in the employ of the government. The women on or near the cars have all their faces covered except their eyes, thus disclosing their ugliest features. Often these flashing eyes are beautiful, but more often they do not flash. They are sore, discolored, and covered with flies. One-tenth of the people appeared to be blind, or nearly so. We were afterward informed by one who had lived seven years in the country that that was about the proportion of the blind. Nearly everybody has sore eyes—the sand, sun, and flies helping to cause it, and the uncleanly habits of the people perpetuating it. *Even the cattle have sore eyes.* The flies of Egypt—I cannot do justice to them. One of the ten plagues still

remains. A running train is no preventive, and they want to light on your eyes the first thing. The waiter at our eating-table had to have a fly-brush in each hand.

Moses turned the dust of Egypt into another plague. I know not whether it has entirely disappeared. From certain signs I should think not. It has at least extended down into India and Ceylon, where women by the road-side and sitting on the door-step are largely given to phrenological or some such studies. I have seen several sitting in a row, one examining another's head while her own was receiving the sisterly inspection of her neighbor. This I know, the dust is now the home of another plague—the omnipresent flea. That is just the word—he is everywhere at once. *There!* I have had to stop for writing that sentence; but he is somewhere else now. *Reconnoitering* is every traveler's duty in Egypt.

During the first fifty miles of our journey we were in sight of the great Suez Canal nearly all the way, until the railroad leaves Ismaela for the shortest possible run across the desert toward the Valley of the Nile. We were really in the desert the most of the way after leaving Suez until within sixty miles of Cairo. The desert! I never knew what that meant until I saw these plains of sand stretching away for miles, the horizon alone being the boundary. Sand-fences are built to protect the track, just as snow-fences are built in the Rocky Mountains, and sometimes two rows side by side, the better to guard against the great drifts. Happily the wind was not strong the day we made the trip, else our car would have been filled to suffocation with the clouds of driving sand.

Not a green thing was to be seen for many miles, while in the far distance the deceitful mirage appeared, when the clouds near the horizon seemed to

be lakes or rivers of water, and might have tempted a caravan to the fruitless search. Occasionally we touched the margin of a fresh-water canal, probably from one of the lakes in the line of the great Suez Canal, and *there* there were a few palm-trees, and sometimes a little grass. The few huts which we saw were of mud, and with flat roofs, and always grouped in miserable villages. Dirty children were about the only signs of life. These invariably rushed toward the train shouting "Backshish!" I believe we have yet to see the child in Egypt that passed or met us without asking for backshish. They make no pretension to services rendered, but simply beg on general principles.

But what a difference in the appearance of the country when we struck the Valley of the Nile! The contrast between noon and night, or between life and death, could not be greater. "Every thing shall live whither the river cometh." The line is well defined, on the east side of which is the drifting sand, while on the left are waving palms and verdant fields. What joy this new vision of plenty must have given Abraham as he fled into Egypt to escape the famine! He traveled through the same hot, glaring sands, and beheld this beautiful delta of the Nile. All this plain is overflowed every year, a rich sediment being left on the land; and then, in addition, canals abound, and farming consists mostly in drawing water. Water-wheels, turned by oxen or donkeys, are frequent, so that irrigation is quite easy, and the fields look as if they enjoyed a daily rain. Along these canals grow rushes, such as formed the ark in which the infant Moses was laid and left to float upon the Nile, while the air is filled with birds as gentle as those which, in the baker's dream, stole the baked meats from the basket that he carried on his head. Storks light among the plowmen, while crows perch for hours



upon the backs of the cattle. The old Egyptian, like the Hindoo, revered animal life, and the birds of both countries enter houses without fear, and often light upon the table where the people are eating, or help themselves from the baskets of the women on their way from the market.

A few hours before we saw only now and then the ungainly form of an occasional camel outlined against the glaring sky, but now the fields abounded in grazing sheep or cattle. We had left the few lean kine which we saw in the wilderness and come upon those fat and juicy enough for Pharaoh's table. I have never seen a more fertile spot than this Valley of the Nile. Most probably we were now in the very land of Goshen. In former times it was the granary of the world, and not only did Jacob's sons come hither in the famine to buy corn, but their descendants in succeeding centuries longed for "the cucumbers, and the melons, and the leeks, and the onions, and the garlic," preferring them with brick-making to the freedom of the wilderness of barren rocks and drifting sands. Even now this valley is the winter home of fashionable Europe, the hotels of Cairo and Alexandria being crowded with those who relish and can afford the sweetest and juiciest of oranges, the crispest of lettuce—in short, a summer table all the winter. The beautiful white ibis, once worshiped by the Egyptians, still abounds, and may be seen in nearly every one of these green fields. But while we are watching these rich masses of clover and ripening grain, and seeing the *fellahin*, or farmers, with their buffaloes and sheep, some one exclaims, "There are the pyramids!" Sure enough, miles away stand Cheops and Cephren, and as we near the city we see Mycerinus by their side.

A drive through the Franks' quarter of the city brings us to the hotel. Then before we can shake



off the Egyptian dust from our garments, or enjoy the luxury of the bath, we are communing with loved ones seven thousand miles away. How memorable are the places where we received our letters from home! "As cold waters to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country." Could this hotel, with French waiters in dress-coats, and the tables filled with English ladies and gentlemen, be in Egypt? The desert and the delta were Egypt, but the Englishman brings his home with him. We spent the Sabbath mostly in the Franks' quarter, as the European part of the city is called, going in the afternoon to attend a native service in the Copts' quarter.

We found the American Mission premises not far away, with the noble ladies of the United Presbyterian Mission teaching the girls and women of Egypt and Nubia the story of Jesus. Their scholars were generally neatly dressed, and without the usual covering of the face worn by the women of the country. This consists ordinarily of a black veil coming just under the eyes and fastened around the head. It is kept in its place by a string of metallic and wooden rings, not unlike spools, which are fastened to the head-covering and connect with the veil between the eyes. We visited several class-rooms where instruction was being given, and then attended the preaching-service in the chapel, where the boys had already assembled. A curtain was stretched between the seats occupied by the males and females, so that women could attend without subjecting themselves to undue criticism by their friends. The missionaries were away attending their annual meeting at one of their most successful stations up the Nile. One of the converts, a native preacher, who impressed us most favorably, preached his first sermon on "For other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ."

He is a converted Copt, and well educated, receiving his training in the Mission-school. The sermon was in Arabic, and seemed to command the attention of the entire congregation during the forty minutes of its delivery. Preacher and people wore the fez throughout the service. The congregation was a large one, and had a Christian aspect. The collection-baskets were passed, and nearly everybody on our side seemed to contribute, and the constant clinking of the coin in the basket passed by a female on their side of the curtain told that the same was the case there. The English sermon, which followed an hour later in the same chapel, was by a Scotch divinity student, who will travel with us in Palestine.

At the invitation of the ladies of the Mission, Bishop Marvin and I each consented to conduct, through an interpreter, a service in the afternoon at a couple of their stations. So, mounted on donkeys, we rode through the narrow streets of the Copts' quarter, the houses almost meeting above our heads, and even when wider apart the space between them was covered at the top by boards or carpets stretched across to protect the street from the sun. We reached one of the stations just as Miss Smith was closing the Sabbath-school for women and girls. It was in a native house rented for that purpose and a day-school. The congregation, which soon assembled, consisted of some twenty-five women and girls on one side of the curtain, and about eight men on the other. I preached through an interpreter on "The lessons of the burning bush," thinking that they were as applicable to the Church in Egypt now as when God's people needed them centuries ago. Save having occasionally to repeat a sentence to him, my interpreter, the native teacher in the day-school, served me very well. When we reached the other station a native elder had already begun the

service, not knowing of the other arrangement, but Bishop Marvin followed the sermon by very fitting remarks, which were interpreted by the young preacher of the morning.

This is the only American Mission in Egypt. They have over twenty stations in the Nile Valley, which are manned by eight missionaries and as many native preachers. They have six hundred and seventy-six communicants, and a Sabbath attendance of twice that number, with as many more in their Sabbath-schools. The work is mostly among the Copts, few Mussulmans being converted. Both are natives of the country, and are not distinguishable by their person or dress. The turban, or fez, is the universal head-covering for the men, while their skirt is not very unlike that of the women. These latter, however, wear a white or black scarf long enough to cover the entire person as well as the head.

We expect to see much of the city to-day, as well as some of the characteristic customs and costumes of the people, this being the birthday of Moham-med, the great day of the year.

Cairo, Egypt, March 26, 1877.

## LETTER XXVII.

## IN CAIRO AND ITS VICINITY.

CAIRO proved to be a larger, busier, and cleaner city, and having fewer dogs, than I expected. The dogs have certainly improved in appearance and lessened in numbers, thus illustrating "the survival of the fittest." They moreover appear to have their respective parts of the city in which to be scavengers, and savagely attack any dog off his beat. In this they but follow the Egyptian mode of administering justice, which permits the private infliction of punishment without appeal to a tribunal. At the depot we saw the agent about to have an *employé* bastinadoed because of some blunder or sin of neglect. The poor fellow wept and pleaded until the master relented, but with seeming reluctance.

The prison is nearly as bad as a pig-sty, and possessing the same odors. It was once a palace. It is a very insecure place, and a soldier has to be locked up with the prisoners, while two hundred soldiers guard the exterior. There is a European department of police, where the civilization of the Continent is being grafted on the barbarism of Egypt. The khedive is strongly enamored of French customs, and seems to be making Napoleon III. his model, and has surrounded himself by a large number of French officers, who are helping him to increase the immense debt of the country, but are making of Cairo, for the time, a second Paris. Pal-

aces literally abound, some for the viceroy and others for his sons and different members of his family. State carriages, with forerunners and outriders, dash through the streets drawn by the finest of Arab horses. Often the Nubian eunuchs are outriders, showing that the inmates of the carriages are members of the royal harem, beautiful women being kept, like fine horses, largely for display. True, their faces are *half* veiled, but they are robed in the finest silks and satins, and are constantly appearing in public.

We were happy in being in Cairo on Mohammed's birthday. While awaiting the hour of the principal festivities we visited the Citadel, from which we could get a splendid view of the whole city, with its three hundred mosques, the pyramids in the distance, with the Nile threading its way between the city on one side and the palaces on the other. Cairo is situated between two chains of hills, which appear to extend up the whole Valley of the Nile, one on each side of the river. The pyramids are built on one of these ranges, while the Citadel is on the side of the other. Old Cairo, which is a little south of the present city, is being filled up by the sands, which have disregarded the hill boundaries of the desert and swept down toward the river. The same cause explains the changed sites of the capital along a distance of many miles, palaces and tombs having long since been covered by the drifting sand.

This Citadel witnessed in 1811 the slaughter of the Mamelukes, who, having been found plotting against the life of the pasha, Mahomet Ali, were suddenly surprised by a rain of bullets, one alone making his escape by a frightful leap on horseback, fully forty feet, from the top of the Citadel. Here is also the mosque of this pasha, whose tomb is in one corner. It is said to be as fine as any in Con-

stantinople. Its dome is very lofty, its minarets graceful, its material alabaster, and the situation fine; but it is certainly surpassed by the great mosque at Delhi. Within the walls of the Citadel is "Joseph's Well," quite old and two hundred and seventy feet deep, and hewn in the rock, with an average diameter of fifteen feet. Its depth would bring it about on a level with the Nile, whence it is supposed to derive its waters. We descended some distance the sort of circular stair-way around it, on which the mules are taken down to the bottom to work the wheel which sends the water to the top in earthen jars attached to ropes. These empty themselves as they pass horizontally over a beam at the top, and go back for more. It is very common to ascribe every old thing, especially if it were useful, to the benignant rule of Joseph. The Arab guides point out every thing of the sort, often their only English word being "antique." Hardly less ancient in appearance is a great mosque near the fort of the Citadel, which is reported to cover the spot where Noah's ark rested after the flood.

But our view from the Citadel showed the people hurrying toward the scene of the great event of the day, and so after visiting the objects mentioned, together with one of the palaces located within the same inclosure, we drove rapidly to the spot where all the lines of carriages, donkeys, and footmen were converging. The streets in the immediate vicinity of the spot were lined with stalls for the sale of ornamental candies of all patterns, made of Egyptian sugar, while there were swings, theaters, plays, dancing, and all sorts of festivity, in and around the tents near the open square. We are there nearly two hours before the time, but can with difficulty secure a good place for our carriage, so that we may witness the *dosee*. For this is what has assembled fully thirty thousand people—the *dosee*, or walking.



On this day of the year the sheik, as he is called, or priest, rides on horseback over such of the people as prostrate themselves on the ground. It is about the time of the return of the pilgrims from Mecca, and when fanaticism is rife. Many of these pilgrims, together with such others as care to, lie in a line with their faces on the ground, believing that they will suffer no injury as the horse steps upon them, and that if they do suffer they ought to be very happy, and that if they are *killed* they will go direct to paradise. We had heard of this festival of the *dosee*, and could hardly believe that it was as bad as was represented. We are about to see. Along in front of the space where the sheik is to ride is a row of open tents for distinguished guests, while our carriages are the boundary on the other, a guard of policemen standing at intervals along the line. The tops of the tents, and of the houses, and of the trees, are filled with people, while hundreds are standing up in their vehicles to get a better view. Splendid carriages, filled with the women of the harem, drive up the line, the forerunner with his rod preceding the horses, and hardly less fleet than they, while the outriders gallop up behind, eunuchs ever on guard.

Presently an unusual excitement heralds the approach of the heir-apparent, a young man of twenty, dressed in light clothes, and touching his fez with his white-gloved hands in response to the silent salutes of the police and soldiers. But where is the sheik? He sometimes refuses to ride; will he do so to-day? He is supposed to spend the time in prayer before mounting his horse, and when he does ride at all he is regarded as utterly oblivious of all that is going on, attendants having to hold him on his horse. A shout announces his coming, and the people are allowed to rush to their places and prostrate themselves on the ground. The number that did so was hardly over two hundred, although

some estimated it at six hundred. Each had an attendant, who stood fanning him with his skirt. They all seemed to be of the poorer classes, and to be more or less under the influence of hasheesh to stupefy or excite them. Many stripped to the waist, and carrying drawn swords, stood near those who were on the ground. In fact, the crowd of the faithful was so thick about them that we could only see with great difficulty. A man carrying a flag first walked over them, while behind him came the sheik, his head on one shoulder as if asleep, and held in the saddle by two men walking on each side, while the large white horse, which has been used for this purpose for many years, walked right over the bodies of the people, now stepping on their backs, and his foot now slipping between two bodies, until he had gone the whole line.

Immediately after he had passed each attendant picked up his man, if injured, and bore him away to a tent. I saw several being thus carried away, some evidently suffering very much, perhaps with a broken spine. The Mohammedans declare that no one was hurt, but they evidently attach a fanatical meaning to the word or willfully lied, for the American consul, who was close by, told me that he saw one man with a mangled hand, the horse having trod upon it, while others were frothing at the mouth in their agony. The crowd instantly dispersed, save the fanatics and the buyers and sellers. And this was the mode of celebrating the birthday of Mohammed, the Christ of the Moslem! Yet the cruelty of Mohammedanism simply finds its natural expression in this way. It is nothing if not savage. I must do penance for having witnessed such a scene. The festivities of the day closed with brilliant fire-works at night, which we did not care to witness.

After lunch we visited the Egyptian Museum,

with its rare collection of marbles and mummies; of hieroglyphics on wood and stone; of ancient coins, and weapons, and jewels, and idols; of papyrus, with its mysterious writings; and of granite tombs, one sarcophagus being an immense monolith more than eight feet long, with proportionate breadth and depth. The spoils of many tombs and palaces were here, and it was the next thing to seeing the old cities themselves to see so much of their splendor. While the ruins which we did visit in the course of the next few days are the oldest in Egypt, yet the wonderful sculptures of Thebes and Karnac we were not able to see, save as they were represented by specimens in the museum. The art of accurately representing the features of a man in the hardest granite or marble had reached a remarkable degree of perfection in that ancient day. Even more wonderful was a human face cut in wood as accurately as if in marble. But I must leave the reader to imagine the rich stores of an Egyptian museum. Under a better government what is now found in the British Museum and elsewhere would have been gathered and kept here in its proper home at the foot of the pyramids. Hitherto Egypt has shown great indifference about her monuments, which really constitute her glory.

While going through the museum we suddenly discovered, on looking out of the window, that we were on the very banks of the Nile. Immediately that mysterious river had a greater charm for us than any thing under lock and key. We stood upon its bank and watched its ceaseless flood of waters coming from distant sources, known only as yet to the Almighty, and with an unvarying volume almost the whole length of the river. Its bosom was covered with sail-boats filled with grain, brought from different parts of this fertile valley. We drove along near its bank, high enough here to

protect the city at the time of the overflow, and came to the island of Rhoda, at one end of which, tradition has it, lodged the ark of bulrushes in which the mother of Moses had placed her child. The island is now the site of one of the many palaces of the khedive's family. Crossing over to it by the now dry channel of one branch of the Nile, we passed through an orange-grove, the air laden with the rich perfume of the orange-blossoms, and came to the Nilometer. This is an instrument for measuring the rise of the Nile. It is simply a stone less than fifty feet high, but so graduated and placed with reference to the river—the waters from which enter the sort of well where it is erected—that it affords a certain measure of the extent of the overflow, and of the probable crops of the year. If the water rises only thirty-two feet, a time of scarcity is certain; if it rises forty-two feet, immense damage will result; if it stands at forty, all is well, and harvests will be abundant. The annual rise is from June to October, and is supposed to be due to the periodical rains of Abyssinia and other parts of the South. "Aside from the overflow as a means of fertilizing, there are canals, made to distribute the water at other times. An extensive one is in Middle Egypt, running almost parallel with the river, and called, as might be expected, the Canal of Joseph.

Old Cairo, near which the Nilometer is located, afforded us a view of the dilapidated Mosque of Omar, once a fine structure, but now interesting only for its history. Here we found the "pillars of the faithful," or two stone columns, near the entrance, placed so close together that they were supposed to test the true believers. Whoever could squeeze through the ten inches between them would pass the test. They are worn quite smooth by the frequent trials made. I failed to prove a good Moslem, while Bishop Marvin was afraid to try.

The only other thing of interest here was a column with an indentation, and also slightly veined, the figure bearing distant resemblance to a whip. This is said to have come from Mecca, Mohammed striking it with hand and whip, and saying, Go to Omar. The old mollah dropped a stone through an opening in the floor of the mosque, and gravely informed us that the water whose splash we heard had come from Mecca.

A Coptic or Greek convent near by had equally absurd traditions, there being pointed out to us the font where Christ was baptized when an infant, as well as the place where Joseph and Mary lived while in Egypt. Here we found some quaint old tiles, as well as some rather good carving and inlaid work. But the building is very old, while the crucifix and candles abound as in a Romish church. The monk in charge was quite ready for backshish, although more modest about it than the mollahs.

Our return drive showed the people at their favorite employment, coffee-drinking, the coffee-house being as frequent as the tea-house in China or the drinking-saloon in America. While in the museum we saw the jars of baked meats which used to be placed in the tomb of the dead for his refreshment—very much as the Chinese set out food at the grave every year. In fact, with more numerous canals, Egypt would pass very well for China, the occasional sails often reminding us of the more frequent ones of the Celestial Empire. The Egyptian shop-keeper usually sits or stands in front of his wares, which are crowded into small niches in the wall. The bazaars are of all sorts—Turkish, Damascene, and European, the latter subdivided considerably. The women are fuel-gatherers, driers, and bearers, as in India.

The buffalo abounds, as in China and India, while this is the home of the camel, where he is found in



immense numbers. We rode over a young one in the street, and such noises as he made I never heard before. Of all ungainly things, the young of the buffalo and the camel deserve the palm, while for genuine awkwardness they can excel any thing in the world. A camel is used for every thing. He is yoked singly to turn a water-wheel, or with an ox or a buffalo to pull a plow. We saw a camel-camp, where hundreds were tethered near the tents. The camel's motion in walking is like a wave of the sea.

One other thing I will mention in Cairo, before we begin to go out and about the city. I secured a ticket of admission to the University Mosque. This is the great school of Mohammedanism, where they come from all parts of the world to prepare for the priesthood. Here, too, is the home of fanaticism. The number of pupils, as reported to me by the head mollah, is thirteen thousand. Far less than that number were there the day I was present, but many may not lodge or remain in the building. It is really a series of buildings, or rather of courts and mosques, where, lying on rugs in the open sun, or stretched on mats on the floor, or squatted in circles about the teacher, or swaying the body to and fro in memorizing the Koran, all ages were represented among the students, from the boy of seven to the man of sixty. Mohammedanism has more vitality than all the false religions of the world, and will prove the last and bitterest enemy of Christianity.

On the morning of the 27th of March we took our donkeys with us on the cars, and leaving the train at the first station we proceeded at full gallop toward the ruins of old Memphis, the probable home of the Pharaoh who set the Israelites to such heavy tasks. The place is now simply a series of mounds filled with ruins of brick, sculptures, and implements of various sorts, some of which that



have been excavated are exposed to sight. The bricks were made of mud and straw, and dried in the sun. The marks of the straw still remain, as well as small pieces of it. One of our party supposed that the Israelites made the bricks *wholly* out of straw. The mammoth statue of Rameses lies face downward in the mud, while once it towered in stately beauty in front of his palace. It is supposed to accurately represent his features, the profile showing a face of much character. The size of the statue may be inferred from the statement that from shoulder to elbow is over eight feet, while the beard is fully three feet long. The stony eye measured a foot in diameter. All back of Memphis for many miles, up to the site of the present Cairo, the range of hills was used for tombs, and is crowned at different points by pyramids, which were simply tombs on a larger scale. Of those now standing the distance between the most remote is fully fifteen miles.

Near the pyramids of Sakkara, a couple or more miles from Memphis, are the tombs of the sacred bulls. Both bulls and ibises were worshiped, and when they died their bodies were embalmed and put in tombs near the temple, where divine honors were paid them. The tombs of the ibises are now closed again and covered by the drifting sand. We saw in the temples of the Serapis twenty-four immense *sarcophagi*, all monoliths, and some twelve feet long and seven feet deep and seven wide, and where, in spacious arched vaults, the mummied remains of these sacred bulls were kept. These tombs have since been despoiled of their treasures, and I have seen at least one of these mummied bulls in the rooms of the New York Historical Society. The tombs are of granite, and in several cases of black granite, highly polished, and carved in hieroglyphics. Grandeur than the tombs of any

of the kings of Egypt did we find the sarcophagus of the sacred bull.

But we have ten miles before us to Gheezeh, where the great pyramids are. The ride is through the desert, and on a hot day the sand would be scorching and our progress slow. Our donkey-boys urge on the donkeys, and we gallop it in two hours. But how deceptive the distance! We have only gone half way when Cheops seems so near that one of our party of four thinks a mile more will bring us to it. Our dragoman, Zedan Ahmed, shakes his head, and says it will take an hour yet to reach the Sphinx, this side of the pyramid. So it proved, for when we looked up into its stony, mysterious eyes it was already past one o'clock.

The Sphinx looks best at a distance. Time and Arabs have dealt roughly with it, breaking nose, lip, and cheek. The sands have covered much of it from view. Its head is still erect, the circumference around the forehead being estimated at one hundred and two feet; but if its original height were one hundred and forty-three feet, then fully one hundred is covered up by the sand. All about it are remains of temples and tombs. One could almost wish that the whole could be "restored," but nothing could long withstand the drifting sand. This ridge is at the edge of the desert, the sands sweeping over and down the hill, the annual inundation of the Nile alone saving the beautiful carpet of green some distance below from utter desolation. Part of the stone causeway that led to the Nile, and over which were brought the stones out of which the pyramids were built, is still standing. The Sphinx is cut out of the solid rock, on natural layers of which the pyramids stand.

But our carriage, which took us to the depot in the morning, is waiting with our lunch, which we eat in the shadow of Cheops, before we attempt its

lofty ascent of four hundred and fifty feet. Its base covers eleven acres of ground. Once its exterior was covered with a smooth casing of granite, which would have made its ascent impossible by our present mode. The Arabs, it is held, loosened and took away the material for the building of Cairo, and the exposed surface is now of blocks of limestone, somewhat irregularly arranged in steps. For the privilege of going to the top and into the interior we each pay five francs, or a dollar, to the sheik, or head man of the Arabs who have charge of it. This is supposed to include all charges, save what each visitor may choose to give to his escort who helps him up to the top. This consists of two men to pull you by each hand and two to "boost" you from behind, while a fifth goes along with a water-jar, that you may refresh yourself withal. A man needs none of these, but, taking it leisurely, could very well climb up alone. But it is important to impress you with the difficulties of the ascent, so that you will give plenty of backshish. The men will grunt and groan and try to lift you, and want you to stop every few seconds to rest and rub your limbs, and they will get you to sit down and take a drink of water and give them a little backshish, or promise them much, or buy old coins or relics which they may have for sale; in short, do any thing for a few piasters or five-cent pieces. Here is a sample of their talk: "Master, you an American. Yankee Doodle, good fellow. Master a gentleman—you do what is right. We make it all satisfactory to you. You do all the same to us"—all the while rubbing my leg so as to touch my pocket-book occasionally. They continued their fondling and flattery, while I imitated the example of the Sphinx at my feet, and said not a word. They were puzzled. Following the advice of the guide-book, I did not try to help myself, especially after the fatiguing journey of the

morning, and let them literally pull and "boost" me up, stopping only now and then to breathe. Concluding that I was a man of silence, and getting a little out of breath themselves, I made the ascent finally in quiet, they changing their tactics, and saying, "Master make it all right. Nobody say a word more." In the meantime the others were being tormented all the way to the top. What a motley crowd on the summit! It took twenty Arabs to see us all safe, and twenty hearts beat in hope of backshish.

The view was almost worth a journey to Egypt—the city, the Nile, the valley, the desert, and the distant pyramids. On that little platform, thirty-two feet square, where we now were, how many thousands of all nationalities and ranks had stood and looked out upon the same scenes! But our Arabs will not let us think. One agrees to run down the pyramid and climb the other, almost as tall, all in the space of nine minutes, for four francs. Away he goes out of sight, making long leaps, which every moment threaten to rid the pyramids of one pest forever. But no! See him, small as an ant on the ground, running between the pyramids. Look close, or else you will fail to see him climbing toward the top of the other, the veriest insect clinging to the rocks, but reaching the summit at last, just as his time is up. Others offer to do it in seven minutes—any thing for backshish. But we will neither tempt nor be tempted.

Descending, one takes off his turban and ties it around my waist, making a sort of a pullback, while others going before hold out their hands for me to lean on, my water-carrier being always ready with the water-jar. None of the steps were over forty-two inches, and most of them were only thirty, while the whole number of steps was two hundred. The entrance to Cheops is on the north side, about

fifty feet from the ground. Quite a descent is first made, then an ascent to the queen's chamber, and returning, another to the king's chamber, directly above. Both are empty, the latter, however, containing the sarcophagus broken and empty. I was disappointed in the size of the stones of the pyramids. I brought a small tape-line from America with me specially to measure them. The only respectable one measures ten by ten feet, and that is on the inside of the wall of the king's chamber. The stones of the casing now removed may have been larger. But the ceaseless clamor of our body-guard forbade our indulging in any special thoughts in these rifled tombs, and I will let the reader moralize for himself on the facts as here given.

Remounting our donkeys, after quieting with franks and piasters our noisy guard of honor, we rode around both pyramids, and also got a distant view of the smaller ones. The second one still has some of the smooth casing left near the top, but there are enough breaks in it to enable one to ascend it. One pyramid a day is enough for anybody but an Arab. It is supposed that a perfect pyramid, with a sarcophagus for his remains, was first built by each king at the beginning of his reign, so as to make certain of a tomb, but that it increased in size by succeeding layers of stones until his death, when the smooth casing was put on. Cheops must have had a long reign, as is apparent from the size of this pyramid. The causeway for bringing the stone from the Nile took one hundred thousand men ten years to build it, while the pyramid itself took three hundred thousand men twenty years. So says the guide-book, but on what authority I cannot say. It certainly required hardly less time and labor to build this artificial mountain of stone. But we have our carriage waiting at the foot of the hill, and galloping down to it we dismiss our don-



keys and stretch our wearied limbs and rest our aching backs as we drive several miles to our hotel.

We pass a number of the royal palaces on the way, and with a permit, kindly secured by the consul, we return next day to visit Gezireh, the finest of them. It is located on the bank of the Nile, just opposite to and in full view of the city. The grounds are well arranged with flowers, fountains, grottoes, avenues of trees, and contains a fine zoölogical garden. There are really two palaces in the inclosure, and it is hard to say which is the most elegant. They are larger than the old Mogul palaces at Delhi and Agra, and while, being furnished, at present a much more fitting home of royalty, they lack their marble and inlaid walls of dazzling splendor. It was interesting in going through these costly and elegant apartments—the marble floors covered with the finest and softest Axminster carpets, all in one piece; the furniture, and even the walls and ceiling in some rooms, upholstered in silk and satin; the tables of the best Florentine mosaic, or coming even from the Vatican workshops; the splendid chairs of state bearing the regal crest—to find at the head of the marble stairway at the principal entrance of one of the palaces, a piece of statuary ten feet high, bearing the well-known features of Benjamin Franklin in bass-relief, and representing him discovering the electric fluid. The only inscription is, "*Eripuit cælo fulmen*, 1750."

Our final excursion was to see the obelisk of Hehliopolis, where it still stands as placed originally, four thousand years ago. Here was the home of Joseph, who married the daughter of the high-priest, perhaps, of the very temple before which this obelisk stood. "What!" said a fellow-traveler, when I made this remark, "was *Mary Magdalene* the daughter of a priest?" All has disappeared except this granite shaft, once seventy feet high



and covered with hieroglyphics, figures of birds and utensils still quite visible at some distance. The inundations of the Nile have left only about forty-five feet of it above ground. This is, perhaps, the only very ancient obelisk standing on its original site. The pyramids were quite visible fully fifteen miles away, the two appearing one, with a bifurcated point.

Near by is an old sycamore-tree, covered with the names of ambitious people and inclosed by a fence. Here, tradition has it, Joseph and Mary rested when they fled into Egypt with the young Child. The tree is old, but while Jesus, perhaps, saw the obelisk which we had just left, and the pyramids which rose in the distance, this tree probably sprang up within the century.

Our road back to the city ran between fields of bearded wheat ripening for the sickle. This is the only wheat we saw in Egypt. The head is short but heavy, and the yield is probably quite large to the acre. This was doubtless the corn which Joseph stored and his brethren came to buy. The treasure-cities, which his descendants built under the lash, have long since disappeared. We may have driven home over their ruins!

Alexandria, Egypt, March 30, 1877.

## LETTER XXVIII.

## FROM ALEXANDRIA TO JERUSALEM.

LIKE the children of Israel, we went out of Egypt into the Promised Land; unlike them, we went by water rather than by sand or through the desert. We had glimpses enough of the barren wilderness while on the Red Sea to understand why the Israelites longed for the delta of the Nile, with its luxuriant vegetation, even though the tales were doubled in the brick-yards. Following on camels their course through the Peninsula of Sinai and the desert is a trip often undertaken by travelers, and is perfectly practicable for those who have several months to devote wholly to Palestine, but not for such as make the tour of the world in less than a year, and who must apportion their time accordingly. Our course lay from Cairo to Alexandria by rail, and thence by steamer to Port Said and Joppa.

The run by rail was through the delta of the Nile, crossing both of the principal branches into which it divides before mingling its waters with the blue Mediterranean. The country was not unlike that part of the delta through which we passed from Suez to Cairo. Our friends were right who said, "There is not much to be seen in Alexandria." To one who had never been to Europe it would pass for an average Continental city, or perhaps I should say French city. Hotels and stores are mostly French, and so are the European ladies one sees on the

streets. It is not for what Alexandria is, but for what it was, that we cared to see it. True, its admirable location on the Mediterranean, first noticed by Alexander when it was without a street or a building, promises to secure for it again something of the commercial, if not political, importance which it had when its streets were lined with four thousand palaces, and filled with a half million of people. It had degenerated into a mere village from being one of the principal cities of the world, but has already so far recovered its population as to number over two hundred thousand souls. But what a mixture! In one street you are in Paris, in another in Italy, in another in Damascus, and in yet another in Athens. Alexandria has more than twenty thousand Greeks. Socrates, Hippocrates, Xenophon, are names on the sign-boards which surprise you, and are often in the Greek as well as in the Roman characters. On our steamer from Alexandria to Joppa the bulletin was in five languages—French, Italian, German, Greek, and English. With so many Greek names on every hand, one cannot but recall the fact that the Septuagint translation of the Scriptures into Greek was made in Alexandria; and this was the home of many of the greatest scholars, and had the finest library in the Old World. Here two of the Ptolemies reigned, their glory and that of their empire ending with the voluptuous Cleopatra. Here stood the Pharos, the massive marble light-house, so large that a chariot could be driven up the circular way which led to the top, and well accounted one of the seven wonders of the world.

Of all this glory little but the site remains. Pompey's Pillar, a polished granite column crowned with a capital, rises to the height of nearly a hundred feet, and was one of the first objects seen in approaching the city by rail and the last in leaving it by steamer. It was erected in honor of Diocletian,

who captured the city over sixteen hundred years ago. Cleopatra's Needles once stood in the temple-area at Heliopolis, where one of the granite obelisks of the same character is still standing in its original place. They were brought to Alexandria to stand in front of the Cesarium and crown the Roman conquest. Cleopatra is said to have placed them there in honor of a son whom she bore to Julius Cesar. One is still standing, of about the same height and character as the one at Heliopolis, only bearing somewhat different hieroglyphics. The figures of birds, knives, and serpents are found on both. One of the so-called needles, or obelisks, has long been on the ground partly covered with mud. This is the one that was given to Great Britain many years ago, and which she hesitated to accept on account of the enormous expense of taking it home. At length, however, she is preparing to receive it, a private citizen having given fifty thousand dollars to have it removed, and erected in England. Rome and Paris have one each, and why not London?

We also saw the smaller Catacombs. We intended driving to the larger ones, but our dragoman, or guide, was shrewd enough to take us to those nearer at hand, and, while we were disappointed in their size, we did not learn that we had been deceived until too late. We saw, however, their general style in the smaller ones. They are underground avenues cut in the solid sandstone, with niches on each side capable of holding a mummy-case and its contents. They are empty now. We hope that our dragoman may be late in filling a niche here or anywhere else. He needs time for repentance. The traditional site of the Pharos we saw after embarking for Joppa. A point of land extends out to the sea, and then assumes the form of a cross with very long arms, which thus afford an excellent harbor on each side of the artificial cause-

way. This striking natural formation, or island as it was, first attracted Alexander's attention to the place, and determined him to build his great city here. On this point of land there was erected the Pharos, or wonderful light-house, and here one stands to-day. It is related that the architect's chalk giving out as he was drawing on the ground the outline of the city, Alexander commanded him to sprinkle flour along the line in place of it, which was regarded as a favorable omen of its future wealth and greatness.

The steamer which brought us to Joppa was the "Apollo," of the Austrian Lloyd Line. Leaving Alexandria at 11 A.M. March 30, we awoke the following morning at Port Said. The Mediterranean may be comparatively tideless, but she can be quite restless, our little ship having considerable motion. But we managed to maintain our equilibrium quite well, although writing was out of the question. At Port Said we were at one end of the canal as we had been at the other end in Suez. We saw several immense ships enter it on their way to China, and they steamed through as easily almost as if in mid-ocean, although limited to five miles an hour. Many steamers were lying at anchor here, some coaling and others stopping only a few hours to discharge freight or passengers. The Suez Canal has made the place a busy one, but it will probably never possess commercial importance. The canal itself is one of the modern wonders of the world. No difficulty is experienced in keeping it at the necessary depth of water, save some distance out in the Mediterranean, where the strong west winds drift the sand and require the constant labors of dredging-machines. The extensive works of the canal company are located at Port Said.

Early on the morning of April 1, Easter Sunday, we were in sight of the Promised Land. The

mountains of Judea greeted my eyes as before sunrise I came upon the poop to get a first view of that land consecrated by the foot-prints and labors of our Lord. Here the incarnate God had lived, and taught, and died, and this very Sabbath specially commemorated the fact that he had risen. Even the sepulcher hewn in these solid rocks was not able to hold his lifeless form when the hour had come for him to loose the bands of death and come forth in divine triumph and glory. During the two hours before we dropped anchor we could see Mount Carmel toward the north, with the probable place of Elijah's sacrifice on its remote eastern point, while on the south was the country of the Philistines, where Samson and David fought, and where Philip preached. Stretching between us and the mountains of Ephraim, which we must cross before reaching Jerusalem, was the Plain of Sharon, famous alike for its fertility and its flowers. No wonder Jonah came to Joppa to take shipping for Tarshish, for this was the only sea-port of Palestine! Even Joppa was without a harbor, although vessels could ride at anchor here in safety in good weather. It may have had a harbor built in the days of Solomon, when the cedar for the temple was sent down here in floats from Lebanon; but it was a very small, artificial one, wholly unsuitable for vessels of the present day. We had to pass between and behind some rocks on our way in smaller boats to the landing. These may once have formed a sort of breakwater. Legends clothe them with romantic interest as the ones on which Andromeda was chained that a sea-monster might devour her, and where she was released by Perseus.

Sending our baggage on to the Jerusalem Hotel, we stopped to see the house of "one Simon a tanner," "by the sea-side," where, on the house-top, Peter had his vision of the lowered sheet with its



clean and unclean animals, which was to open his mind and heart for the duties that now awaited him in the message of Cornelius's servants, who were knocking at the outer gate. We had seen the house before leaving the ship, and it was so near the sea-side that a small light-house had been erected upon its flat roof. The well in the yard, and the recently-discovered vats, long hidden by the city-wall which had been built along the sea, confirmed the truth of the tradition which located the house here. Water was needed for the vats, and from this old well the supply had doubtless come. An old blind man was drawing water from it as we entered the inclosure, and it has doubtless supplied many a house in Joppa during the last twenty centuries. We went up on the house-top where hungry Peter fell asleep and dreamed. Its flat roof has been the bed of hundreds since. In short, all the conditions seemed to be so well met that there was an air of probability about the place impossible to be put in words. If all traditional sites were equally reliable, we should have no difficulty in locating great and memorable events. The house is now owned by a Mohammedan family, and one room is used as a place of prayer. Aside from the mats which are spread upon the floor there is no sign of its being used as a place of worship.

We met many Greek women coming from service, perhaps in the very streets where Dorcas was often seen to pass on the same errand, as well as to distribute to the poor the garments which she had made. She was a woman of too warm a heart to perform her alms by proxy. Those who gathered about her corpse, ere Peter called her back to life, remembered no less her kind words and looks than her charitable gifts. The streets are narrow, the stone-walls of the houses rarely having a window—in short, the whole appearance of the place not dif-

fering from any Oriental towns through which we had passed in the last few months. The bazaar by which our path to the hotel led us was filled with camels, donkeys, and traders. After Friday and Saturday, the Mohammedan and Jewish Sabbaths, the Lord's-day comes in as a great holiday and business day. The coffee-houses were filled with people sipping the fragrant Turkish coffee from tiny cups. The stalls were filled with carobs—the husks which both the swine and the prodigal did eat, and a common food among the poor to-day—dates, and especially oranges.

Jaffa probably furnishes the finest oranges in the world. Camels and donkeys bearing large boxes and bags of them were on their way to the landing, where they will be shipped to Turkey, Greece, Egypt, and even to England. We saw some that measured sixteen inches in circumference, a friend having sent to our room a twig containing several so large. Orange-groves abound near the city. The air in the suburbs is laden with the rich fragrance of orange-blossoms. The trees appear to be bearing and blossoming at the same time nearly all the year. The soil about Jaffa seems peculiarly adapted to their growth, and probably has been in all the past. Orange-peel, in place of bark—so we were told—is used for tanning, and Simon the tanner could have been easily and cheaply supplied with all he wanted.

We saw blind men sitting by the way-side begging. In fact, blindness appears to prevail as largely in Palestine as in Egypt. What a proof of Christ's divinity was that—"the blind receive their sight!" His mission on earth was in part to relieve many of the physical infirmities of the people of his time. His fingers would have been laid upon some of the sightless balls which were upturned as we passed had he journeyed with us. It was his nature to pity and to heal. Long hedges of huge cactus skirted

the road on our way to the hotel. The cactus grows almost to a tree, and makes a fine fence for the orange orchards.

We stopped in the suburbs of the city, where a thriving German colony has built quite a village. This colony numbers about two hundred and fifty souls, and they have come to Palestine under the belief that, according to certain scriptures, all Christians should live here. They are taking the initiative in bringing European implements of agriculture into the country, patent reapers and threshers now being used on the Plain of Sharon. They have also established a line of vehicles to Jerusalem for the accommodation of the many travelers to the Holy City. Near the hotel is a private school, taught by a Miss Baldwin, of America. Here some twenty or more gathered on Sunday afternoon and listened to a sermon by Bishop Marvin, on "Peter's vision in Joppa." Afterward we knelt in the Lord's Land to celebrate the Lord's Supper. The silence of prayer was broken only by the roar of the Mediterranean as its breakers beat upon the shore.

The wall of Joppa, which was terribly battered when the city was taken by Napoleon, is now being torn down by order of the sultan. This is done in the hope that the town may extend beyond its old limits. The place now numbers some eight thousand souls, and if Palestine ever has a considerable population its principal sea-port may become quite a place.

Our road out of the city to Jerusalem led between orange-groves beyond the traditional site of the grave of Dorcas, and in a few minutes we were driving through the Plain of Sharon. Twenty miles of our road, or the whole width of the plain, was carpeted with flowers, the most striking being a deep red anemone, usually called "the rose of Sharon." Fields of waving wheat skirted the road,

bearded like that of Egypt, but less heavy than that of the Valley of the Nile. The native farmers were out with their rude plows, drawn sometimes by a yoke of oxen, then by a single camel, and in more than one instance, despite Moses's prohibition, by an ox and an ass under the same yoke. The soil appeared very porous and mellow, and easily turned by the simple plow-share. This consisted of a narrow piece of wood, the top covered with iron, and with an iron point. The plow had but a single handle. Something like a corn-planter was in some instances attached to the handle, by means of which watermelon-seed were dropped and covered at the same time. The "latter" rains being over, what is now planted must not require much moisture, since the "early" rains will not fall until October. This Plain of Sharon is perhaps seventy miles in length, and, with the Plain of Esdraelon, was the principal granary of the country, although the terraced hills yielded considerable harvests as well. Doubtless in earlier times this plain was very fertile. It could hardly be called so now, although the yield is fair.

Our road was newly macadamized, so that in some cases we preferred to drive by the side of it. Watch-towers of stone are located in sight of each other all the way, and usually a couple of soldiers in each keep guard of the road. Considerable companies of soldiers were drilling at Joppa when we arrived. The sultan has made a heavy draft for soldiers upon his Syrian subjects, in view of possible war with Russia. We saw Lydda a short distance from the road. Here Peter healed Æneas, bed-ridden eight years with the palsy, and was sent for to come without delay to Joppa after the death of Dorcas. Here, too, according to the legend, St. George slew the dragon, an event recalled by the sight of every English sovereign, and marked here by a church erected over the tomb of St. George.

We stopped an hour at Ramleh, the traditional Arimathea, where lived the Joseph whose borrowed tomb afforded a resting-place for the dishonored body of our Lord. Like all Syrian towns, it looks best at a distance, its whitewashed walls losing their beauty on nearer approach. The town numbers about half as many people as Jaffā. In passing through its streets we saw "the needle's eye" through which a camel, in order to go, must be stripped of all burdens and crawl, if possible, on his knees. It is a very small door cut in a large one. The large one is rarely opened, while through the "needle's eye," as it is called, the people pass in and out of the court, or yard. The one we saw was on the premises of the Greek convent, and not a common thing. The ordinary house does not need one. Here, too, we saw "the hyssop that springeth out of the wall," the same, perhaps, of which Solomon spoke, and that used in the temple-service. We have often noticed it since clinging to the wall by its roots and hanging down in graceful bunches. It bears a light yellow flower.

Here we visited what was once a Christian church, built, probably, in the time of the Crusades. It has two rows of large columns to support the roof, and was once a fine structure. Marble columns and capitals are still found about the inclosure. It is now used as a mosque, while its bell-tower, or cupola, has become a minaret. I thought it worth while to take off my shoes to see the interior of an early church. Its floor is covered with mats for the faithful to kneel upon, facing the Mecca side, while the former place of the pulpit is bare. Ramleh has been known for its considerable number of lepers. We saw none of these, but met two persons on the street all broken out with small-pox!

Resuming our carriage, or open vehicle with springs, we soon saw the ruins of Gezer, one of the



Canaanitish cities which Pharaoh captured and gave as his daughter's dower to Solomon. Our road became more stony as we continued, until we finally entered the Valley of Ajalon, through which fled the five kings of the Amorites after the decisive battle of Gibeon. Such hailstones as pelted them occasionally fall to this day, making this valley unsafe for travelers at such a time. Very large ones fell only the week before we passed through. Here, under the shade of a fig-tree, we spread our lunch, remembering the example of Him who blessed the bread and brake it ere he fed the seated thousands on the sward. On the hill-side, near our fig-tree, was an old wine-press, quarried out of the rock, where the juice of the grape had been trodden out by human feet. In the distance we could see the terraced hill-sides with their patches of green, and nearer at hand the plain where Joshua's soldiers pursued after the kings of the Amorites. What wonderful tales could these Judean hills tell of victory and defeat! Our resting-place is called Bab-el-Wady, or the "Gate of the Valley."

Leaving our carriage to overtake us, we started on foot up the steep road which led through the narrow pass in the mountains. Here, years ago, a sheik levied a tax on all who passed through. He did not regard it as robbery, but demanded it as a toll for crossing his dominions, always limiting his demands to a fixed sum per head. By means of a small fortification he commanded with his muskets the narrowest part of the defile, and was for many years the terror of the country. Finally, however, he and his family were crushed, and we even ventured to look into his desolate castle that once bristled with guns at the traveler's approach. In fact, the entire immediate vicinity was a good place for robbers. Here, in this home of thieves, tradition finds the birthplace of the penitent thief. All these hill-



sides are covered with olive-trees, whose gnarled trunks comport well with the rocks, whence they appear to have sprung. Many of the hills have natural terraces, owing to the lay of the *strata* of the rocks, but the soil has generally been washed down into the valley. Occasionally, where the art of man has interfered, we see fields of grain extending almost to the top of the mountains. The Japanese, with their knowledge of terracing and agriculture, could make these hills green with verdure. We continued to ascend and descend until we reached Jerusalem. Some of the points commanded fine views of the whole country—the blue line of the Mediterranean, the white line of the sandy shore, the green plains, dotted with the occasional villages which we had passed, all coming into sight.

We passed Kirjath-jearim, where the Ark of the Lord once rested in the house of Obed-edom, and brought such a blessing with it. It now bears the name of the sheik who levied the invariable tax, but was formerly called the "Town of Grapes." We saw many vineyards as we passed, and usually saw the tower built in the midst, and once or twice a fig-tree planted in the vineyard. Down in the valley we crossed the brook where, it is believed, David stopped to gather five smooth stones for his sling ere he fought Goliath of Gath. We had no difficulty in selecting some of the same kind from the dry bed of the brook. The broken limestone is rounded by attrition during the rainy season, when these brooks are swollen torrents. The traditional scene of the giant's death is located near here. It seems quite probable, since we were very near the borders of the Philistines.

We are now nearing Jerusalem. Far up to our left, on the highest point of the mountains, is Neby Samuel, the birthplace of the last of the judges.

It is a city set upon a hill, which cannot be hid. On the right a pretty town clings to the hill-side, and claims to be the place in the hill country of Judea where John the Baptist was born. A convent has been built there in honor of the event. We get a glimpse of Bethlehem through an opening in the hills. A skillful engineer must have built this road which winds up to the mountains. Bishop Marvin and I preferred to walk, for we had just passed the traditional Emmaus, where Jesus, on the day of his resurrection, had walked with two of his disciples. We also felt his presence, and our hearts burned within us as we talked by the way. We continued our walk, with a slight intermission, to the Holy City. We had enjoyed for some days the company of our consul at Jerusalem, the Rev. Dr. De Hass. We shall always remember his great assistance, and the fullness and general accuracy of his information about the land of our Saviour's nativity. An escort had now come out to meet him, as is common to an official in this Oriental land, and while a man with a silver mace preceded the carriage and other *attachés* of the consulate rode on each side, it was more in consonance with our own feelings to follow Christ's example and enter Jerusalem on foot. So, dismissing the carriage, we walked on in silence and deep thought to the gates of the city consecrated by the life and death of our Lord Jesus Christ. His heart had yearned over its perishing and blinded people, and his eyes had wept in contemplating its certain destruction. These mountains round about Jerusalem had been hallowed by his presence, and tears, and prayers. We preferred not to be hurried into these sacred scenes, but to endeavor to realize in silence their weighty lessons.

Our meditations were profitable in our walk to the Jaffa gate, but our view was quite unsatisfactory.

Jerusalem, as you approach it from the west, appears like a modern city. You see immense stone buildings recently erected, some for schools and hospitals, and others for residences. These, however, are outside of the city, but conceal the city-wall itself until you are quite near it. Then the city is on the side of the hill that you descend, and you may obtain a very imperfect view of its buildings. It took me half a day to recover from my disappointment. But on the following morning when I saw the Holy City from the brow of Olivet, every gate, and dome, and tower visible at once, I wondered not that Jesus almost invariably approached it from that side. Close by the Jaffa gate is what is called David's Tower, standing still on Mount Zion, perhaps on the very spot won after so many years from the Jebusites. Just by it is the Mediterranean Hotel, where we stopped. The veranda upon which our room opens looks out upon the Mount of Olives, down upon Hezekiah's Pool, and is within a hundred yards of the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, which is being more and more accepted as marking the Calvary where Jesus was crucified and the garden where they laid him. Down there, not far from the old temple-area, stood Pilate's Judgment-seat, while off to the right lay the old city, much of which is now without the walls. We look out from another veranda upon the probable site of the royal palace whose splendor so dazzled the Queen of Sheba.

Such was the general view which we had the first evening. Immediately after breakfast the next day Bishop Marvin and I started on foot for Olivet and over the brow to Bethany. We had no need of a guide. The way appeared as familiar as if we had walked over it many times before. The truth of the Scripture record was written on the face of all the country. Leaving by the Jaffa gate, we passed

around the wall of the city until we reached the Damascus gate on the north. We paused to notice the place from which Saul of Tarsus went forth on his bloody mission. The present gate, although the finest of the city, interested us far less than an old arch barely visible above ground, marking the old gate through which Jesus had probably entered from Samaria and Saul passed on his way to Damascus. Near this rise the original *strata* of the rocks form a considerable part of the walls, which are built upon them.

We walked on to the north-east corner of the wall, where we descended into the Valley of Jehoshaphat. The walls were now concealed from us, but the slopes of Olivet came into complete view. Its height is not more than about three thousand feet above the level of the sea, so that its frequent ascent was no difficult thing for our Lord and the disciples. Groups of olive-trees appeared at different points on its slopes and summit, justifying still its name—the Mount of Olives. Other hills about the city have probably almost as many, but Olivet was perhaps covered with them, thus affording our Saviour the privacy which he so often sought. When about opposite St. Stephen's gate, and near the traditional site of his martyrdom, we struck the path which led across the brook Kidron, up to Gethsemane on the slopes of Olivet.

We saw several oil-presses still in use, such as originally gave the name to the garden where our Lord prayed in agony. The garden is to the right of the path, and is inclosed by a wall for its protection. The Latin father in charge responded to our knock at the gate, and we entered in silence. Beautiful flowers were blooming where Christ had sweat great drops of blood. In the center of many of these flower-beds were venerable olive-trees, which have been standing many centuries. We were left to walk where we would, while the father busied him-

self with the flowers. We believed that within or not far from this inclosure Jesus had suffered and prayed for us when an angel appeared strengthening him, and under one of these old olive-trees I knelt to consecrate myself anew to his service, to pray for absent and loved ones, and to present a list of names of those for whom I had long pleaded in prayer. May an interceding Saviour hear the petition!

We left Gethsemane for the summit of Olivet, a no less consecrated spot. We paused occasionally to look at the city, as Christ did when he wept over it. There it lay, a beautiful, startling sight, at our feet. Jesus saw it in prophetic vision doomed as it was now—the temple displaced by a Mohammedan mosque, the seed of Abraham supplanted by the infidel, its old walls destroyed, while newer and narrower ones covered them out of view, the old city disappeared under its own rubbish, the plow-share now being driven where palaces once stood, and when he saw it he wept. From the summit, and especially from a minaret erected there near the traditional spot of the ascension, we could see the waters of the Dead Sea, with their line of surf driven by the winds along the beach; lying almost below us, while the Valley of the Jordan and the mountains of Moab, from which Moses looked upon the promised land, seemed equally near. We hurried away from the buildings which appeared to desecrate the mountain top, covering, as is represented, the foot-prints left in the rock by Jesus when he ascended. We walked on over the brow of the hill, as he had so often done, to Bethany. With no place to lay his weary head in the city of David, and with no kindred spirits there with whom he might hold sweet communion, he found rest and companionship in the home of Mary and Martha and Lazarus.



We had no difficulty in finding the village. We knew from the Scriptures that it must be just beyond Olivet, and we found it so. Its only attraction to us was that Jesus loved the place so well, for it is now mostly in ruins, and with but few inhabitants. It was probably then, as now, the home of the poor. But in the house of Simon the leper was broken an alabaster box of precious ointment, whose odor had reached us in America, and we longed to visit the source of such divine sweetness. Here had been wrought a miracle second only to Christ's own resurrection, and we wished to see the place where dead Lazarus had heard the voice of God, and hearing it began to live. Here Jesus had shown a tender sympathy for mankind, such as perhaps appeared nowhere else in his life, and we desired to realize more of that sympathy with ourselves by being where he had talked so freely with Mary and Martha and wept at the grave of Lazarus because he loved him. It was not the under-ground tomb which they called that of Lazarus, or the house called that of the two sisters, or the old church erected by the crusaders on the site of Simon the leper's house, that we cared to see, for Christ's presence was not confined to these traditional or even real spots, but he had left a blessing in all the village, and we returned strengthened by the visit.

Bible in hand, we sat down in front of a rock-hewn grave in the Valley of Jehoshaphat, and read in John's Gospel the story of the costly ointment. It was poured upon him only six days before his death. Its fragrance lingered still in that desolate valley. All about us were stones which had doubtless been rolled away from the doors of sepulchers. They bore, in Hebrew inscriptions, the names of the dead, but the graves had long since been rifled in hope of treasure, and the name was all that remained. On our left was the village of Siloam,



where the fatal tower fell upon eighteen and slew them, and near which is the pool where the blind man washed and saw. On our right is the city-wall, visible as far as it leads to the Beautiful gate, now walled up to protect the Mosque of Omar, while all along the wall are rows of Mohammedan graves. Absalom's tomb, so called, which he built to perpetuate a name which he could not leave to a child, was within a stone's throw of where we sat.

Following the path which led by the southern wall of the city, we passed over the ruins of nearly half of the old city, now left without a wall, until reaching Zion gate, when we had about completed the entire circuit. We had obeyed the psalmist's call: "Walk about Zion, and go round about her; tell the towers thereof. Mark ye well her bulwarks, consider her palaces; that ye may tell it to the generation following."

Jerusalem, April 3, 1877.

## LETTER XXIX.

## A WEEK IN AND ABOUT JERUSALEM.

IT was not the Jerusalem that Christ visited, where we have been spending the past week, but that which God has cursed. No city was ever so loved, and none ever so punished. "O God, the heathen are come into thine inheritance; thy holy temple have they defiled; they have laid Jerusalem on heaps." The streets where Jesus walked are now buried forty or fifty feet out of sight. The only way of knowing where the old city walls ran is by sinking deep shafts and following the lines of massive stone many feet under-ground. There is no doubt that the temple-inclosure is now occupied in part by the Mosque of Omar, but every other site is a disputed point. "Where was the House of the Forest of Lebanon? where the judgment-seat of Pilate? where the skull-shaped hill called Golgotha? where even Mount Zion?" Only excavations can answer these questions, and even these are not always conclusive. Verily God has fulfilled his threat, "I will make Jerusalem heaps." At several points we have gone many feet below the present streets of the city to see massive arches and columns, resting upon yet others out of sight. The *débris* of the city, after the desolation of its many sieges and captures, covers the prostrate monuments of its former glory. Now and then we see in the present walls some of those immense stones with the beveled Phenician edge,

showing, as is held, that they date back to the time of Solomon, while most of them are buried under the rubbish. A house cannot be built nor a well dug without coming upon the stones of former dwellings, or the bones of former inhabitants. When God destroyed Jerusalem its destruction was complete. There stands Olivet, the unmistakable oratory of our Lord, and there, too, is the brook Kidron, and the Valley of Jehoshaphat, and joining it, almost at right-angles on the south side of the present city, is the Valley of Hinnom, where once the children were made to pass through the fire to Moloch; but the city itself has been cursed with a great curse, and is destroyed.

The point of all others which we wished to identify was Calvary. It was evidently "without the gate" where Jesus was crucified, and probably not far from his place of death where he was buried. The spot claimed for so many centuries as the place of his crucifixion and burial is now *within* the city walls, and is marked by the Church of the Sepulcher. There have been so many foolish traditions connected with this spot, such as the finding there of the true cross by Helena, the mother of Constantine, and various miraculous cures effected on the site, that scholars have been tempted to look elsewhere. Still the drift of opinion, confirmed by old maps of the city, which leave this spot outside the city walls, and by the additional fact that Hezekiah's Pool, which is quite near, was undoubtedly without the city, seems to favor the theory that Calvary is where the old traditions locate it. Over the spot a large and costly church was built as early as Constantine's day, and by his express order. It has since been several times destroyed by fires, and has been the battle-ground of Christians and Turks for centuries. It stands there to-day, a massive pile covering several acres, and is divided into chapels

claimed by a half dozen sects—Greeks, Latins, Copts, Syrians, Abyssinians, and Armenians. They get along somewhat peaceably when they are *not quarreling*, and Turkish soldiers or guards are usually on hand to keep order.

There really appears to be considerable evidence that this was once Golgotha, although we cannot, of course, depend on the exact spot pointed out as the place of the cross, or the rock now covered with the finest sculptured marble as the sepulcher, not to mention the different spots—such as where the angel stood who rolled away the stone, or where Mary Magdalene first saw Christ after his resurrection, and where many other events connected with his person took place—which they seek to locate here. But still the general location of the place, and especially the existence of a number of rock-hewn tombs quite near this traditional spot, and the fact that no other traditions have located it elsewhere, make it seem probable that Jesus died and was buried outside of the city, and near the north-west corner of the wall. The spot would naturally be well known among the early Christians, and much despised by their enemies, the latter trying to destroy all traces of the events occurring there, while the former would never lose sight of it, and perhaps connect many miraculous events with it. When Hadrian rebuilt the city-wall he included within it the traditional Calvary; and to mock the Christians he built here a temple to Venus. On the conversion of Constantine he ordered this torn down, and a Church of the Resurrection to be built on the spot where Christ was buried and came forth from Joseph's new tomb. This was accordingly done, and, though often destroyed by fire, it has not long been without a successor on the same spot. This is now called the Church of the Sepulcher.

Could we have seen only the rock-hewn sepulcher,

with the marble slabs removed, and the other tombs evidently cut in the solid rock, we might have gone away with a much deeper conviction of the genuineness of the place. But there was also pointed out to us the place where the angel stood on the morning of the resurrection, and where Mary Magdalene was, and the place of division, and the column of flagellation, and the place where the true cross was found, and where Adam died. and the exact center of the world, until the church appears almost like a museum, where the visitor may see almost any thing he desires. So many sects worshipping here, each must have a spot in its chapel that can vie with any other in point of interest, and so invention has been active. One chapel is happily named the Chapel of the Invention of the Cross. But one must, as far as possible, separate the false from the true, and, while he can accept none of these spots with confidence, he may still believe in the general locality as that which witnessed our Lord's death, burial, and resurrection.

Leading to this traditional Calvary is the *Via Dolorosa*, or the way along which Jesus bore his cross. Toward one end, that nearest Gethsemane, is an old arch accepted by all as dating back to the Roman period, and probably marking a Roman triumph, if not connected with an imperial building. This is called *Ecce Homo* arch, as marking the place where Pilate delivered Jesus to be crucified, with "Behold the man!" But while this was probably the general location of the judgment-hall, tradition points all along that sorrowful way to different spots where Christ sunk under the weight of the cross, or met his mother, or addressed the women who followed him weeping.

These appear to be the only remaining landmarks in the city itself to indicate where Jesus was. Outside of the present wall, but within the old wall, is

a building pointed out as the place where he ate the passover with his disciples and instituted the Lord's Supper, and where also the disciples were assembled at the outpouring of the Holy Spirit. The spot is supposed to be where David was buried, a monumental building being erected over his remains, where any one could come without hinderance. If in this building, because public property, the disciples were gathered in an upper room on the day of Pentecost, still the Lord's Supper would appear to have been instituted in a private house. The present building, while not dating back earlier than the Crusades, may still mark the general locality of David's sepulcher, as excavations near there have disclosed what were supposed to be royal tombs. The Mohammedans, who hold the building, show a large sarcophagus which they call David's. No confidence, however, can be placed in these exhibitions, as they are usually the ground of getting backshish. There is, in short, neither within nor without the city, save Olivet and Gethsemane, somewhere near its foot, a single locality where one may feel assured Christ actually stood. This, perhaps, is well and wisely ordained, when one sees the reverence and virtual worship paid even to traditional spots.

More than once since I have been in Jerusalem have I felt grateful that the place of the crucifixion and of the sepulcher could not be positively identified. It is sad enough for the Christian to see what is done on the *traditional* spot of our Lord's death. The past week has been celebrated by the Greek Church here as Easter week, and many pilgrims from a distance have been present to witness the services. In the square in front of the Church of the Sepulcher was celebrated, on Thursday morning, the feet-washing. Olivet was represented by an olive-tree fastened to the wall some fifteen feet from the ground. The Greek patriarch, in his satin gown,



ornamented with rich gold brocade, and wearing a jeweled miter, personated Christ; while twelve bishops, hardly less elegantly dressed, played the part of the apostles. A platform was erected in the center of the court, on which they were assembled. After much chanting and intoning, and reading what I supposed to be the Lord's farewell address to his disciples, the patriarch left the platform and bowed on the stone pavement of the court, as if in Gethsemane, having Peter, and James, and John with him. Then, returning to his pontifical chair, he laid aside his miter, and jeweled cross, and costly outer robes, and, girding himself with a towel, proceeded to wash the disciples' feet, using for the purpose a large silver basin with gold ornaments. This it took two men to carry from one to another until all the twelve received the holy washing. Peter acted his part well, at first protesting against having his feet washed, but finally eagerly consenting. Judas appeared nervous and ill at ease. Some of the people sent up their handkerchiefs to be dipped in the holy water. After the washing was over a bouquet of flowers dipped in the water was used by the patriarch to sprinkle the apostles, and the people who crowded up to the platform and also near the procession as they marched back to the church. The bishops each kissed the patriarch's hand during the washing, and many of the people would kiss it as he walked along sprinkling the water on either side.

There appeared to be an entire absence of solemnity during these services. The bishops seemed to be conscious of the presence of the great crowd that filled the court and adjacent streets, and even the flat house-tops. The patriarch appeared to read with difficulty, his place having to be found for him several times. One of the priests used a towel to drive away the boys who were clinging to the plat-

form, very much as if he were shooing away flies. When the clergy left for the church there was a general scramble for the olive-tree, men mounting on the shoulders of others to reach it, and tearing away its branches. Over the trunk of the tree there was a regular fight. I supposed that it was valuable because selling for a high price when made into *curios*, but I learned that it was prized for its medicinal qualities, a small piece being burned in a sick-room bringing back health. A Turkish guard of perhaps a hundred soldiers had to be stationed around the platform to keep order. Some of them, however, seemed to take delight in grabbing for the olive-tree as it was being fought over by the crowd.

On the following night the crucifixion took place, and at midnight on Saturday the resurrection, neither of which I cared to witness—a wax-figure representing the body of the Lord. I did see, however, what was only less revolting, the kindling of the holy fire in the tomb of Christ. It was with the greatest difficulty that we got even standing room, although we were there nearly three hours before the ceremony began. Many had spent the previous night there, or had come early in the morning to witness what was to take place near the middle of the afternoon. We were in the highest gallery of the dome, directly over the traditional sepulcher of our Lord. A guard of several hundred soldiers of the sultan stood around the tomb, to keep back the frantic, shouting thousands, who were waiting with bundles of wax-tapers to be lighted from the fire which would burst forth from the sepulcher. Keeping order was wholly impossible. The people sung; they shouted; they clapped their hands; they jumped up and down in companies of fifty or more at a time; some mounted on the shoulders of others, and all swayed to and fro, as if to break the guard and make a sudden rush upon the sepulcher. Turk-

ish officers went about with rods, and sometimes with whips, which they used unsparingly in the vain endeavor to keep order. For noise, confusion, and fanaticism, we saw nothing like it in any part of heathendom, unless we except the cruelty of the *dosee*.

The patriarch's coming was preceded by a number of men with flags or banners, over which there was a noisy scramble. Finally he came, with more than twenty bishops, all arrayed in embroidered robes of yellow silk and satin, together with many priests in robes of black. They marched three times around the sepulcher, all intoning, and the crowd shouted, "Ours is the true faith; all other faiths are false!" The patriarch was then pushed into the ante-chamber of the sepulcher, and removing some of his robes, he sent them back with his silver mace, and then disappeared in the tomb itself.

The people waited in noisy suspense the bursting out of the fire, which was to be miraculously kindled on the tomb of our Lord. Presently a bundle of lighted tapers was thrust out of a hole in the wall of the sepulcher-inclosure, and another, and another. Men seized these and ran, others stopping them and trying to take them away. All rushed forward to light their tapers. The soldiers were scattered before the impetuous people. Fire flashed everywhere. Lighted tapers were drawn by cords up to the different galleries, and some with single tapers, and others with whole bundles at once, reached for a light. In a few minutes the entire building was illuminated. Priests rushed up through openings in the roof of the sepulcher to light candles at the top. People regarded the holy fire as harmless, and passed their hands through the flame; others ran from the church with their tapers to the homes of the sick, in the belief that they would be

healed; others extinguished them to preserve as holy relics. Still the scramble went on, amid the tolling and chiming of the ten or more bells in the towers. Two of the elegantly-attired bishops, rushing out with lighted torches, were thrown down by the people and rolled over on the floor. The soldiers, unable to keep order, delighted in increasing the disorder, and they were chiefly responsible for the soiling of these episcopal robes. Then I thanked God that this was not positively known to be Christ's sepulcher, which had been so desecrated in that disgraceful hour.

If this be a specimen of Greek Christianity, then one need not wonder that Mohammedans have not been impressed by it. The clergy appear to be illiterate, and the people easily deluded. We attended a service in the Armenian convent, which showed that they were but little better. Their building is on the traditional site of James's martyrdom, and kissing the spot where he was beheaded seems to be a principal part of their worship. They have the confessional and use the rosary, burn incense and candles, and have their church filled with oil-paintings representing the crucifixion, the martyrdom of the apostles and other saints, just the same as the Greeks, the Copts, the Abyssinians, the Latins, and the Syrians. These all differ in the cowls of their monks, but are one in the mode of their worship. In fact, they differ from the heathen only in the object of their worship, not in its mode. It is not enough simply to worship the true God; he must be worshiped under spiritual conceptions. He must not be degraded in human thought by our materialistic notions—"Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth." The second commandment is as important as the

first. However, Oriental Christianity, bad as it is, seems to do much more for its disciples than a false religion. The very name of Jesus appears to carry a blessing with it.

We spent one morning in the old temple-inclosure near the site of the Mosque of Omar. Until a few years ago it was worth a man's life to be found within its walls, and even now admission is only possible on the payment of a couple of francs, and the attendance of the kavass, or sworded *attaché* of the consulate, with his mace. Quite a party of us, including the Rev. Dr. Schaff and several other American divines, made the visit together, and under quite favorable circumstances. But how shall I describe the thirty-five acres of the most sacred ground in the world? There can now be no doubt, after the thorough excavations made, that this is the site of Solomon's Temple, the place hallowed by the presence and labors of prophets and apostles, and of the Lord Jesus Christ. Here once stood the most magnificent building ever erected—within its walls rested the Ark of the Covenant, overshadowed by the visible presence of Jehovah. Even the temple that Herod was so long in building, on the same site, excited the wonder of the disciples, as one of them said, "Master, see what manner of stones and what buildings are here! And Jesus answering, said unto him, Seest thou these great buildings? there shall not be left one stone upon another that shall not be thrown down." It was on a mass of ruins made by the fanaticism of the Jews and the hate of the Romans that Hadrian erected here his Temple of Jupiter. Just what other buildings were afterward erected on the temple-site does not fully appear, but for centuries it has been, next to Mecca, the most sacred place of the Moslems, Mohammed himself having professed to visit it.

The present mosque is not only within the temple-



inclosure, but on a raised platform, and occupies, most probably, the original site of the temple. It would even seem that some of the fragments of the old temple were built in it. There are columns of porphyry which support the immense dome that may have been recovered from the *débris* of Solomon's or Herod's temple. In fact, there are several exquisitely-carved marble columns built in the wall of one of the smaller edifices near the mosque which are so unlike any thing we have seen before that they certainly date back to the Roman if not to the Jewish period. The mosque is an octagonal building, the marble exterior now giving place to one of elaborate tiles, passages from the Koran being inscribed and burned into them. The dome is magnificent, being sixty-five feet in diameter and rising to a height of ninety-seven feet. The interior is remarkable for its rich mosaic-work and its wonderful combinations of variously-colored glass, through which a soft light falls. Several concentric rows of marble columns support the roof, columns nearly four feet in diameter and not less than forty feet high. The floor is of marble mosaic. The whole building is no mean successor to the splendid edifices which preceded it.

The great object of interest is the naked rock, a mass of which, fifty-seven feet long and forty-three feet wide, rises before you. Here, it is believed, Abraham made ready to sacrifice Isaac, and here for so many years rested the Ark of the Covenant. In striking contrast with the ornamented dome was this massive naked rock, rising up some six feet above the pavement. The Moslems regard it as holy because Mohammed went up, from a sort of cave beneath, through a hole in it to heaven. The rock wanted to accompany him, but was held back by Gabriel, who left the print of his hand upon it. But the Christian cannot look upon it, so remark-



ably preserved when all the buildings which covered it have, one by one, been destroyed, without wondering if it could not tell of the voice which spoke to Abraham and staid his uplifted knife, and of the angel of death who dropped his sword near the threshing-floor of Araunah the Jebusite. There is reason to believe that on this very spot, so favorable for winnowing wheat, David erected his altar of burnt-offering and Solomon built his temple. Jewish tradition has it that the ark rested upon the naked rock, and if so, here it rises all alone in the old temple-area. On Araunah's threshing-floor, if such it was, Mohammedans declare that God will finally sit on the judgment-seat to judge the world.

Within the temple-inclosure is another large mosque called El Aksa, once doubtless a *basilica*, or Christian church, and dating back to the Roman period. This is really the Mosque of Omar, although the one on the old temple-site is so called. This *basilica* was once probably in the form of a cross, but its shape was changed after it came into the possession of the Moslems. Here, as in the other buildings, we were most concerned in seeking remains of former structures. These we found in the immense foundation-stones, arches, and columns, which are seen under the mosque, and are approached by an under-ground passage. Not far from this point Robinson discovered the remains of a large arch, the stones being nineteen and twenty-six feet long. This arch, from its great width of fifty feet, he argued, must have served as a bridge over the Tyropœon Valley, which separates the temple-area from the western part of the city. Later excavations have shown that he was right.

The most interesting remains which we saw were in the south-east corner of the temple-area, and perhaps twenty feet under-ground. These consisted of large columns and arches, by which part of the

Valley of Jehoshaphat was made to serve as part of the temple-inclosure. In place of filling it up, columns with arches were built, and so others on top of these, to the height of one hundred and twenty feet, when the whole was covered with earth and made to appear like solid ground. These are evidently very ancient, but whether of Solomon's or Herod's time cannot be said. The Phenician-hewn stones would favor the most ancient period, although Herod could have used these from the *débris* of former buildings. In some places, however, they appear to remain as they were originally placed. Here we found one rock over fifty feet long, built into one of the walls. These underground corridors are sometimes called Solomon's stables, because in every column a hole has been cut, as if to serve for hitching horses. This may have been done by the crusaders.

Under the Golden Gate we found splendid columns and arches, and even the immense bronze sockets for the old hinges of the double gates. The ornamentation which still remains gives some idea of this, perhaps, the finest approach to the temple; yet all this is under-ground, and one could pass by it or over it without knowing of these silent witnesses to the departed glory of the pride of the Jews.

One part of the wall of the temple-area is still standing. It is over fifty feet high and one hundred and fifty feet long. Some of the stones are fully sixteen feet long. Here, for many years, the Jews have been in the habit of assembling to bewail the downfall of the temple and the nation. We visited it several times, and always found a number there, and on Friday afternoon there were several hundred. They showed the deepest emotion when they were there in small numbers. They bowed their heads against the wall and wailed and wept. They thrust

written prayers between the stones, as if to continue their petitions after they had gone. Looking toward the old temple, whose very grounds they could not enter, and with this great wall shutting out their view, having to pay the Moslems for even this privilege, they cry, "For the palace that lies desolate; for the walls that are overthrown; for our majesty that is departed; for our great men who lie dead; for the precious stones that are burned; for the priests who have stumbled; for the kings who have despised Him, we sit in solitude and mourn."

Decrepit old men and women join their prayers with the young men, who appear to feel no less keenly their nation's ruin. In all their synagogues in Jerusalem they face the old temple as they pray. The wail is deeply touching, because so manifestly sincere. Their synagogues are, for the most part, rather mean structures, and the Jews, generally, are considered poor, and objects of charity from their well-to-do brethren in other lands. Much money has been expended in erecting tenement-houses for the more destitute, although it is often difficult to tell which are the really needy. All appear to have lost their self-respect, and seem willing to receive charity.

Jerusalem, April 9, 1877.

## LETTER XXX.

## FROM JERUSALEM TO THE DEAD SEA.

BEFORE leaving Jerusalem we walked over on Mount Scopus, on the north, where the army of Titus camped, and thence around on the crest of the hills to Olivet. The view from Scopus is yet finer than that from Olivet, commanding, as it does, the whole city and all the region to the north, from the birthplace of Samuel to Anathoth, that of Jeremiah, as well as more of the Valley of the Jordan, and perhaps twenty miles of the Dead Sea, with the overshadowing hills of Moab. All along the line of its summit were piles of stones, Ebenezers which had been erected by grateful pilgrims who had hither been helped of God, and stood now in full view of the city. On this occasion we stopped to examine the Church of the Lord's Prayer, a tasty stone building erected on the traditional spot where the Saviour first taught the disciples the memorable prayer. Within a sort of court in front of the church are thirty slabs containing the Lord's Prayer in as many languages. The building is less than ten years old, and was erected by a wealthy French countess, her relative, Napoleon III., presenting a monumental statue of the lady in her grave-robes. It is the least objectionable of the different buildings on Olivet. The ruins of a sort of mosque are still standing on the traditional spot where our Lord wept over Jerusalem.

We twice visited the Pool of Siloam, being led to it by the gurgling of its water as it ran along the terraced valley for irrigating the gardens which have been there for ages. There are two pools, in fact—the upper and the lower. The latter contains no water now, and its bed is covered with olive and fig-trees. Near it stands an old mulberry-tree, which, like all old things in this country, has a tradition connected with it. This time it is that here Isaiah was sawed asunder by Manasseh. The upper pool is about fifty by twenty feet, and is fed by a fine spring. The inclosure is perhaps twenty feet deep, and unless its surroundings have been greatly changed the blind man obeyed with great difficulty Christ's command, "Go to the pool of Siloam, and wash." Steps, doubtless, led to it in earlier days, and as now to the Virgin's Fountain near by. The broken columns which remain are probably of buildings erected over it as a sacred spot. The crusaders covered all of these places with churches. An under-ground passage connects the pool and the fountain, as was discovered by Dr. Robinson, who crawled through it with difficulty. Both are located in or near the Valley of Jehoshaphat, and opposite the village of Siloam.

The Valley of Hinnom joins this valley at right-angles, the point of junction being the dividing-line between the territory of Judah and that of Benjamin. All along these valleys are numerous graves, many of them cut in the rock, and sometimes having a number of chambers, or tombs, as if for a whole family. One containing seventy of these chambers was called the "Tombs of the Judges," from the number of the Sanhedrim. Another is called the "Tombs of the Prophets," while yet another, from its fine exterior, is called the "Tombs of the Kings." We visited this last one to find that the tooth of time had destroyed much of the sculpt-

ured designs in the stone. Here we saw the circular stone which fitted in a groove, and had to be rolled away from the door of the sepulcher before any one could enter. As a rule these tombs can only be entered by stooping, so that John needed to stoop to even look into the empty sepulcher of our Lord. The larger ones are built with a considerable chamber, where friends may come to weep at the sepulcher. We saw many thus engaged, even when the tomb was marked by a simple horizontal slab. Some of these slabs, especially of the Greeks, had designs of different implements sculptured on them, to indicate the business of the deceased. If he was a carpenter, there were his saw, and hammer, and mallet, while the cross signified his faith.

Overlooking the Valley of Hinnom is the so-called Hill of Evil Counsel, where Christ's death was plotted. The hill is now honey-combed with graves, and among others contains the potter's field, or Acel-dama, purchased with the thirty pieces of blood-money which guilty Judas threw at the high-priest's feet. Here, it is claimed, he hung himself and fell headlong into the valley below. An old building now marks Acel-dama, and bones of the dead are visible deep down amid the stones on its floor.

On the hills just across this valley were once, doubtless, the old city walls, although many acres now filled with *débris* are without the city, and are wheat-fields or olive orchards. We saw where excavations had made bare the walls for many feet below the ground. Here are the old cisterns and baths, cemented and as perfect as when made, perhaps, in David's or Solomon's time. Here is the scarped rock on which rested the wall, and here the angle where one of the strong towers stood, and the steps cut in the stone leading down to the cisterns. It is probable, from its location, that this was the stronghold of the Jebusites, which came so late into



David's hands, and which afterward was one of the chief fortifications of his palace on Zion, the city of David.

A visit to the quarries lately discovered beneath the city helps to explain the source whence come the massive stones we find here and there above ground in the city-wall, with many more made bare by excavations. Here, near the Damascus gate, we found immense chambers, where were doubtless hewn by Phenician workmen those great stones which, without sound of hammer or chisel, were placed in the temple-walls. These quarried stones were probably taken directly under the temple-area in the passages which lead down that way, and were elevated without great difficulty to their proper places in the building. Many of them taken from the ruins of the temple were afterward built into the city-wall. Small cubes of black and white marble, supposed by some archæologists to have formed part of a tessellated pavement of the temple, are now found scattered all over the hills which are round about Jerusalem. Carried out with rubbish on the backs of donkeys, they are now sought for by the curious, and large quantities have been collected to be sent to Europe.

Near our hotel, in the grain bazaar, we often saw what was meant by Scripture measure, "shaken down, pressed together, running over." A grain dealer would first fill his measure, then shake it so that its contents would settle, then press them down, then put in more and repeat the process. He would then heap up the grain on top in a pyramidal shape, leveling off the top slowly, so as to increase the base, heaping up more and leveling off again, making a circular hole in the top and filling it, putting small handfuls on until the measure was absolutely running over, and would not hold another grain, when it was passed over to the purchaser, who stood by to see that it was all well done.

The streets are frequently arched over, making cool but dark places of business. There is really no respectable business street in Jerusalem. There are only about five hundred English-speaking people there, out of its population of some twenty-four thousand. Most of these are Moslems. The Christian convents are well-to-do, and hold most of the real estate of the city. A purer form of Christianity is sadly needed here, although the moral tone of the Greeks and other Christians is above that of the Moslems. Only the Church of England, among English-speaking Christians, is represented here. Bishop Marvin "lectured" for them on Sabbath night, preaching his able sermon on "The relation of the law and the gospel." An American Church here without a ritual would soon have a respectable congregation, it is believed, and become self-supporting. What denomination will take the lead in the matter?

When we left Jerusalem for Jericho our watches said that it was 9 A.M., but Jewish and Arab time-pieces indicated 3 A.M., or the third hour of the day. We went out by the Jaffa gate, where the lepers daily sit and beg. They are loathsome creatures, some having had the cartilage of their noses eaten away, and others the joints of their fingers, and all had lost their voices, but we saw less of the white blotches about their faces than we expected. We saw worse cases of white leprosy in India, but none so loathsome as these self-despised creatures here and in the Leper's Hospital near the city. Afflicted with an incurable disease resulting from hereditary causes, or from deeds for which they are themselves responsible, but not contagious from ordinary contact, they live excluded from the rest of the world, objects of pity and charity.

Continuing our journey around the wall toward Olivet, we met, as usual, veiled women, riding

astride on horseback, or their poorer sisters trudging along on foot, carrying immense burdens on their heads, and all the valuables which they have in the world around their necks. These usually consist of coins made into a necklace. These, their earnings or presents from childhood, constitute their dower. On their marriage they receive one or more silver coins from their husband, and these they retain even after divorce or the husband's death. But this constitutes their all, and the husband may divorce his wife at pleasure. The poorer women of Palestine will compare in point of wretchedness with any of their sisters in other lands. They either go barefoot or in the clumsiest of shoes without stockings, and in scant apparel, only the necessities of the climate keeping it from being more scant.

In those fields yonder to our left we saw a man plowing the other day who used a goad, or prick, to urge on his oxen. It was a long, slender pole, with iron at one end for cleaning his simple plow, while with the other pointed end, with a sharp iron goad, he occasionally pricked the oxen. It was vain for them to kick against the pricks. On our right are the mosques on the temple-area. I forgot to state that in the windows facing Mecca, as well as in the windows of a building called Solomon's Tomb, strings are tied in the wire screen, just as we often saw them in the heathen temples in Japan and China. They signify vows to which those who have placed them there stand pledged.

While we are going around Olivet by the lower road, on our way to Bethany and Jericho, it may be well to describe our caravan. We have employed a dragoman to take us our entire journey in Palestine and Syria. He furnishes tents, horses, pack-mules, servants, and first-class board, for which we each pay him the reasonable sum of a pound a day.

Our tents are gone on before, and we shall find them pitched at Jericho on our arrival. Our present party consists of Bishop Marvin and myself, reënforced by Mr. Sampson, a theological student of the Union Seminary (Presbyterian), Virginia, together with our dragoman, Solomon Ali, of Jaffa, and a servant with the lunch. Each of us is mounted on an Arab steed, which, like Rosinante, is "in every part a horse." They appear to have good mettle, and are at the same time gentle and safe. Like all horses in this country, they are shod with reference to the stones, large and small, in every road. The shoe consists of a plate of iron which covers the whole bottom of the foot, and which has a small hole in the center. Giving the rein at dangerous places, our horses pick their steps well, and always bring us over safely. They usually prefer to go in single file. Ours understand each other, but there is quite a display of heels when a strange horse gets too near. We have to take a guard for our Jordan and Dead Sea trip, the Bedouins living near there usually respecting one of their tribe employed for that purpose. One of the sheiks accompanies us. Our armament comprises a double-barreled shot-gun, two horse-pistols, and a Damascus sword, all lashed on the person of our guard. His English consists mostly of "Good-morning," and "Very good."

Now we understand what our Lord meant when he said, "A certain man went *down* from Jerusalem to Jericho." Our way was down-hill nearly all the time, the descent to the Plain of Jericho being fully three thousand feet. The road was once much worse than now, but some generous person has had it improved to make it easier for the Greek and Latin pilgrims in their annual visit to the Jordan to bathe. The way is wholly unsuitable save only for footmen and horsemen. The road lay between

barren and rocky hills, interesting only from their historic associations. Here David fled from Absalom, first weeping all the way up Olivet, and, when down in these valleys, Shimei ran along on the hill-tops cursing and throwing stones at the humbled king. Here, too, Christ had often walked, and long before he took his last journey to Jerusalem, after healing blind Bartimeus outside the gates of Jericho, he had become familiar with all the road, and knew just where was the inn to which the good Samaritan took the poor man who had fallen among thieves. From the fact that our Lord mentions name and places in this parable, we may safely regard it as historical. At any rate, here was the dangerous road, at many points of which robbers might still hide behind the rocks and waylay unsuspecting travelers. Here, too, about half way on our journey, are the remains of the traditional inn. Old ruins, containing stones as old as Solomon's day, together with the only cistern on the entire road, stand at the top of a hill, and are pointed out as the place where the wounded man was cared for over night by the Samaritan himself, and left only for a time with a promise of the return of his benefactor. Here we spread our lunch and read our Lord's parable. The place is now called the Hadrur Khan.

After lunch we passed the brook Cherith, where Elijah hid and was fed by ravens. Already its bed was nearly dry, though scarce a month had passed since the "latter" rains. At length we reached the brow of the last hill, and stood overlooking the Plain of Jericho. We knew that the line of green in the distance marked the winding course of the Jordan, while the blue waters of the Dead Sea appeared almost at our feet. "How far to the Dead Sea, Solomon?" "Two hours and a half, sir." Distance in this country is still reckoned as in our



Saviour's time, less in miles than in the number of hours it takes to compass it. Olivet lies only a Sabbath-day's journey from Jerusalem, while Jericho, eighteen miles distant, is fully six hours away. The Dead Sea was still fully eight miles distant. Immediately in our front was the Jericho of our Lord's time. Off some four miles to the left was the Jericho where Rahab dwelt, and whose walls fell down at the sound of Joshua's trumpets. Between the two is modern Jericho, a wretched place overgrown with thorns, and having the meanest-looking houses and people we have seen, save in Egypt.

We kept to the left to see the site of old Jericho. Near it rises the highest peak in the vicinity, which has accordingly been chosen as the exceeding high mountain where Satan took our Lord to tempt him. It is now honey-combed with hermits' cells, and up near its summit stands a monastery, where, later in the evening, the shining light seen from our tent told of human inmates where one might expect only owls or jackals. Having no faith in the tradition which makes Quarantana the scene of Christ's temptation, we did not stop to climb it, but hurried on to Elisha's Spring, a delightful fountain, the only one to be found here, and probably the one whose waters Elisha healed with salt. The water is now excellent, and could be utilized for irrigating all this plain. As it is, however, the wheat, which is already ripening under the great heat of this low Jordan valley, is almost concealed by the thorn-bushes. The wretched inhabitants are so liable to the predatory incursions of their Ishmaelite brethren from across the Jordan that no care is used to secure more of a harvest than is enough for present uses. What with Turkish rule and Bedouin invasions, the people of Jericho seem under a great curse.

No buildings, but only ruins, mark the site of the



old city, nor even that of Christ's day, where Herod had a palace. An ancient ruin marks the site of the house of Zaccheus, but we found neither sycamore-tree nor palm in the once famous "City of Palms."

But here we are at our tents. The American flag tells our nationality. We enter to find a carpeted floor, iron bedsteads, with camp-stools and center-table, and the cloth already spread for our evening repast. Would you know our bill-of-fare? Soup, boiled chicken, roast mutton, potatoes, pickles from England, apricot marmalade from France; not to mention rice pudding, oranges, nuts; while all was served on china dishes, with silver forks and spoons, the fragrant coffee from tiny cups and from a silver tea-set. Even our Arab waiter spoke French, while our excellent cook prided himself on his English.

The cloth removed, we busy ourselves in making these notes of our day's journey. A guard of a couple of soldiers from the village watches our tents while we sleep. Each village is held responsible for any robberies committed within its bounds. Some whole towns have been sold out, including every horse, camel, and donkey, to pay for thefts on travelers. This has been found the best guarantee of safe travel, and each village protects itself in this way. Thus, with our horses and mules all tethered to a rope about our tent, and our guard talking, or humming low tunes over the camp-fire, we read together the twenty-third Psalm, and commit ourselves to God's tender mercies for the night. Ere sunset our sheik, who guards us, had removed his outer garments, and bathed his hands and feet, and turned toward Mecca to pray.

We rest well, notwithstanding the greater heat of this low Jordan valley, and the rumors which reach our tent of probable danger on the morrow, and the necessity of an early start, so as to join

another party on the same road, and thus have a double guard. The Bedouins from the Moab hills are replenishing their wardrobes. In the past few days they have stripped a couple of Arabs, who were compelled to seek clothing in a monastery. That at least was the story which the monks believed. Two blacks were found killed also, so it was said.

We knew that such rumors were generally incident to travel near the Jordan, and felt no apprehension. Most of the attacks are made upon the natives, and foreigners have little to fear. But while we were enjoying our breakfast of eggs and mutton-chops, the sides of our tent were being taken down and packed upon the mules, ready for an early start. Seven mules and donkeys, laden with baggage and provisions, started under guard by a shorter route to our camping-ground at Mar Saba, while we galloped away toward the Jordan and the Dead Sea. Of course we saw no Bedouins, and spilled no blood nor lost any. Our sheik "bagged" a couple of partridges, about the size of ours, only of lighter plumage; but with this exception we saw nothing worth firing at during the day. In fact, we often rode far in advance of our guard, at times completely losing sight of him, as he turned aside to start some game. Still all the consuls advise a guard for this part of the tour, and it is every dragoon's duty to procure one.

It was more than an hour's ride from our camp to the Jordan. Distance is as deceptive here as in California or Egypt. The river seemed near enough the night before to gallop down for a bath and back in half an hour. Some trees off to our left mark the site of Gilgal, where the twelve stones taken from the bed of the Jordan were set up in the day the Israelites crossed, and where Joshua made his head-quarters in the first part of the conquest of

Canaan. The place appears to lie in a direct line from the traditional crossing of the Jordan to the site of old Jericho. All this plain needs only water to make it blossom. A canal tapping the Jordan some distance up, and leading off enough to the west to overcome the great depression toward the river, could be made to irrigate the whole country for miles. As it is, the less the people have to tempt the Bedouins the better.

The water of the river did not appear until we stood on the steep banks and looked directly down upon its swift current. The Jordan, where we saw it at several points during the day, is not over one hundred and fifty feet wide, and hardly that. At certain seasons it doubtless overflows its banks. At any time it is a dangerous stream, on account of its depth and rapid current, and to the Israelites first seeing it "at the time of harvest, when it overflows all its banks," after forty years of travel in the desert, only two of them ever having seen a river, it doubtless appeared a large stream. It is, moreover, the only stream of any size for hundreds of miles east of the Nile, and the only river known to thousands of people. The absence of running water in Palestine is one of the most noticeable facts. The Jordan, therefore, though relatively small to us, was properly styled a river in Palestine, and would be called such in most parts of America.

The eye being satisfied with seeing, we hastened to enjoy a bath. Our dragoman felt called upon to warn us repeatedly against the current, which was stronger than any thing I had ever experienced. The best swimmers hesitated to venture far into the stream. The snows of Hermon had reached a proper temperature after passing through the Sea of Galilee, and the bath was quite refreshing. We had hoped to see the Greek pilgrims bathe, but the Russians have not ventured much into Turkish

dominions during the threatened war, and there were none. Some years there are several thousand who start for the Jordan immediately after Easter Sunday in Jerusalem. They bathe on the following Tuesday morning at day-break, their white bathing-dress, with its black cross, being sacredly preserved for their winding-sheet. Some few Europeans came while we were there, to see, to bathe, and to take home some of the turbid water of the Jordan. The Greek pilgrim is a far more enthusiastic person. He comes with shouts, and returns with praises.

The Jordan is fordable in August, and perhaps at this very point where we found the water so deep and the current so strong. Its fall is nearly three thousand feet in the less than one hundred and fifty miles which separates its mouth from its source, and its name fitly signifies the "Descender." Where we were the banks were lined with willows and other trees, although higher up the oleander abounds. Where there were no trees its banks are continually crumbling, and we found it prudent not to venture too near. It would appear to have changed its bed frequently in the last century. Yet this insignificant river, with its shifting channel, cannot be equaled as an historic stream. Its waters ceased before the feet of the priests that bore the ark, and divided at the stroke of Elijah's mantle. They bore the royal ferry-boat of David, and laved the feet of Jesus, as he often crossed at some of the numerous fords. It was at Bethabara, beyond Jordan, where John baptized and multitudes flocked to his ministry, fording the river in their zeal. It stands in Christian thought and song the type of that darker, swifter stream which all must cross at last to enter the promised land of endless joy.

In about an hour after leaving the ford of the Jordan we were at the blue waters of the Dead Sea. They seemed hardly less near from the summit of

Olivet than when we were within a mile of them. Rapid evaporation covers the sea with a haze, which obscures the surface largely, unless you are considerably above it. There it stretched, a motionless mass, shut in after twenty miles by the thickening haze under the hot morning sun. The water was very clear, and without a ripple. We tasted it, and immediately called for fresh water. We doubt whether it can dissolve any more salt. We all plunged in for a bath, and immediately began to experience strange sensations. One got a drop of water in his eye, and it seemed to be put out. Another took some up his nose, and declared that it was on fire. All lay down in it, or rather on it, for they could not sink, and floated like logs. Others lifted their feet from the bottom, and standing motionless for a few seconds, toppled over backward. Others tried a sitting posture, but the center of gravity did not suit, and the feet came to the surface again. It was impossible to sink, but it was difficult to swim. The sluggish water yielded reluctantly before the swimmer's stroke, while his feet could not be induced to stay under water long enough to serve as propellers.

No form of animal life could be seen—none has been found. Even insect life seems impossible in these salt-waters. Here they lie, one thousand two hundred and ninety-three feet below the level of the Mediterranean, and while six million tons of water are poured in daily, yet the level of the sea is constantly diminishing. The saltiness of the water would appear to be greatest toward the lower end of the sea, where heaps of salt are formed along its banks for several miles. These hills have very fantastic shapes. One of considerable size, resembling a woman in flight, is called Lot's Wife. A piece broken off is rapidly replaced by the dews and great evaporation. A piece which I have from

a friend is crystallized, and requires a considerable blow to fracture it.

Our road from the Dead Sea toward Bethlehem leads up and over the steepest and roughest mountains. We do not dare trust ourselves on even our sure-footed horses, but at times lead them after us over the smooth rocks. The *strata* of dark rocks which appear now and then have a peculiar dip and bend, there being hardly any shape which they do not take. The hills are barren, and without tree, or shrub, or grass. Snails have tried to live here, but have given it up, and their shells are scattered like snow-flakes, and have bleached in the sun. We ride on for miles under a vertical sun, and long for "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." It is all in vain; and we stop to spread our carpet and lunch on the top of a rock in the broiling sun. We eat it in haste, as the Israelites ate the passover, and hurry on to our tents, which we know will give us shelter and a resting-place. Surely the most refreshing sentence Christ ever spoke to the people of this scorched and thirsty land was, "He that believeth on me shall never thirst."

But yonder are the towers of the monastery of Mar Saba, and unless the Bedouins have attacked the baggage-train, somewhere near there our tents are pitched. Yes! there is the snowy canvas, and above waves the flag of welcome. We throw the reins to the muleteers and rush to the basins of cool water on our camp-stools. The salt-crystals from our Dead Sea bath are washed from our faces, and we forget our discomforts in the fine breeze that fans us while we stretch out for a nap, with "blessings on the man who invented sleep."

In the Hill Country of Judea, April 10, 1877.



## LETTER XXXI.

## IN JUDEA AND THE VALLEY OF ESCHOL.

MAR SABA is the name of an ancient convent built on the side of the almost perpendicular wall of one of the deep gorges which abound between the Dead Sea and Bethlehem. It was like waking up in the Middle Ages as, refreshed by a short *siesta* after our long ride from Jericho, we looked out upon its venerable walls. The opposite wall of the gorge is full of hermits' cells, cut in the rock or made by the help of artificial walls of stone. We learned that they were little occupied now except by jackals. The old monastery itself is sufficiently uninviting and desolate to please any hermit's fancy. Here it has stood since the fifth century, a wonder and a mystery. Sabas, for whom it was called, was the abbot of an order that bore his name. Here, doubtless, was buried some of the best life of the Church just at that critical period in its history when was developed the germ of the papacy. Men thought that they did God service when they hid in seclusion and renounced the stern calls of life. Self-denial and works here, among the earliest places in the Church, began to hew out the path to heaven. Here, on his crust and cup of cold water, the hermit began to count his beads and prayers and renounce his manhood.

The mystery which hung about the old monastery led the Persians, in the seventh century, to plunder

it, the Chosroes murdering all the monks then found. Its reputation for wealth led to repeated attacks upon it in the eighth and ninth centuries. It was accordingly well fortified, and watch-towers were built from which threatened danger could be seen afar off by the sleepless watchmen. Even now guards are on duty in these old towers, and the great iron doors of the monastery are kept constantly barred and locked. No one can enter without a special order from the Greek patriarch at Jerusalem. Even this order will not avail if presented after sunset.

An ignorant-looking monk met us at the iron door, after we had descended some forty or more stone steps, and led us down as many more to a paved court, where, in a small building with a white dome, he pointed out the tomb of St. Sabas. We were then shown through different chapels some of which were adorned with old paintings. In one we were shown a great pile of stones in a sort of alcove. They were the skulls of the monks killed when the monastery was plundered in the seventh century. Our guide with the cowl could only command enough English to tell us that they were the skulls of the "monkeys" killed there, a statement which he repeated once or twice. We got occasional glimpses of the present monks in their narrow cells. There are less than one hundred of them altogether. Some are lunatics, and others are refractory priests who are confined here for impurity or disobedience to the patriarch.

One special object of our visit was to see the room of old manuscripts, where Tischendorf found some of great value. We had an order from the patriarch permitting us to see them, but we were told privately that the monks would consent reluctantly. We found it so, but insisted on our privilege according to our permit, and were finally taken into

a small room adjoining one of the chapels. Here, with three monks to watch us, we were permitted to look over a few bound manuscripts of the Gospels, but none of great antiquity or value. The monks knew nothing of their character, often holding them upside down, and yet professing that they could not be bought at any price. We learned afterward that the most ancient manuscripts were in another part of the monastery, and that the monks had shown this one room as if it were all. Dr. Schaff had been similarly deceived the day before, for, meeting us on the shore of the Dead Sea, he told us that we should be disappointed in the library, and that the monks were a most ignorant set. The building was the most interesting, clinging, as it did, to the rocks, and supported at places by stone buttresses. It is long and somewhat straggling, but this is owing mostly to its peculiar location.

A walk after supper revealed conduits cut in the mountain to convey the water of a large area, in time of rain-fall, to the monastery cisterns. We felt equally safe in our tent with such travelers as chose to spend the night behind that barred iron door. One of the monks stood guard over our tent with the soldiers employed for that purpose. He found the savory roast pigeons of our dragoman more to his taste than the vegetables which he had sworn to eat all his life.

We had not finished our omelet and chops the next morning, April 11, before our baggage was nearly packed for the day's march. One of the pack-mules preferred to follow us over the mountain path to keeping company with the mule-train. None of these pack-mules have bridles, but simply follow their leader with his train. The lead-mule will never allow himself to be passed by any other in the train, and this one would not submit to such airs. He came galloping up the steep ascent with

his heavy load as if it were nothing compared to liberty. He was caught, however, and remanded to his old place among the *deliberative* bodies, the donkeys, and to his fellow-mules, which, like himself, are "without pride of ancestry or hope of posterity."

From these mountain summits we continue to see the winding green line of the Jordan and the blue haze which still does not wholly obscure the waters of the Dead Sea, while Olivet and some of the towers of Jerusalem now also come in sight. We lose them, however, as we near Bethlehem. We gladly exchange the barren hills of this uninhabited wilderness of Judea—the same, perhaps, where John the Baptist lived on locusts and wild honey—for the green fields and terraces of Bethlehem. Honey still abounds in Judea. Just before us is a bee-house, with hundreds of hives. The locusts which the Baptist ate seem more probably to have been the pods of the carob-tree than the grasshoppers which sometimes scourge our western frontier and are eaten by savage tribes. The locusts visit Palestine every few years, coming from the east of the Jordan, but are not so frequent visitors as to be the constant diet of any who choose to eat them, while the carob, or locust-pod, is much eaten by the people, and can nearly always be had at the markets. As for milk, which, with honey, was to abound in the land, I suppose the flocks of goats supplied that in former times even more than now. "Cattle" in this country appear to mean sheep and goats especially. Mutton, rather than beef, is the meat most used. Sheep and goats appear in considerable numbers on all these hills of Bethlehem. They are often found together in flocks, but when desired "the shepherd separates his sheep from the goats."

No wonder David was so apt with the sling!

Never did a shepherd's boy have such opportunity of practicing. Stones, and smooth stones, such as he knew how to use so well, are everywhere. While he watched his flocks, using his harp as a pastime by night, he doubtless used his sling by day. Thus grew that muscle that enabled him to tear the kid from the lion's mouth and the paw of the bear. All along here where we see these flocks to-day the son of Jesse led his father's sheep, and the shepherds were watching their flocks by night when a great light shone round about them, and angel voices sung, "Unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." Down there in that fertile valley lay, perhaps, the field of Boaz, where Ruth gleaned after the reapers. Her Gentile blood mingled with Jewish in the veins of David and his greater Son, perhaps broadening the sympathies of the one, and helping us to realize that the other was the Son of Adam as well as the Son of David. Up there on the edge of the town is pointed out David's Well. He had often slaked his thirst there in his boyhood. Now when the Philistines held it David, burning with thirst, cried, "O that one would give me drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem, which is by the gate! And the three mighty men brake through the host of the Philistines, and drew water out of the well of Bethlehem, that was by the gate, and took it and brought it to David; nevertheless he would not drink thereof, but poured it out unto the Lord." A woman at the well drew some of the water for us, and we found it sweet and refreshing.

We wonder not at the name given the town of Bethlehem—the "house of bread." Coming as we did from the wilderness, we were much struck with the evident fertility of the soil. Doubtless these fields, and vineyards, and olive-groves, feed a large section of country, many coming from a distance to

get bread. The town, which numbers some five thousand souls, is the cleanest, most enterprising place we have seen. True, it has the advantage of a good situation, and in a relatively fertile section, but there is a fresh look about the place which would indicate that much is owing to the spirit of the people. So it doubtless is. We visited a number of the shops where skilled labor employs modern inventions in the manufacture of different articles. Here were fine displays of goods made from mother-of-pearl, or Dead Sea stone, or olive-wood. Some of the Bethlehem merchants had their wares at Philadelphia last year. The women appeared better contented and more modest, while the children in fewer numbers cried "Backshish!" What made the difference? Nearly the whole population is *Christian*. In Siloam, and other towns where all were Moslems, there was an air of universal decay, and the children were dirty, noisy beggars, without exception. The type of Christianity most seen here is the Greek. It is by no means the best. The Armenian is better, and the Latin an improvement over either. Still, while the Protestant may almost blush that much of it is called Christianity, yet it must be confessed that such purely Christian towns as Bethlehem and Bet-Jala, a place of three thousand souls, near by, are a great improvement over any Moslem town in the country. One feels a broader charity for all who are called Christians on seeing that the lowest form of the true religion is a great advance as regards public morals, and the sanctity of home, and the place of woman, over the best type of the best false religions. If I felt disposed to disclaim the Greeks who danced around the sepulcher of the Lord awaiting the holy fire, I honor those who have made Bethlehem such a place that a Christian need not feel ashamed that Jesus was born here.



The Greeks, Latins, and Armenians, all have chapels and convents on the site of the Lord's birthplace in Bethlehem, as they have on the site of his death in Jerusalem. Here, as there, a military guard is stationed to preserve order against any possible outbreak of fanaticism on the part of either Moslems or Christians. One sacred spot is recognized by all sects, and all are permitted to visit it and worship there. The birthplace of Jesus is shown in a sort of grotto under the main chapel. The place is marked by a silver star, over which burn fifteen lamps, divided almost equally among the Greeks, Latins, and Armenians. Within a couple of yards is shown the manger where he was laid when the shepherds came to worship him. Silver lamps are kept perpetually burning, while the walls are hung with costly tapestry and the floor is paved with marble.

Of course no confidence can be placed in these exact spots, and yet there is strong probability that this is the place where Joseph and Mary took refuge when there was no room for them in the inn. The stables of this country are often caves. Over this one there arose in the fourth century a Christian church, which is believed by many to be that still standing, and through which we passed to visit the cave, or grotto. If so, it dates back to Constantine's time, and its peculiar architecture would indicate the period when the *basilica*, or sacred place for *hearing*, had not been superseded by the cathedral, where the service was mostly addressed to the *eye*. The old church is built like a large hall, having four rows of columns to support the roof. These are of stone, with capitals and bases. They are nineteen feet high and over six feet in circumference. They are so arranged that the preacher could be seen and heard by a large congregation. On this sacred spot the gospel was doubtless *preached* in its

purity before it became corrupted into a set of forms which concealed its great central truth.

Another incidental proof of the early belief that this grotto marked the birthplace of our Lord is that Jerome, one of the Fathers, and as devout as he was scholarly, came hither to live in this cave, that he might be as near as possible to the sacred spot where God became incarnate. The cave where he lived and studied so many years is connected with the traditional cave of the nativity, one opening directly into the other. Of course there are many other sacred places shown in Bethlehem, such as the Grotto of the Shepherds, where the angels first appeared to them, and the Milk Grotto, where a drop of virgin's milk fell on the rock, imparting peculiar properties to it. But these idle traditions should not divert our minds from those more trustworthy. Here angels acknowledged that Christ was born, and Satan, through Herod, sought the young Child's life, and the voice of Rachel was heard weeping for her children, and she refused to be comforted because they were not. It is not strange that if defeated then the father of lies should now seek to discredit the truth by foolish traditions.

The first thing which struck our attention on leaving Bethlehem was the remarkable aqueduct which leads to it from Solomon's Pools. Winding along the sides of the hills, with its clear water visible at different air-holes, it guided us to our camping-ground at the pools. It is made entirely of stone and cement, and was formerly in fine working condition as far as Jerusalem. Its architects understood the principle of the siphon, and accordingly overcame the great inequalities of the intervening hills. It is a creditable work, whether due to Jews or Romans. A beautiful vale of green, a little strip not over one hundred yards wide and less than a mile long, marked the village of Artas. Situated

at the foot of the hills whose barren limestone rocks only made the sunlight more glaring and painful, this little valley was a thing of beauty, and the memory of it will be a joy forever. The hum of the villagers' voices reached us as we rode along the crest of the hill on our way to Solomon's Pools.

These great pools are some eight miles from Jerusalem, and were built, or at least commenced, by Solomon to provide his capital with water. It is believed, however, that Pilate finished them and made them available. They are three in number, and so arranged that the highest can be made to empty into the lowest. The lowest and largest, which we reached first, is one hundred and ninety-four yards long and sixty-nine yards wide, and about fifty feet deep. The others are not so deep, but are considerably more than half as large. The water-supply comes from several springs, the largest affording a daily quantity of many tons. A guard of soldiers is stationed at the tower where the water is divided to run into the different pools, or to continue in the aqueduct directly to Bethlehem. An extensive old fort, now used mostly as a stable and the sleeping-place of the soldiers, stands quite near the pools. The chief attraction within was a great bee-hive, where the bees were making honey in earthen jars with a small hole in the bottom. The pools looked tempting enough for a bath, and following the example of an Arab, which proved that it was customary, we all three plunged in to have more familiar experiences than attended our swim in the Dead Sea.

In the early morning of April 12, ordering our tents to be pitched for us that night at Jerusalem, we started in the opposite direction for Hebron. We had almost despaired of making this venerable town, owing to the fights between Bedouin tribes in the vicinity, which, it was thought, would make

travel somewhat unsafe. But learning that the warring tribes were preparing for a pitched battle some miles south of Hebron, and that it would be prudent to venture, we lost no time in seeing one of the oldest cities of the world, and the valley whence had come the wonderful grapes of Eschol. Our road at first lay over the rough stones which, massed, make up the hills of Judea; but we finally reached a fair road for Palestine, and passing through a fine agricultural section, we had good opportunity of seeing many of those rural scenes on which our Lord based his parables. Here in one field was the way-side or beaten path, the stony ground, the thorns, and the good ground, and yet the latter so variable that different parts of the same field would bring forth some thirty, some sixty, and some a hundred-fold. Here were small stones and *strata* of stone, with a thin covering of soil. In every field were thorns, a sort of shrub with small thorns, growing rapidly, not so tall as they were bunchy, and unless watched liable to take the whole field. Even when cut down the roots have great vitality, and still send forth thorns to choke the wheat.

The fuel of the country appears to be roots and thorns. Fires made of the latter crackled so as to be heard some distance. A native has simply to set fire to a small thorn-bush and he has ample fire to cook by. They make a very hot fire, as we found by observation. It is quite easy here for a man, in making a vineyard, to build a *wall* about it and to erect a *tower*, for this is the quickest way of getting rid of many of the stones which must be cleared from the ground. We saw fig-trees planted in nearly every vineyard. It was doubtless under one of these fig-trees, hidden by the stone-wall, that Nathanael was praying in secret, unobserved by human eye, when Jesus saw him, and in that fact gave such a proof of his divinity. The stone-wall concealed

him more than the boughs of the tree. It is while men are plowing in these fields that they often come upon hidden treasure, most usually old coins, which they readily sell to travelers. Here are shepherds leading their flocks, and counting to see if there are only ninety and nine of the hundred while one has gone astray. Here are houses built upon a rock. Wood is unknown as building-material, and all the houses are built of stone, and almost invariably upon a rock, the heavy rains completely undermining all others. Here, too, are the women with their pieces of silver, all they have in the world; and if they should lose one they would seek diligently until they found it. In fact, Oriental life remains about the same in many respects as in our Lord's day.

We needed neither guide-book nor dragoman to tell us when we reached the Valley of Eschol. It is one great mass of vineyards. Many of the vines are trained on the ground, while others stand erect like ours, growing out from trunks almost as large as trees. The spies would naturally have taken back some of the delicious grapes, and Caleb had his heart set on coming back here to live. But, older than the spies, Abraham had visited these fertile fields, and, while Lot "pitched his tent toward Sodom," Abram "came and dwelt in the Plain of Mamre, which is in Hebron, and built there an altar unto the Lord." Hebron is one of the few cities of the country not built upon a hill. You do not see it for the surrounding figs and olives until you are almost in the town. Before you enter you may pass Abraham's Oak, a large and venerable tree, dating back several centuries, and possibly, at least in kind, connected with that grove of trees which he bought with the field of Ephron. The fact that they were included in his title-deed would indicate them as worthy of special notice, and perhaps exceptional at that early day, as this one is



now. Not far from this oak Abram could have had a view of the Dead Sea, and could see the smoke go up from the burning Cities of the Plain.

The oak is now in possession of the Russians, who have purchased the field containing it. Abraham's field was quite a large one if it embraced the present site of the old oak and the cave covered by the mosque where are buried the remains of Abraham and Sarah, of Isaac and Rebecca, and of Jacob and Leah. There is little reason to doubt the identity of the cave under the mosque, and some suppose that Jacob's embalmed body may be found there even at this day. Only Moslems can ever enter the inclosure of the mosque, much less look down into this wonderful receptacle for the dead. A firman from the sultan has secured for several crowned heads or princes of the blood the privilege of looking within the mosque, but none dare enter the tomb. We stood before the closed door of an old building, which, perhaps, was once a Christian church, and were told that behind this door were Jacob's remains, and under that crescent slept Abraham. Had the door stood ajar and we attempted to enter, it would have been at the peril of our lives. Dr. Schaff had been pushed violently away from the door a few days before, because, happening to come with a party to the mosque about the time of the close of the service, some fanatic supposed that he had come determined to enter. We walked down to a pool where it is believed that David caused the murderers of Ishbosheth, the son of Saul, to be hung. From there we got a better view of the general plan of the old mosque, built of drafted stone, and apparently not originally designed for a Moslem place of worship. Two minarets now rise, one at each end, but the building is any thing but handsome. It reconciles us to the Turks' possessing this old cave, when we remember the probable abuse



of it by the almost idolatrous practices of Oriental Christians.

Hebron is perhaps the third largest city of Palestine, ranking, after Nablus, next to Jerusalem. Many Jews are still there, but the mass of the people are the most bigoted Moslems. Children called out curses on our heads as we rode through the town, and a few tried their skill in throwing small stones. We were not sorry at length to leave the home of the patriarchs, and the seat, for many years, of David's kingdom, but we were glad to have visited it.

Our return trip made us yet more familiar with the objects noticed in the morning. Here were the women at the well, and especially at the spring or well by the way-side, which is the traditional place where Philip baptized the eunuch. It is entirely probable that the old road from Jerusalem to Gaza lay through Hebron, as it does to this day. If so, however, it must have been much better than now for the eunuch to have driven over it in his chariot. But the worst part of the whole road is near Hebron, and it is evidently an old Roman road greatly out of repair. The road from Solomon's Pools to Jerusalem, perhaps made at the same time, is very fair.

Nearing Jerusalem we stopped at Rachel's Tomb, a small domed building, different parts of which are used by the Mohammedans and Jews for worship. A number of Israelites were there when we looked in at the huge sarcophagus supposed to cover her dust, for it is recorded that "Rachel died, and was buried in the way to Ephrath, which is Bethlehem."

One point of observation gave us a view of Jerusalem and Bethlehem at the same time. A deep depression in the rock at this place is pointed out as the cleft in the rock where Elijah was hid when the Lord God passed by faintly revealing his glory.

The convent there is named for the prophet, but was originally founded by a Bishop Elias, after whom it was first called.

The view of Jerusalem from this approach was very fine, and different from any that we had seen before. Not so full as that from Scopus or Olivet, it still had a peculiar beauty, the towers and domes in the western part of the city coming out in special prominence. The sunlight, which bathed the whole scene, gave a tinge of mingled joy and sadness to it all, such as is felt by every Christian in approaching the city where our Lord was crucified. The sunset was of that kind witnessed only once in a life-time. Great masses of clouds, which had been gathering in the west, were suddenly rifted as the last golden rays flashed upon the distant hills of Moab and the mountains which are round about Jerusalem. They seemed the augury of that better day when the darkness which rests upon the city of the Great King, the darkness of Moslem bigotry and Christian superstition, shall be scattered before celestial light. Shall the West indeed be the quarter whence that radiance shall come? and shall it be not the spasmodic light of the Crusades, but the everlasting light of a triumphant gospel?

Jerusalem, April 12, 1877.

## LETTER XXXII.

## BETHEL, SHILOH, AND CITIES OF SAMARIA.

OUR last view of Jerusalem was on the morning of April 13, as we were on our way to Samaria and Galilee. It was from Gibeah of Saul, where occurred the terrible tragedy recorded in the last three chapters of Judges. Nothing but ruins now mark the site of this stronghold of the Benjamites. Its summit commands the finest view in all Judea, Neby Samuel alone excepted. It was a good point from which to see the Holy City for the last time. From it we could see Mizpeh, Ramah, and Bethel, as well as the Moab hills and the mysterious sea at their foot, with the green of the winding Jordan in its white, neglected plain.

After some three hours' ride over the hills we stopped for lunch at El-Bireh, the traditional place where Joseph and Mary first missed Jesus, to find him later with the doctors in the temple. "They, supposing him to have been in the company, went a day's journey; and they sought him among their kinsfolk and acquaintance." Considering that the journey was on foot, and begun in the evening, they might very well have gone this far, supposing that Jesus was somewhere in the company that were talking so eagerly of their recent visit to Jerusalem. At any rate, a tradition locating that event here secured for the place special recognition by the crusaders, who erected a fine church in the town. It is now

attractive even in its ruins, one of the many buildings which they erected everywhere throughout Palestine on the traditional spot of any event in our Lord's life. Like most of the towns of the country, it is now simply a farmers' village, as all the tillers of the soil live in villages for protection. What with repeated change of government and much bad government, rendering human life and property unsafe, the Christians have long since left the land to the Turks. These old churches are often slightly changed and turned into mosques, and sometimes building-material is taken from them for the construction of fences, walls, or houses. Many have thus been destroyed.

We continued our journey to find our tents pitched for us at Bethel. It was between Bethel and Ai where Abram pitched his tent in his first journeyings in the land, and built an altar unto the Lord. His altar and his tent always went up together. Here he returned from Egypt when the famine was ended. These hills hardly afforded enough grass for the growing flocks of himself and Lot for the herdsmen not to strive together over the best fields. From this hill, as we ourselves found, it was easy for Lot to lift up his eyes and behold all the Plain of Jordan, which he chose for his possession. His mistake was in finally going too far south and pitching his tent nigh to Sodom. Here weary Jacob, fleeing from a home which he made forever unhappy by his deceit, came at sunset, and taking one of these stones for his pillow, as the natives do to this day, he lay down in that place to sleep, when the vision of the ladder let down from heaven made him so conscious of God's presence that he awoke, saying, "How dreadful is this place! this is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven." Here he took his pillow of stone, and anointing it with oil, set it up for a pillar,

and gave the place its name, Bethel, the "house of God." Here, too, Jeroboam set up one of the two calves of gold, lest the people should go to Jerusalem to worship and be won over to his rival.

Another old church in ruins, one built probably by the crusaders, stands on a hill between Bethel and Ai. The hill where Abram erected his altar is probably more to the east, as from there we got our best view of the Jordan valley and the Dead Sea. At our feet lay the site of Ai, with different ravines where Joshua's troops might have waited in ambush the moment to rush into and fire the unguarded city; while, after their victory, from this very summit they could have looked upon their distant camp at Gilgal, where the hosts of Israel awaited their safe return and the tidings of the battle. The present town of Bethel, or Betein, as the Arabs now call it, is uninviting, but it has a fine fig orchard in the suburbs, whose fragrance was most grateful after our day's ride.

A slight digression from the more traveled road enabled us the following morning to visit Shiloh, where Joshua set up the Ark of the Lord and divided to the twelve tribes their inheritance. Here the child Samuel heard the voice of God calling him to learn the terrible tidings of the downfall of the house of Eli. From here the ark was taken out to the battle with the Philistines, to be captured by them, and never to be set up again in Shiloh. The place is a mass of ruins now, save two buildings of a date not earlier than the Christian era. Some still discern, as they suppose, the level platform where the tabernacle once rested. The only place that looks like it is now a field of bearded wheat. In short, wheat is grown amid all these old ruins, the stones often being arranged in terraces to keep the little remaining soil from washing down in the valley.

Whoever visits Judea simply gets a very imperfect view of Palestine. Even the Plain of Sharon, the Valley of Eschol, and the fertile hills about Bethlehem, do not relieve the general barrenness of the country. It is not strange that when Jacob dwelt in Hebron his sons drove the cattle northward to feed near Shechem and Dothan. Ephraim had a favored portion in Samaria. Manasseh's was only less so. Well might it pass into a proverb, "God make thee as Ephraim and as Manasseh." The line was well marked, as we entered upon the largest fig orchards and olive-groves just after leaving Bethel that we had seen in Palestine. These continued until we struck the plains, where for miles the eye rested upon the new-plowed land or the waving grain. Of course there were barren limestone hills in sight occasionally, and sometimes we had to cross them, but the general view was of green fields, and this, too, although the latter rain has been very scant.

The approach to Shechem was through a long, broad plain, in a fine state of cultivation. There were no fences, for every man had his own landmark, and now, as in Moses's time, cursed is he that removeth his neighbor's landmark. Mount Ebal and Mount Gerizim stood facing each other across an arm of the valley extending toward the west. Here, since on our way from Jerusalem to Galilee, we, like our Lord, must needs go through Samaria, and in our path, as in his, was Jacob's Well. It is a cistern cut in the rock, and usually at this time of the year has water, but the slight latter rain has left it empty. Of course, from what I have already said about sacred buildings, one was erected on that spot where, above all others in the land, one may feel that he is where Christ once was—at the well's mouth. The extensive foundation-walls of the building are still standing, and



part of the arch which covered the well. I climbed down into this to reach the mouth of the well, but some one had rolled a large stone so as to interfere with a good view of the interior. A pebble dropped in it showed considerable depth, but no water.

This well is probably the best authenticated spot in Palestine. "And Jacob came to Shalem, a city of Shechem, . . . and pitched his tent before the city. And he bought a parcel of a field, where he had spread his tent." This well is recognized centuries afterward (John iv.), as the one of which "Jacob drank, and his cattle." It is the only well in all that part of the country. Shechem is by far the best watered city in the land. Springs gush out at different points, and water may be had on almost any street. There is no need of wells. The very fact that one exists is proof of such a state of things as led Jacob to dig it. A stranger in the land, he would not be dependent upon the uncertain hospitalities of the people for so necessary a thing as water, although it abounded in the town less than two miles distant. He dug a well for himself, and he dug it deep, so that the supply of water might be ample. Even now it is over seventy-five feet deep, after it has been partly filled by the stones and rubbish collected through centuries.

Here, at the mouth of the well, Jesus sat at noonday, thirsty and weary from his long journey. While his disciples went on into the town to buy meat, a woman of Samaria came down to draw water. Perhaps she lived near the well in a village where one now stands, nearer the well than the fine springs of the city. There gushed forth from our Saviour's lips that well of living water of which the world has never ceased to drink. The woman is perplexed about the differences between the Jews and the Samaritans. Pointing to Mount Gerizim, at whose base they were standing, she said, "Our

fathers worshiped in this mountain; and ye say that in Jerusalem is the place where men ought to worship. Jesus saith unto her, Woman, believe me, the hour cometh, when ye shall neither in this mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem, worship the Father." Then was revealed the great truth that worship does not depend on mere places, but that whether at Gerizim's base or its summit, whether in the temple or when it was destroyed, from the desert or the dungeon, wherever man prayed in spirit and in truth, the Divine Spirit heard and blessed. No wonder as he dwelt upon this great theme he said to his astonished disciples, "I have meat to eat that ye know not of!"

A rectangular stone building not far distant marks the supposed resting-place of Joseph's bones. This was the parcel of ground which Jacob gave to his son Joseph, and at Shechem, and most probably here in this field, Joseph's embalmed body, which had so long remained to his descendants in Egypt a proof of his faith in their deliverance, and which was borne all through their forty years in the wilderness, was finally buried after Joshua ceased from his wars. The place is held in great esteem by both Moslems and Christians, and while the building is modern, the gift of an English consul, and the tomb, diagonally placed within, has doubtless been much repaired, yet the general locality is unmistakable. Not far from Jacob's Well rests Joseph, the beloved and affectionate son and the greatest statesman of his time.

From these interesting places we rode up through the valley to old Shechem, now called Nablus. On either side towered the mountains Ebal and Gerizim, while we were in the very plain where, after the battle of Ai, the hosts of Israel were assembled to hear the blessings and cursings. We passed through the gates of the city, our horses walking

with great difficulty on the smooth stones of the paved street, until we reached our tents, which had been pitched in a beautiful situation west of the city walls. Here, in this old town, and now the second city of Palestine, we were to spend the Sabbath, "dwelling in tents," as our father Jacob had done before us.

Our Sabbath service will never be forgotten. Climbing the lofty height of Mount Gerizim, we saw the site of the old Samaritan temple, the rival of the temple at Jerusalem. Here, too, in later years, a Christian church had been built. All were in ruins now, the only edifice standing being a Mohammedan welly, or domed tomb, from the top of which we looked down upon the great valley through which we had passed on the day before. The fields, some newly plowed, some in vegetables, and some in grain, appeared like so many different strips of carpet spread upon the ground. When our Lord sat at Jacob's Well and looked out upon them they were white unto the harvest. Toward the south-west stretched the Plain of Sharon, while that white line of sand and shells denoted that the blue beyond was the Mediterranean. Far above Mount Ebal, Hermon lifted its snow-crowned head, dim with perpetual dews. On the east lay the unmistakable Jordan valley.

Gerizim was one pulpit and Ebal the other. While I remained to read the blessings, Mr. Sampson passed over to Ebal to read the curses, and Bishop Marvin went down to listen in the plain below, where the hosts of Israel had stood. The two readers were fully a mile apart, and hardly distinguishable from the rocks on which they stood, and yet as they read the curses and the blessings of the twenty-seventh and twenty-eighth chapters of Deuteronomy, not only did Bishop Marvin hear every word with wonderful distinctness, but *they could hear and*

*understand each other*, save when an occasional gust of wind swept away a word. This is, perhaps, the grandest auditorium in the world, and with such an auditory as listened, and responded "Amen" when the Levites read the blessings and curses, history cannot show a more imposing spectacle. How these hills reëchoed every word that was spoken, as if to add yet other voices to the solemn tones of the tribe of Levi! The lesson ended, one of us proclaimed, "For God so loved the world that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life," while the other responded, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." Then the two voices on the mountain sides and the one in the valley below sung "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow." Meeting again in the valley, we returned to our tents, remarking upon this most wonderful whispering-gallery of God's own making. It was this place, unknown to him save by tradition or the inspiration of the Divine Spirit, that Moses selected for the great drama in which Israel should have set before them the evil and the good.

We climbed Mount Ebal after lunch, getting a magnificent view of the city and valley. It is really higher than Gerizim, but lacks the local historic associations and remains of edifices. Even to this day Gerizim is the sacred mountain of the Samaritans. A congregation of them, the only one in the world, meets regularly in Nablus. They always turn toward Gerizim when they pray. Annually they dwell for a fortnight in tents upon its summit, slaying at the end of that time the paschal lamb, and in all respects keeping the passover. They were arranging to go into tents the day after we left. Stanley calls them "the oldest and smallest sect in the world." They only number some fifty families, and these all dwell at Nablus.

We attended one of their services, our Sabbath there being the time of the new moon. The high-priest is not over forty years old, and is a fine-looking man. He was in his bare feet, and dressed wholly in white. Nearly all the congregation, of perhaps sixty men and children, were barefooted, many washing their feet at the door after removing their sandals. The worship consisted mostly of a responsive chant, in which all the people united with great spirit. This was interspersed with frequent bowings toward Gerizim. The service was concluded by the high-priest bringing out an old copy of the Samaritan Pentateuch, followed by a prolonged chant. They have two of these old rolls, one of which they claim to have been written by an immediate descendant of Aaron. This one is wrapped in a peculiarly rich covering, and when held up before the people they all rush forward to kiss it. There being no such demonstration that evening, we concluded that the copy held up was the more recent one. We were permitted to see the old copy privately, as a very special favor, on the payment of backshish. The high-priest is a descendant of the tribe of Levi, and the office is hereditary in his family. The people generally have the noble features which, doubtless, originally belonged to the descendants of Abraham. The service was at 5 P.M., so that the hands of the synagogue clock pointed to the eleventh hour of the day.

We also attended the Baptist Mission, in charge of a native preacher, El Karey, a converted Arab, who tells us that he was baptized in the Pool of Siloam. His congregation filled the upper room, where the service was held. Men, women, and children were all seated on the straw matting on the floor. They listened with marked attention to his wonderfully distinct enunciation. They also joined heartily in the singing, which was very good of its

kind; but it is hard to fancy the minor key of all the music of the East. The preacher appears to command much respect, and to be doing a good work, in which he is doubtless greatly assisted by his wife, a lady from Liverpool.

The Christians are called Nasara, and call themselves such. What since our Lord's day has been used as a term of reproach was cast at us also as we walked through the streets. Jesus of Nazareth is still rejected in the land of his nativity, and the Nazarenes are few. The Mohammedans profess to accept all that is good in Christianity. Christ is honored, but second to Mohammed, as are all the patriarchs. Every patriarch's tomb is a Moslem place of worship. But woe to all who revere Moses, and the prophets, and Jesus, more than their great prophet. Not the least of the many curses of this land is the Mohammedan supremacy, which God in judgment permits. The bitterness of the Moslems is only apparent at times, but there is much smothered hate, which will burst out at every opportunity. As we passed one of their burying-grounds, where the women had assembled to weep, we saw one shaking her fist violently and invoking curses on us.

When our tents were struck early on Monday morning we heard plaintive cries, and found that some ten or more lepers had been waiting around us asking for alms. Some of these had been greater sufferers from the malady than any we had seen elsewhere. Not only the fingers, but in one case the whole hand had been consumed.

The valley through which we passed at first on our way to Samaria contained the finest trees that we have seen in Palestine. The gray olive-tree and the green fig-tree had grown to great size. The gnarled trunk of the olive had not infrequently burst open, while the interior was often filled with



the loose stones gathered from the fields. The fig grows here to the size of large apple-trees. The fruit begins to appear before the tree puts forth its leaves, so that our Lord might expect figs on any tree in leaf. That the time for *ripe* figs had not come when he sought for fruit on the barren fig-tree near Bethany did not lessen the force of his sermon against false appearances.

We knew by the many terraced hills when we were approaching Samaria, where Ahab lived in such splendor and Elijah pronounced the curse of a three years' famine upon the land. Here rose the round hill which Ahab's father had bought of Shemer for two talents of silver, naming it for its original owner. Here the son, even more wicked than the father, erected a temple to Baal, and brought to share his palace the notorious Jezebel, who helped him to merit the epitaph of having done "more to provoke the Lord God of Israel to anger than all the kings of Israel that were before him." Outside the gate sat the poor lepers, who, wandering in despair to the Syrian camp, found it deserted, and brought such crowds from the city to gather the spoil that the lord, on whose land the king lived, and who had so sneeringly answered Elisha's prediction of plenty, was trodden upon in the gate and died. Of all parts of Palestine one would suppose that this well-watered section would be the last to be smitten with famine; yet Ahab sent his cattle everywhere to find water when Elijah's prayer sealed the heavens for three years and a half; and in Elisha's day the king clothed himself in sackcloth as he heard the women wailing over the children which they had eaten in their ravenous hunger. All these hills are terraced, as they doubtless were even in the day when Naaman came with horses and chariot seeking a cure of his leprosy from the prophet that was in Samaria. They are now green with waving wheat, and all the

plain gives promise of a large harvest. The absence of the latter rain, lamented in other parts of the country, is not seriously felt here.

This beautiful site for a city was presented by Augustus to Herod, who made it notable for its splendid temple and portico, which he erected in honor of the emperor. Rows of columns still standing in different parts of the town give some idea of what the place once was. Herod seems to have been the Shah Jehan of Syria, the royal builder whose taste equaled his large ambition. Some of these columns, now standing without their capitals, are the still splendid remains of the great buildings of his reign. The tradition that John the Baptist was buried here seems not improbable, as it was here, perhaps, in an hour of revelry, that Herod gave the order which he would fain have recalled—that John the Baptist's head should be brought in a charger. An old church, now largely in ruins, marks the supposed site of his burial. As usual, a Moslem place of prayer has supplanted the Christian's worshiping-place. The whole town has the usual decayed look of the average farmers' village in Palestine. Broken columns and beautiful capitals of the old buildings which were once the city's pride may be found now forming part of the walls of the miserable houses or half buried in the ground.

Our day's ride led by Dothan, which, like Shechem, is surrounded by large plains suitable for grazing. Here Joseph's brethren might very naturally have come after leaving Shechem, and here, where the Ishmaelites would naturally pass from Gilead, in order to strike the caravan route from Damascus to Egypt, Joseph was sold for twenty pieces of silver. The few ruins of Dothan stand on a hill overlooking the plain where, doubtless, Jacob's sons tended their flocks.

To-day we passed Jezreel and Shunem, both only

farmers' villages now, and remarkable for nothing unless it be a lemon-grove in the outskirts of Shunem. The hovels of Shunem are the worst that we have seen in the country. The Shunammite woman, who so kindly furnished Elisha with a prophet's chamber, must have been sorely cramped for room if she lived in a house no larger than the present average in the town. No one can enter without stooping, and any one entering would regret doing so for the rest of the day. Jezreel is larger, but attractive only for its history. Here was located Naboth's vineyard, and on these mountains of Gilboa, where the town stands, fell Saul and Jonathan. Here, too, the dogs picked Jezebel's bones. But Gilboa will be ever associated with David's lament: "The beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places; how are the mighty fallen!" His noble heart found good words for his greatest enemy.

Jezreel overlooks the beautiful plain which separates Samaria from Galilee.

Nazareth, April 17, 1877.

## LETTER XXXIII.

## NAZARETH AND THE MOUNTAINS.

WE entered Galilee through the great Plain of Esdraelon. Leaving Jenin early on the morning of April 17, we reached Nazareth about 2 P.M. the same day. A heavy fog shut out all but a limited vision for the first few hours of the day, and we expected to have but an imperfect view of the great rival of the Plain of Sharon. We could see well-cultivated fields on each side of our path, and we knew that far to our left rose Mount Carmel, and that near us the hills too dimly seen were the mountains of Gilboa; but it was not until the following day, from the summit of Mount Tabor, that we saw the full extent of this wonderful plain, with Carmel and Little Hermon as landmarks in the expanse. Not only was the plain interesting for its landscape, less beautiful in itself than relatively as compared with any other, at least in this part of Palestine, its surface carpeted with flowers or waving with bearded wheat, with here and there a winter lake not yet absorbed by the summer heat, shining like silver in the green fields, while over all drifted the shadows from the passing clouds, defying any painter's skill to transfer their varied tints to the canvas—all this was pleasing—but the more so when we remembered that we were on the great battle-field of the country. Here Barak had defeated Sisera, while Deborah, watching the battle

from Mount Tabor, promised the victory to Israel. Here Gideon led his strange warriors against the Midianites, and won an easy victory. Here all of Israel's enemies who had horses and chariots sought to engage them in battle, and this plain had often witnessed both the triumph and defeat of the chosen people.

The clouds of mist lifted during the day, and after passing Shunem, as we neared the hills about Nazareth, we saw the village of Nain, a few scattered houses on the slopes of Little Hermon. It retains the same name as when Jesus entered the village to see the widow's son borne out to his burial, and stopping the bier restored him to life and to his mother.

Not far from Nain we could see Endor, a larger place and somewhat lower down on the slopes of Little Hermon, one of the mountains of Gilboa that witnessed Saul's fatal defeat. He had not far to go to consult the witch of Endor and learn of his approaching death on the morrow. As we rode through the plain we were struck with the comparative absence of lentils, or pease, a sort of small pea, much used by the poor in making soup. It was probably the mess of pottage for which Esau sold his birth-right. It thrives remarkably on stony ground, and it accordingly abounds in all Judea. Its absence here indicated the greater fertility of the Plain of Esdraelon. Wheat, barley, and oats seemed to be the leading cereals. The few corn-stalks, remnants of a former crop, looked as if the corn might have been sown broadcast and grown mostly for fodder. We often saw women in the wheat-fields pulling up some sort of vegetable which grows among the wheat. This they bind in large bundles, which they carry on their heads to town. We passed several of these on our way up the hill south of Nazareth.

The view of Nazareth, while above the average

of the towns here, is less pleasing, on the whole, than that of Bethlehem as approached from the east. It has doubtless much improved of late years under the influence of Christian ideas, and now numbers some six thousand souls, over half of whom are Christians. Fine new stone buildings have gone up, including a Protestant church and an orphanage. A steam-mill, with its black smoke and loud breathing, reminding one of Christian lands, was the first and only thing of the sort that we saw in Palestine. Only here and at Jaffa and Jerusalem have we seen any kind of wagon.

The principal building at Nazareth is the Latin Church of the Annunciation, covering the traditional place where the angel appeared to Mary and announced the birth of Jesus. From this monastery, which lies down near the valley, the houses are all built up on the side of the hill that overlooks the town. This explains Luke's language describing the conduct of the people after Christ's sermon in the synagogue: They "thrust him out of the city, and led him unto the brow of the hill, whereon the city was built, that they might cast him down headlong." Strange to say, we passed the traditional Mount of Precipitation an hour before reaching Nazareth, while the narrative would lead us to look first in the town itself. Even should there have been no changes made by houses being built so as to conceal much of the exposed front of the hill, to say nothing of accumulated *débris* filling up the ground at its foot, there are several places there now from which a man might be thrown down and be instantly killed.

The view from the top of the hill on the side of which Nazareth is built is peculiarly fine. When Renan endeavored, after a visit here, to account for Christ's character and life by the influence of the natural scenery with which his childhood was famil-



iar, he must have had reference more to the view from the hill than any thing else. There was nothing very inspiring in the town itself, which was so disreputable that there arose the proverb, "Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth?" But on this hill-top, where Christ doubtless spent many days of his early life, the prospect was very elevating. It would seem strange, on Renan's theory, that no other great man or moral teacher had been developed by these opportunities of extended vision and quiet meditation. But the fact remains as stated, the view was peculiarly fine upon which our Lord's eyes rested in his boyhood and young manhood. Off to the west lay Mount Carmel, one end dipping into the Mediterranean, and the other, that on which Elijah offered his memorable sacrifice, rising yet higher, and overlooking all the Plain of Esdraelon; to the south lay all this plain, with the cities on Little Hermon in full view; to the east majestic Tabor looked benignly down upon the scene; while more to the north-east are the hills which barely hide the Lake of Galilee. The snows of Mount Hermon add beauty to the vision of the green fields on all the north forming one extensive plain, save that here and there rises a hill with its invariable city at the top which cannot be hid. From this hill-top Christ could see Cana, the place of his first miracle; Nain, where he wrought one of his greatest miracles; and Hermon and Tabor, on the summit of one of which he was transfigured.

We had little desire to see any thing else save the general situation of the town where our Lord spent all but three or four years of his life. We naturally looked for a carpenter's shop as we walked through the streets. Where the houses are so largely built of stone a carpenter is little needed save for making furniture. We found only one in our extended walk. Perhaps Joseph may have been the only one

of his day, and he would very properly be called "the carpenter of Nazareth." The one we found had but little in common with his famous predecessor, unless it was the stone shop, as his implements appeared to be of modern designs. Of course there is shown Joseph's carpenter shop, as well as the synagogue from which Christ was taken out by the infuriated people after his first sermon. Too many changes had taken place here for us to put confidence in these shows, and so we had no desire to see them.

We did, however, visit the Latin monastery, which professes to cover and preserve the place where Gabriel announced to Mary the great fact of the incarnation. The spot has evidently been regarded as sacred for many centuries. While the present structure does not date back earlier than 1730 A.D., it contains material of much older buildings. Excavations which were going on while we were there showed very ancient foundations to the south of the monastery and extending partly under its walls. In the very room where they profess the Annunciation took place are remains of old columns, one of considerable size broken off near the ceiling. This may have been done by the Turks in order to mar and destroy what the Christians deemed sacred. It is now pointed out as marking the spot where Mary stood, and another where Gabriel stood, and as being miraculously supported in its place. It was, perhaps, once a column in a large chapel, but the room where we found it is quite small. It is lighted by silver lamps, which hang about a marble slab in a sort of alcove bearing the inscription, "Here the Word became flesh." We groped our way into an unlighted room back of this, called the Chapel of Joseph, "where He became subject to them." Inasmuch as the monastery professes to cover the place where Mary's house stood, the credulous may be

satisfied by having various other parts of the house pointed out. As for the house itself, we are told that the angels bore it bodily to Loretto, in Italy, where it is annually visited by numerous pilgrims. The fact that the house shown in Italy could never have stood upon the peculiar foundation shown here never seems to trouble them in the least.

The Greeks also profess to preserve the site of the Annunciation, though by a less pretentious building. They claim that Gabriel appeared unto Mary while at the well. There seems to be only one spring or living well at Nazareth, and this was doubtless often visited by our Lord and his mother, and is a deeply interesting place on that account. Water flowing from this spring in the Greek convent is conveyed to a public reservoir, where, at two stone spouts, the women of the village come to fill their water-pots. It is called Mary's Well, and one can never visit it without seeing one or more women there getting water. Toward evening the number is very large. Filling their water-pots, large earthen vessels holding three or four gallons, they assist one another in lifting them to their place on a little cushion on the top of their head, and with them balanced at a uniform angle they move off to their homes. Over the well in the convent is hung a fine oil-painting, representing Mary at the well with Gabriel. The scene, save the angel's presence, may be witnessed only a few yards away. The women who come to draw water are usually maidens, who owe their graceful figures to the habit of carrying their water-pots on their heads. A marble slab covers the original well or spring. The Greek priest lowered a small silver bucket, which he soon drew up filled with the water for us to drink. To my mind this appeared the only locality about Nazareth that could with certainty be associated with the parents of our Lord. Here most probably Jesus himself often was. But

happily the Annunciation can be connected with no one spot. Doubtless the whole outline of Nazareth's surroundings was about the same in Christ's day as in ours, and no one can look upon the scenes so familiar to his eyes without profound emotion. I need not describe the cactus-hedges and flat roofs of the stone houses, and the houses themselves, usually of one story, and never large, all doubtless resembling those which might have been found here when Christ was subject to his parents.

Early on the morning of the 18th of April we rode around the hill which overlooks the town and its beautiful surroundings, to better fix the suggestive scenes in our minds. Our road, on leaving, lay past Mary's Well and over the eastern hill-boundary of Nazareth toward Mount Tabor. As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so they are about Nazareth—on every side a hill. The town itself looked best when we were farthest away, and by the help of a soft light, to reduce the glare of its white walls and roofs. Within ten hours after leaving we were ascending the slopes of Mount Tabor. The road lay over limestone hills, where, in some instances, the rain had slaked the lime, which crumbled under our horses' feet. All the slopes of Tabor are the best wooded of any sections that we have seen. The trees are mostly oak. The trunks are large, but the people cut off the branches for fire-wood, so that when they grow out again they give the tree a very stunted appearance. In this way, however, the people have a sort of perpetual forest, always diminishing and always multiplying. These limbs and branches answer very well for fuel in a country where so little is used.

We made half of the ascent of Mount Tabor on horseback, and could have made the whole, but having a long ride in prospect for the rest of the day, we left our horses in charge of our servant and

walked up to the summit. The zigzag road up the slopes gave us a foretaste of the fine view which awaited us from the roof of the Latin monastery on the top. The snow-crown of Hermon, Hattin—the traditional Mount of Beatitudes—the blue waters of Gennesaret, the Valley of the Jordan, with its deep gorge; the mountains of the Hauran, Little Hermon, with Nain and Endor on its slopes; the great Plain of Esdraelon, Mount Carmel, and almost the Mediterranean, together with the hills about Nazareth, helped to make up the rich panorama upon which, in the clear morning, we feasted our hungry eyes. It was a site fit for the occurrence of any event, however good, however sacred. The mountain itself stands apart from every other. It rises above all others in this part of Palestine. Its shape is beautiful, whether appearing as an immense dome from the east and west, or like a truncated cone from the north and south. It is not strange that for so many centuries it was the unquestioned site of the transfiguration of our Lord. Even now majestic, white-robed Hermon is the only rival in this great claim. It is hard to decide between them, either being a place so fitting for that event.

The summit of Tabor shows remains of very ancient buildings. It was once very strongly fortified, and parts of the old fort-walls still remain. Several fine churches once stood there, one each for Christ, Moses, and Elias, according to Peter's impulsive wish, built by the no less enthusiastic crusaders in the twelfth century. Remains have been found of an old church supposed to date back to the fourth or fifth century. The Latin monk who was our guide about the ruins pointed to materials in the old fort supposed to belong to Jewish houses. In fact, the chief objection urged against Mount Tabor as the scene of the transfiguration is that a town was built upon its summit at that time, and



hence there was not sufficient privacy there for that event. It does not follow necessarily from the narrative of Matthew, or Mark, or Luke, that the transfiguration took place on the *summit* of the mountain, and there would have been no lack of privacy on its slopes near the summit. Moreover, the vision was supernatural, as was also the voice, and it might have happened without the notice of the people more than as on another occasion, when a voice from heaven was heard and the people who stood near said that it thundered. The fact that Origen and Jerome both speak of Tabor as "the high mountain apart," and that it meets all the conditions, being in our Lord's line of travel, and readily reached in less than six days from Cesarea Philippi, where the last previous events are said to have occurred, may well make one hesitate to surrender Tabor to the no stronger claims of Hermon. From where they stood the three apostles might well compare our Lord's white and glistening raiment to the snows of Hermon, plainly visible in the distance. True, Hermon rises to over nine thousand feet, while Tabor is only a little over two thousand, but Tabor stands as prominent above its surroundings as does Hermon, and, moreover, stands apart. Then again, when our Lord descended from the mount a great company, including scribes and Pharisees, were waiting at the base, and he cured the demoniac child which the disciples could not relieve. This scene certainly appears much more natural in Galilee than at the foot of Hermon and about Cesarea Philippi, where we are not positive that Christ wrought a single miracle, or that the fame of his healing power was widely known or aroused much opposition.

As we came down from Mount Tabor we, too, found reminders of human sorrow, as did our Lord, whether at the foot of Tabor or Hermon. A poor



woman, whose face was swollen by weeping, and whose voice was feeble from long exertion, was seeking her lost donkey. It had strayed away while she slept by the road after a long journey by which she had become greatly wearied. If she failed to find it her husband would beat her most unmercifully, and now, after a protracted search, she despaired of finding it, and was returning home for a cruel beating. The wife here is the husband's slave. He has almost the power of life and death over her. He may divorce her from mere caprice, and leave her penniless, save with the few silver coins which she constantly wears as her dower. Well may women sit among the tombs and weep, as we saw them doing near our tents in Nazareth. Their life is nowhere sadder than in the land where Christ did so much to elevate them. It is no unusual thing to see a woman and a donkey together, both heavily laden with fire-wood, while the man walks along without a burden. Nor would it appear strange to see him ride while his wife walked, and perhaps carried a heavy load besides. Visiting a Turkish court of justice in Damascus to-day, we found all the complainants women, and usually wives. Happily there is some sort of appeal, but whether it avails much does not appear. Certainly the large number who come demanding justice would indicate great need of it, or, what is worse, such loss of self-respect on the part of women that they bring their domestic matters, without any sense of impropriety, to the eye and ear of the public. Perhaps nowhere is the difference between Mohammedanism and Christianity more striking than in the social *status* of woman.

The Christian religion alone, of all the great religions of the world (all of which during this tour we have endeavored to study carefully in this respect), elevates woman by placing her on a social foot-

ing with man. Save in Christian families, or where Christian ideas have found a place, a man may travel anywhere in China or India without seeing the wife of any except a very poor man, and her only at her daily toil; while in this country and in Egypt all save very poor women go veiled, but little less secluded from the public eye than when shut up in the women's apartments at home. The wife must never speak to any one save her husband. In all of these countries the husband and wife never walk together, and are never seen together. The women all go in companies for pleasure, or labor, or like this one alone, weeping. If the redemption of the world means the salvation of woman and her elevation to her proper place as man's companion, then Christianity alone can claim to have done any thing toward it. Her wail is the one voice of the heathen world which longest resounds in the ear of the traveler. We had heard it in all the Orient, and now, coming down from Tabor, it appeared to make its appeal with peculiar pathos. No wonder that Jesus spoke so tenderly to the woman at the well, and to her that was a sinner! Hers has been the saddest part of the curse.

Our road soon left the wooded slopes of Tabor, and we were out upon the treeless plain which separates the mountain from the Sea of Galilee. We stopped for lunch under an almost solitary tree on the border of this plain. On each side of us were the ruins of two old Roman forts, now used as a gathering-place for the Bedouins of this part of the country, who meet here every Monday for the purchase of horses and stores. Their black tents, made of goats' hair, were pitched less than half a mile away, while some were watching their cattle on the plain. Many of the Bedouins on the west side of the Jordan are farmers, living in tents. Most of them, however, deal in horses, and travel every-

where to buy and sell, and sometimes to steal. They are regarded as a more lawless set than the villagers, although these latter suffer from kleptomania, and have to be watched.

We soon saw, on our road, the traditional Mount of Beatitudes. Just where Christ preached his Sermon on the Mount is not positively known. The slopes of Tabor would appear somewhat too steep, while the only hill of any size in the vicinity is this, called Hattin, from the name of a village near by. It does not rise to more than sixty feet above the plain, yet when seen from the gorge on the north it appears a respectable mountain. It also stands out very prominently from the north shore of the Sea of Galilee, and is visible almost as far as Mount Tabor is. The top of the hill is divided into two parts, or horns, so that it is sometimes called the "Horns of Hattin." The crusaders first suggested that this must be the mount on which Jesus preached his great sermon. It appears to be the only one meeting all the necessary conditions, and has accordingly been accepted as the probable scene of that event, although there is no very early tradition for it. It might well serve as a sort of pulpit where Christ could sit while "he opened his mouth and taught" the multitudes gathered from Galilee, from Decapolis, from Jerusalem, from Judea, and from beyond Jordan. From our side of approach it appeared a humble pulpit from which to utter words themselves the proofs of his divinity. But Christ never sought to derive much advantage from physical surroundings, so as to make his ministry at all dependent on them. His most memorable words were uttered to a single hearer at night: "For God so loved the world that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

From Hattin the waters of the Sea of Galilee are

in sight, and a short ride brings us to the steep descent from the plain to the shore. Like the Jordan and the Dead Sea, the surface of the lake is below the level of the Mediterranean. The temperature is accordingly higher as we reach the shore, where our tents already await us, only a little south of the old walls of Tiberias. This Roman city, mentioned only once in the Scriptures, and, so far as we know, never visited at all by our Lord, was doubtless standing in his day. Its population was almost wholly Gentile then, few Jews consenting to live in a town built on the site of an old grave-yard. It is one of the most sacred cities of Judaism now, as it is believed that the Messiah will first appear on the Sea of Galilee, and here they await his appearing. I found worshipers in each of the three synagogues that I visited. Most of them wore phylacteries on their foreheads and arms. They appeared unlike any Jews that I ever saw before, and gave one a better idea of the original scribes and Pharisees. The whole town bears a desolate look. Its walls were partly thrown down some years ago by an earthquake. It stands almost alone on the shores of this historic lake. But another letter must describe the Sea of Galilee and its surroundings.

Damascus, April 23, 1877.

## LETTER XXXIV.

## SEA OF GALILEE—SOURCES OF THE JORDAN.

AS we left the crumbling walls of Tiberias we rode along the western shore of the Sea of Galilee, to find our tents pitched within a few yards of its blue waters. We did not long delay our plunge into the lake. At the foot of the barren hills which tower above, it bears some strong resemblance to the Dead Sea. Some profess to find its waters slightly salty, but none of us were of that opinion. There is but little motion of the waters on the beach, and this is perhaps almost wholly due to the winds. Pebbles and shells abound, and can be seen for some distance out, as the water is comparatively shallow for several feet. In fact, the Sea of Galilee is in no place over one hundred and sixty feet deep. Its length is sixteen and a half miles, while its greatest width is seven and a half miles. Its form is not quite oval, and by a slight stretch of the imagination one may see in its outline the shape of a harp. This was its original name, Lake of Chinnereth, or Lake of the Harp.

From almost any point on its banks one may get a tolerable view of the whole, and although the surrounding hills are comparatively treeless, and, save the towns of Magdala and Tiberias, its once populous shores are entirely deserted, while only two or three fishing-boats lie upon its waters, still the gen-

eral view is rather pleasant. It cannot be strictly called beautiful. It doubtless was so once, when cities and villages lined its shores and its surface was white with sails, while all the land, being in a high state of cultivation, was by turns green and golden with sowing and harvest. But the great curse which fell upon the people of Capernaum, and of Bethsaida, and of Chorazin, fell no less upon their cities and plains. The Sea of Galilee alone remains of all that former beauty and glory. The increased beauty which it had from its surroundings has been destroyed. It is almost a lake in a desert, save where the Plain of Gennesaret on the north is green with life, but it is pleasing still, even if only by way of contrast.

Look at the picture as we see it from our tent-door. Opposite rise the hills of Hauran, down some of whose steep sides the herd of swine ran violently into the sea. Here and there on their summits is seen one or more houses of some small village of Bedouins, who make it unsafe for travelers to venture across unless in considerable numbers. At our extreme right is the opening in the hills through which the Jordan hurries on in its deep valley to the Sea of Death. Between us and this extreme southern point lie the ruins of old Tiberias, a more desirable site for the city having been found higher up on the western shore of the lake. A white dome, covering the warm baths near the beach, is the only object, except ruins and barren hills, which meets the eye in that direction. Turning to the left we see the dilapidated walls of Tiberias, with the ruins of the old Roman castle near the city, and a few small boats anchored or beached in front of the town. Beyond Tiberias lay all the memorable scenes of our Lord's ministry on this lake. Magdala, the town of Mary Magdalene, now a small village, the ruins of Bethsaida and of Capernaum, the Plain of Gennesaret



between the two, and farther away the ruins of Chorazin, are all there on our left.

While we watch the moon and stars mirrored in its placid waters we may well recall that these shores witnessed most of our Lord's greatest works, as well as nearly all of his public ministry. Perhaps less than six months of his life, after Jesus was baptized, were spent away from the immediate vicinity of the Sea of Galilee. Near here he preached the Sermon on the Mount. Here he healed the centurion's servant and the nobleman's son. Here he restored to health Peter's wife's mother, and the woman with an issue of blood, and the sick of the palsy lying on a bed. Here he raised to life Jairus's daughter. Here he cast out, in the very synagogue, an unclean spirit. Near here he fed the five thousand, and at another time four thousand. He walked on these very waters, and, rising from slumber, he hushed with a word the mad tempest that swept the lake. In fact, when driven from Nazareth and afraid to live in Jerusalem, where they always sought his life, he came and dwelt on these shores in Capernaum, thereafter called "his own city." Here, too, after his resurrection, he appeared unto the disciples and restored fallen and repentant Peter.

We were up before the sun on the morning of April 19, and after another bath in the lake we entered a fishing-boat which we had engaged the night before for a sail to Capernaum and Bethsaida. This was one of the four boats now found on the Sea of Galilee, which once, doubtless, numbered hundreds. Josephus would lead us to believe that many of them were of great size and beauty. Ours was rowed by eight men, and was perhaps less than eighteen feet long and four feet wide. Part of the way the wind was favorable, when we could use our sail, but for the most part we were dependent on the oars. We spent some four hours on the lake, during which

time we could form a good idea of the life of Andrew, Peter, James, and John, the fishermen apostles.

We first rowed from our camping-ground a mile or more to the town of Tiberias, where our boat stopped to take in supplies for the day, and the long fishing-net which had been laid upon the projecting walls to dry. Our ride was but incidental to the day's fishing, so that we could see the usual habits of these Galilean fishermen. Four men at a time, under the command of the head boatman, rowed the boat, while all frequently joined in a song, usually of the responsive sort. There was ample room in the bottom of the boat, where such as were wearied might sleep, a privilege of which one at least availed himself. The fishermen were rather above the average of the people generally, and seemed to be of the indifferent kind, not so anxious for the Napoleon for which they agreed to take us as to be much disposed to interfere with the day's work.

The sea was quite smooth, but a strong wind sweeping down from the steep hills which rose above us would have made its waters dash us hither and thither. The storms on these inland seas are said to be even worse than on the ocean. The peril of the disciples, when Jesus came walking on the water, was their inability to land and the danger of being dashed upon the rocks, for we are told that when Jesus entered the ship "immediately they were at the land." Doubtless, also, out toward the middle of the lake one of those fierce cyclones, so common now, threatened to destroy their boat, when the disciples awoke our Lord, sleeping at the bottom of the boat, with, "Master, carest thou not that we perish? And he arose, and rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, Peace, be still. And the wind ceased, and there was a great calm." "And they feared exceedingly, and said one to another, What

manner of man is this, that even the wind and the sea obey him?"

We rowed probably not less than ten miles before reaching Tell Hum, the supposed site of Capernaum. On the west shore we saw occasional ruins, remains of villages which no one has been able to identify. Magdala, a small town of perhaps sixty houses, is the only inhabited place on the coast, save Tiberias, which has a population of three thousand. Kahn Minyeh comes next, supposed by some to be the Capernaum of the Scriptures, and by others the Bethsaida; while between these ruins and Tell Hum stretches the Plain of Gennesaret, a fertile tract some six miles long and five wide, with ruins near the coast, as well as a mill and two houses, called by the natives Bethsaida.

Stepping out on the large basaltic rocks which lined the shore at Tell Hum, we pressed our way through weeds and thistles as high as our heads, and came first upon the ruins of a building whose thick stone-walls were still standing. Evidently more substantial than an ordinary dwelling, it was doubtless a public building of some sort, and yet defying our ability to say what. From its walls we looked on every side for other ruins, and could see only mounds and weeds. The white limestone of the very walls on which we stood were black with mold and moisture, and the whole place seemed taken by the luxuriant weeds. Pressing on through these, we came upon some splendid ruins, only about fifty yards from the first. These seemed to belong to an old church of considerable dimensions. There were the remains of large columns with well-executed Corinthian capitals, and from their age some have conjectured that they belonged to the synagogue built in Capernaum by the Roman centurion whose servant Christ healed. Those versed in different styles of architecture discover some ruins near these

to be more recent, and suppose them to belong to a Christian church erected about the seventh century on the site of Peter's house. These were all the ruins which we found. Houses built of blocks of basalt picked up from the shore were still standing, but untenanted. They had once been occupied by the farmers who cultivated the rich Plain of Genesaret, but have long been deserted. They are so overgrown with weeds that we only found them when we were right upon them. In fact, what was once a populous city, and admitted by all to have been either Capernaum or Bethsaida, is now a heap of ruins, most of which are under the earth and all covered by thick, rank weeds. Where once our Lord talked to thousands not a soul is now to be found. The awful solitude of the place is only occasionally broken by the traveler who here repeats Christ's words, "Woe unto thee, Chorazin! woe unto thee, Bethsaida!" "And thou, Capernaum, which art exalted unto heaven, shalt be brought down to hell." These very cities have so suffered with their inhabitants that even their sites are beyond identification. They have all become heaps. Chorazin is supposed to have stood where there is now a mass of ruins some distance back on the hill from Tell Hum. The Arab name, Kerazeh, is the principal means of its identification. Yet these were all respectable cities, and swarming with people, who came out by thousands to hear Christ preach and to see his miracles.

Returning to our boat, we notice the oleanders which abound on the north shore of the lake. In size of leaf and flower we could see but little difference in them from our own. The whole course of the Jordan is lined with them. Some four miles east of Tell Hum the Jordan leaps, by a sort of cascade, into the lake, while its exit from the lake is no less rapid. Throughout its whole course it well de-

serves its name, Jordan, or "Descender." Did favoring winds permit we should sail over to the upper mouth of the Jordan, but we must camp to-night at Lake Merom, and our horses are already waiting at Khan Minyeh. A row of some four miles brings us to this point, which, like Tell Hum, is the probable site of either Capernaum or Bethsaida, no one can say which. At any rate, they divide the honor between them, so that visiting both places one may feel pretty confident of having stood on the site of the two most exalted and most cursed cities of the world. There are fewer ruins here than at Tell Hum, but they have the same rank vegetation to conceal them. The one thing of which we could feel assured was the Plain of Gennesaret (Mark vi. 53) stretching between the two. It was perhaps on this very plain, extending from the shore, where Christ's eye fell upon the farmer in the field. Sitting in the boat, with the multitude gathered on the shore, and perhaps watching the very action of the sower as he spoke, Jesus said, "Behold, a sower went forth to sow." The way-side, the thorns, the stony and the good ground, were doubtless all in sight. This well-watered, fertile plain, then highly cultivated, doubtless fed many thousands of people. Poorly tilled as it is to-day, it is probably the chief dependence of the human life found within ten miles of it. A large stone mill on the shore, run by one of the many springs that pour their full volume of clear water into the lake, grinds the corn for the farmers whose village of miserable houses is hidden somewhere behind the hills.

Such is the Sea of Galilee as it appeared to us. Its waters still yield abundant supplies of fish, but a few fishermen can furnish all that are needed by the less than four thousand people who dwell upon its shores. A small navy could ride upon a lake where four small fishing-boats answer all the wants



of the people. The once busiest part of all Palestine is now almost deserted. This Sea of Life has well-nigh become a Sea of Death, no less than that other sea where the populous Cities of the Plain once stood, their inhabitants reveling in sin, having forgotten God. Its shores, however, have not the barren look of those of the Dead Sea. Desolated it doubtless has been, but the papyrus, the rushes, the oleanders, the rank vegetable life of all kinds which abounds on its shores, seem to tell of the possibilities of a better life. Desolated, but not sown with salt—forsaken, but not burned with fire—the infinite mercy of Jesus may yet permit them to be peopled with souls more eager to hear his words than the unfaithful dwellers in Bethsaida, Chorazin, and Capernaum.

We disembark at Khan Minyeh, and, making our way through thorns and weeds, we reach the road to Damascus, where our horses await us. Climbing the hills, we linger for another look at the historic lake which appears before us in all its dimensions. This, of all the localities in Palestine, Olivet alone excepted, is the most sacred to the Christian. How sacred these very names! But our hearts need not the tree-crowned mountain and the silent sea to help us to commune with Christ. An angel's voice calls from each, "He is not here, he is risen;" while the believer replies:

But sweet, warm, tender, even yet,  
A present help is He;  
While faith has still its Olivet,  
And love its Galilee.

Our road toward Lake Merom left Safed on the west. This is also a most sacred city of the modern Jews, who believe that the Messiah, after first appearing near Tiberias, will set up his kingdom at Safed. A tradition confounding it with Dothan gives the name of Joseph's Well to a cistern of



dirty water covered by an old khan. This cistern is about as suitable a place for his confinement as these hills, now covered only with blocks of basalt and limestone, were for the flocks of his brethren. Remarking on how much could be seen in a single day in a land so historic as Palestine, when a day's journey could embrace, as the day before had just done, Nazareth, Mount Tabor, Mount Hattin, and the Sea of Galilee, while the morning had included visits to Tiberias, Capernaum, and Bethsaida, as well as a few hours' ride on the Sea of Galilee, it was proposed to ascend one of the hills on this plateau to find out the range of vision from a single point. We had just lost sight of Mount Tabor and Mount Hattin—the Mount of Beatitudes—and the Sea of Galilee, while in the distance we saw Mount Hermon and the mountains of Lebanon white with snow. From the hill-top *all of these are combined in one vision*, together with the Lake of Merom, the Valley of the Jordan, and the hills of the Hauran. Surely, only Moses's view from Pisgah could have excited greater thrills of joy.

Descending now toward the rich valley watered by the sources of the Jordan, we seemed to enter a new country. Hitherto we had crossed numerous wadies, or dry beds of mountain torrents, and had passed over long stretches of barren country, but now the water-courses were all full and the fields waving with grain. This upper Valley of the Jordan, extending from Lake Merom to Cesarea Philippi, at the foot of Mount Hermon, properly drained and cultivated, ought to be the finest, as it is almost the largest, agricultural section in Palestine. Pastoral Bedouins, living in tents of black goats' hair or coarse matting, are the only farmers. The peculiar buffalo of the East, so familiar in Japan, China, Ceylon, India, and Egypt, appears here for the first time in Syria, and seems much at home among these

marshes. Every thing has a more primitive look than elsewhere in this country. Pitching our tents near some ten springs, whose united volume of water makes one of the considerable sources of the Jordan, we rode back to Lake Merom, which we had already passed a mile to our right. We found the lake to be some four miles long and three and a half miles broad, but so surrounded by marshes as to be inaccessible save by walking. It is the largest of the three or more lakes which collect all the waters from the numerous springs of this valley, and for which the Jordan is the proper and only outlet. The water is only some ten or eleven feet deep, and the whole lake has been thoroughly explored by MacGregor in his wonderful canoe, the "Rob Roy." Natives were wading out in its waters for fish, but we were unwilling to trust ourselves or our horses too near its treacherous swamps. Its chief interest, aside from its being the reservoir of the Jordan, is that near its shores Joshua fought one of his greatest battles, which settled the conquest of all Northern Palestine, as the battle of Beth-horon secured all the southern country.

We of course visited the numerous springs near which our tent was pitched on the evening of April 19. They are really one of the principal sources of the Jordan, and yet no mention is made of them in any work that I have seen. They burst out from the foot of the mountain at a village called El-Mel-laha. The volume of water is very considerable. It is used in part for running a flour-mill. This is an old stone structure, hardly distinguishable from the surrounding rocks. The water comes in through shoots on a level with the roof of the mill. It is made to strike a wheel so as to turn it horizontally, and this turns the rude mill-stones. There is no arrangement for bolting the flour, which is very coarse. The natives usually make it into thin cakes

of bread. These were probably the five loaves, enough for only one man's dinner, that Jesus multiplied for the feeding of five thousand men, besides women and children. Doubtless on this very day our eyes had unconsciously looked upon the very place somewhere near the Sea of Galilee where that miracle was performed. On some of these plains, where there was much grass, he caused the multitude to be seated in companies of fifty. A few years ago during a famine in China, when multitudes had to be fed, there was no such effective way of avoiding confusion as to divide the people into companies as our Lord did, and cause them to be seated. Durra was the grain being ground the day we were at the mill. This is very much like the seed of broom-corn or sorghum, and is used by the people for food as well as for their camels.

We daily met great caravans of camels on their way to and from Damascus. They abound throughout Syria, but seem to be less used than donkeys or oxen. The mule is much used by the well-to-do among the people. The kind in use here are as fine as any in America. It is astonishing what loads they carry. I saw one with five trunks strapped across him. Merchandise and baggage are carried almost wholly in this way. The mules are without bridles, and usually follow the lead-mule, who carries some ten or fifteen bells, besides a couple of strings of sleigh-bells. Our baggage-mule, laden with our valises, strayed from the rest one day while the muleteers stopped for lunch, and it was two hours before they missed him. At one time we were doubtful about his being recovered, but he was finally brought into the camp amid great rejoicing. He has been under watch ever since. The natives almost universally ride without bridles, and they are among the best horsemen in the world. A halter, with a motion of the hand, seems to

answer every purpose. Sometimes an iron band across the nose of the horse is substituted for the bit.

The snows of Hermon appeared too near to take a seven hours' ride to our next camping-ground, at Cesarea Philippi. Though our caravan moved promptly at 6 A.M. on the morning of the 20th, it was 1 P.M. before we dismounted in the olive-grove at the foot of Mount Hermon. I say our caravan, for in addition to our twelve or more horses, mules, and donkeys, two Damascene merchants and their families desired to travel with us for greater safety. The women of the party had been attending the Mohammedan festival at Jerusalem and visiting Neby Musa, or the grave of Moses, which the Moslems have, very conveniently for their pilgrims, located on the *west* side of the Jordan. A visit to the pile of rocks called Moses's grave, which we saw on our way from the Dead Sea to Mar Saba, is considered very meritorious, and is undertaken by most pilgrims who go to the Mosque of Omar. These women rode in palankeens on the backs of mules, one mule usually being responsible for three or four persons. They kept closely veiled whenever we Franks happened to be looking. They traveled with us all the way to Damascus, and afterward the merchants came to our tents to pay their respects through an interpreter, but we dared not send our compliments to their wives.

There really appeared no danger of Bedouins, but the country was full of rumors of robberies by them, and we deemed it best to use prudence and present a formidable front. Turkey exercises too little control over these lawless tribes at any time, but now that she has but a small military force in Syria there is considerable fear of incursions. All the Bedouins that we saw were of the friendly sort. We passed through an extensive village of them, their rude tents lining each side of the road. Men,

women, and children stood forth to greet us with, perhaps, their only English word, "Morning."

We crossed several rapid streams hurrying on to the Jordan. One, the Derdara, we had to cross by a stone bridge of three arches. Its course was through a deep gorge, the basaltic walls rising to the height of perhaps six hundred feet on each side. The roar of the rushing waters announced their presence some distance before we reached them. The same was true of the Leddan, or Little Jordan, the principal source of the Jordan, which bursts out from the earth in a considerable volume at the site of Dan, the frontier city of Palestine on the north. Only a hill marks this old place, and from under this hill, now overgrown with trees, the Jordan may be said to spring forth almost a full-grown river at once, although it pours its waters, with those of the other streams in the valley, into the lakes, whence they find a common outlet in the Jordan proper. At Cesarea Philippi, where we camped for the night, other such springs burst out together from the very foot of Mount Hermon and become at once a large stream, whose waters hasten in numerous cascades to the lakes which supply the Jordan. Whence come these waters? Are they from natural springs, although of most exceptional size? or, are they from the melted snows of Hermon, which find for themselves immense reservoirs in the bowels of the mountain and seek this subterranean outlet? Whatever their origin, these are the sources of the Jordan. Clear as crystal they leap from the earth, although they pour a turbid flood into the Dead Sea. Larger than Abana and Pharpar, and the largest river between the Euphrates and the Mediterranean, the Jordan waters the most historic land in the world, and has for us the deepest interest which can attach to any water save the Sea of Galilee.

Baalbec, Syria, April 27, 1877.



## LETTER XXXV.

## SNOWY HERMON AND HOARY DAMASCUS.

WITH the exception of one day's travel we have gone from Dan to Beer-sheba, as well as from the Jordan to the Great Sea. We did not deem it advisable to ride from Hebron to Beer-sheba, but with that aside we have seen Palestine from its southernmost to its northernmost limits. Our line of travel was that most frequented in our Lord's day and before, so that most of the historic places were within our reach. The cities of the Philistines and the place of Elijah's sacrifice on Mount Carmel we regret being unable to see; and it would have been most pleasant to cross the Jordan and look out from the mountains of Pisgah upon the land of promise. We did all, however, that it was safe to do in the present excited state of the country. Several parties were turned back from the land of Moab and the Hauran by the threatened danger from the lawless tribes, the true sons of Ishmael, who dwell on the other side of the Jordan. Even along the accustomed lines of travel in Palestine proper there was much annoyance from numerous thefts. As many as ten different parties have been robbed of watches and money during the time of our tour in the country. This, however, was perhaps mostly owing to carelessness, and to undue confidence in the soldiers who guarded the tents, and who were probably the thieves. This, at least,



appeared to be the opinion of the different Turkish officials to whom the cases were referred.

Dan, the frontier city of the Israelites, was quite near the coasts of Cesarea Philippi, and was, perhaps, in the time of our Lord's travels, just before he called out from Peter the sublime confession of his divinity. The former is now but a mound on which trees have grown, concealing all evidences of the city that once stood there, while the latter is as miserable a village as we saw anywhere in Palestine. Cesarea Philippi was once a proud Roman city, honored with the imperial name, and was the place chosen by Titus when he celebrated the capture of Jerusalem. Evidences of its former glory abound in the midst of its present degradation. Remains of immense towers, built as if to rival Hermon itself in point of endurance, are now overgrown with mold and weeds. A temple erected in honor of the Emperor Augustus has entirely disappeared, while of the worship of Pan, which gave the town the name of Paneas, now called Banias, only a few niches cut in the perpendicular wall of one of the spurs of Hermon are still to be found. A larger cavern seems to have been used as a temple in this worship, but even this has been destroyed by the falling rocks. Quite near it is one of the principal sources of the Jordan, almost as large when it bursts in numerous springs from beneath the rocky roots of the mountain as when seen last before mingling its waters with those of the other streams which supply the Jordan.

Leaving our camp near the cavern, we accompanied our guide up to the old castle which is built in and on the rocky summit of a spur of Hermon. As we passed through the wretched village we noticed on most of the houses a temporary summer-house, built mostly of boughs and leaves, and used by the people as a sleeping-place in the warm weather.

They are not much larger than a big dog-kennel, while the entrance is just such as is most common in that structure. The people need such a place of refuge from the Syrian fleas, which are more numerous and ravenous here than anywhere else. They deserve the palm over their Egyptian cousins. But we are soon above the town, climbing slowly and laboriously up to the castle. We reach it at length after an hour and a half's steady climbing, and the very first view of it pays for all our trouble. When and by whom erected does not appear, but here it stands, over two thousand three hundred feet above the level of the sea, almost impregnable, and commanding the mountain pass between Damascus and Palestine. The immense blocks of stone of which it is built make as profound an impression as the strategic point of its location. The top of the mountain has been leveled off in some places, while in others the original rock has been left to form part of the walls of the castle. Some of the stone of the walls was doubtless cut from the top of the mountain, but the oft-recurring question arises, How were others brought from a distance and lifted to their places in these walls and towers?

The castle follows the general shape of the summit of the ridge on which it is built, and is over seven hundred and fifty feet long by three hundred wide. It is said by those who have seen all the great castles of Europe that there are none in point of size or position to compare with it. What a startling story it could tell of besieged garrisons, of the eagerness with which the great reservoirs were watched lest the water-supply should fail, of victorious sallies, and of fatal defeat! No doubt these rocks have often run with human blood. The old stronghold was doubtless often taken, as men pressed their way up the almost precipitous cliffs, or waited below the signal of distress and surrender caused

by prolonged siege and famine. Its walls show the work of many hands and of many different countries. They are grand now, even in their ruins, and tell of what they must have been in their strength and glory. Well-nigh exhausted by our ascent, we find in one of the caverns cut in the rock a little pool of delicious water, made perhaps by the melted snows so recently fallen on Hermon. Here, on hands and knees, we each quaff the cooling draft, and wonder what knights in mail and helmet have knelt there in distant years.

Standing upon the dizzy height, we have a magnificent view of all the northern part of the Holy Land. I may call it our last view of Palestine, for while on the morrow we often looked back as we crossed the mountains, yet we had no view so fine, so memorable as this. We were now beyond the borders of the children of Israel, and in the land of the Hermonites. We were perhaps as far away as our Lord ever was. It may be that when in the coasts of Cesarea Philippi he stood upon some of those great rocks as he asked, "Whom do men say that I, the Son of man, am?" and to Peter's answer, announcing the great truth of his divinity, he declared, "On this rock will I build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." Or, if Tabor be rejected as the Mount of Transfiguration, upon some one of these spurs of Hermon "his face did shine as the sun, and his raiment was white as the light," and Moses and Elias appeared talking with him of the decease which he should accomplish shortly at Jerusalem. It was a fitting watch-tower from which to look out upon the land in which the most momentous events of all time had taken place. Just beneath us were the numerous sources of the Jordan, bursting in full volume from the earth. All the upper valley of the river lay revealed before us, with the black tents of the Bed-

ouin farmers grouped in villages at the foot of the hills. Yonder was Lake Merom, where Joshua won the battle with the northern kings. Beyond that row of hills, just concealing it, was the Lake of Gennesaret, by whose waters, after his resurrection, our Lord ate with the disciples just such broiled fish as that which the Galilean fishermen had furnished for our table as we camped near Tiberias. It was a time for deep thought as we now left this historic land, perhaps forever. The dream of a life-time had been realized in this visit. We had followed our Lord's journeyings through all the land, save where he crossed the Jordan, or visited the coasts of Tyre and Sidon. Bethlehem, Nazareth, Jerusalem, Olivet, Gennesaret, were names now charged with a meaning which they never had before. Faith had been tried, quickened, and confirmed, while love kindled with a fresh ardor at the new and deep consciousness of the earthly life and ministry of Jesus Christ, the incarnate God. That he lived in human flesh, that he lived in this land, that he died here, and here conquered death by his resurrection, were facts made doubly real by visiting the scenes of his life on earth.

We spent all the next day in crossing the foothills of Mount Hermon, never once losing sight of its crown of spotless white. How fitting the psalmist's simile, "As the dew upon Hermon!" Its perpetual snow yields the vapor which is constantly returning upon it as dew. Brotherly love in its purity is thus fresh and unceasing. This snow looks so near and tempting that but for yesterday's journey, with its experience of deceitful distances, we might venture up the slope of the mountain for a handful. Pressed snow is the ice of this country. The natives, with their sure-footed donkeys, climb up to the snow-line and bring great bags of it to Damascus, while others gather it from Lebanon for

Baalbec and Beyroot. The supply diminishes, however, when most needed in midsummer. Those are not simple snow-banks that we see up in the gorges, but actual glaciers, as the melted snow has formed great layers of ice. Doubtless these Druses dwelling here near the mountain top could tell of avalanches of snow which have come down upon them. Hermon is the pride of the whole land, and being the only snow-mountain of Palestine it is called *Jebel-esh-Shekh*, "mountain of the white-haired." I had always supposed it a peak, but it is rather a ridge, its base being fully twenty miles long and having no less than three peaks. Its greatest height is a little less than ten thousand feet above the sea. It is visible for a great distance in nearly every direction. We first saw it before reaching Nablus, and during two weeks' constant travel we never lost sight of it save for an hour or two at a time. Like *Fuji-Yama*, in Japan, it is the one object in nearly every landscape.

There were abundant evidences of volcanic action on the summit of these spurs of Hermon. Great blocks of lava are scattered around, remains of eruptions from those extinct craters over which we rode during the day. If we had hoped to find a cooler atmosphere so high above the sea, we were doomed to a heat second only to that of the Valley of the Jordan near the Dead Sea. We finally reach the water-shed, and begin our descent toward Damascus. We stop for lunch on the banks of the *Pharpar*, one of the rivers of Damascus which Naaman thought better than all the waters of Israel. It is a rapid, shallow mountain-stream, its clear waters certainly more attractive than the turbid Jordan, where perhaps, near its mouth, Naaman went to bathe.

We were now in the Hauran, the home of the Druses, whither they were driven from Lebanon after



their terrible massacre of fully fourteen thousand Christians in 1860. They originally came from the Moslems, and shared the Moslem hate against the Christians, but especially hating the Maronites, a branch of the Latin Church. Supposing that by the treaty with the European powers Turkey had full control of all Christians in her territory, they attempted their wholesale massacre, and with fearful results. Even now there is a constant dread of the repetition of those bloody scenes, and with the declaration of war between Russia and Turkey the Christians are gathering in the mountains of Lebanon and arming for defense. The Druses have the reputation of being a very hospitable people, but their religion is of the nature of a secret organization, about which little or nothing is known. They appear to be monotheists. It is their custom never to avow their religion save when among their own number. When among Greeks they profess to be of that faith, and when with Latins they are Romanists.

The farmers pay more attention to irrigation on this side of the mountains. Irrigating streams run through nearly every field, and there is promise of plenty. The season was just begun in this higher latitude. The rude plows, with olive-wood handles and minute iron plow-shares, were busy scratching the rocky soil. The people know nothing save of the first few inches of the top soil. The German colonists at Jaffa and Kaifa, with their sub-soil plows, will have to revolutionize the agriculture of Syria. The conviction has grown upon me that the Japanese, with their knowledge of irrigating, draining, and fertilizing, could make nearly all Palestine as wondrously beautiful almost as Japan itself.

We camped on Saturday night at Kefr Hawar, where we found large numbers of silver poplars, a kind of tree which abounds in this region wherever



there is plenty of water. They grow up to a considerable height, and are of quite a slender and graceful form. They are allowed to grow too thick to become very large, but are occasionally thinned for lumber. They usually denote a village, for the people gather near these spots of green. As we rode into Damascus the following morning we could see a number of these villages in the great plain. In fact, we knew ten miles away the location of Damascus itself by these tall poplars making a sea of green. When Elijah heard the still small voice in Horeb it commanded him to go to "the wilderness of Damascus." So it is even at the present day. Damascus is an island of verdure in an ocean of sand. It is wilderness everywhere in this country, save just in the narrow valleys of the Abana and Pharpar. They approach from different directions the Meadow Lakes, east of the city, where they empty their waters, which in turn have no outlet, and are absorbed by the sun and sands.

We had hoped to reach Damascus in time for morning service, but were disappointed. We especially desired to spend the Sabbath in this hoary town, the oldest in the world. We remembered it was here that Abraham found the trusty steward of his house, Eliezer of Damascus. Here most probably David himself had come in extending his conquests when he garrisoned the new town which he captured. The little captive maid of the Hebrews had here told of Elisha, the prophet of God, who could cure her master of his leprosy, and who was himself sent to Damascus on a prophetic mission, warning Hazael, the future King of Syria, of the wicked deeds of his reign, until he cried out, "Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing?" Here, too, and perhaps along the very road which we were traveling, came a greater than any of these, Saul of Tarsus, who having made havoc of the

Church in Jerusalem—entering into every house, hauling men and women and committing them to prison, until the believers were scattered abroad everywhere, and seemingly crushed out forever—hoped to do the same for any of the same sort in Damascus, whether men or women. He came with no less authority than letters from the high-priest, and with that flail he hoped to thresh out the fire of the new faith. With it he had already scattered live coals which were kindling new fires everywhere that nothing could extinguish. They that were scattered abroad went everywhere preaching the word. Philip alone founded Churches in Samaria, in Azotus, in all the cities along the Mediterranean as far as Cesarea, besides lighting a flame in the eunuch's heart which was to glow in the palace of Queen Candace in distant Ethiopia. Like ourselves, he approached Damascus about midday, when the voice of Jesus, the last time it was ever heard on earth, cried, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" It was a divine voice, and the startled man, not comprehending the fearful admission of his question, asks, "Who art thou, Lord?" That answer, of all others the most unexpected, settles his faith and his future, "I am Jesus of Nazareth, whom thou persecutest." Instantly he begins to serve a new Master, with "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"

For more than three weeks we had been following the journeyings of our Lord, and now we had struck the track of his greatest apostle. We were to follow his course upon the Mediterranean, to visit Cyprus, and perhaps Ephesus, and Athens, and Corinth, and Rome, where his voice had been heard, as no human voice was ever heard before or since, preaching Jesus, whom he had persecuted. We stood the next day at noon near the rock marking the traditional spot of his conversion, and saw now built up in the city-wall the old gateway through which, as

is believed, he was led helpless as a blind child by his speechless companions. Of course we placed no confidence in the great conglomerate mass called the Rock of St. Paul. He may have been converted here, but it was most probably at another place several miles distant, where earlier traditions located the event. It seems not improbable, however, that his eyes may have more than once rested on the old gateway which we saw, even if it be not the one through which he was led by the hand in his brief blindness. It may have been near this also, as is claimed, that through a window in a basket he was let down by the wall and escaped the hands of the garrison desiring to apprehend him. We also saw the street called Straight, where, in the house of Judas, he prayed and saw in a vision Ananias coming in and putting his hand on him and restoring his sight. The old gate through which he probably entered stood at the end of that street. A later gate was built to the right of this one, and the street curves slightly toward this new gate. There seems to be no reason to doubt the identity of this street, which is still called by that name. It is located in the Jews' quarter, while the house of Ananias is pointed out in the Christians' quarter. The street, while not perfectly straight, is more so than any other in Damascus, and at certain points, where the projecting windows of the houses do not interfere, one may have an extended view. It is perhaps the longest street in the city. This alone, of all in the city, takes us back to the days when, perhaps in this very quarter, Saul increased the more in strength—the stronger, doubtless, for his three years in Arabia—"and confounded the Jews which dwelt at Damascus, proving that this is very Christ."

Damascus, as approached from the west, appears like only two or three domes and minarets in a vast orchard. In fact, once reaching these forests of

poplar, and apricot, and walnut, one rides for several miles before getting to the walls of the city. These groves are separated into gardens by mud-walls, over whose unsightly pressed blocks of earth we had to look to see the beautiful walks and lawns within. We spread our lunch in one of these gardens, while our tents were pitched in another on the banks of the Abana. The Pharpar does not enter the city, but, running some miles south of it, empties into the Meadow Lakes on the east. The Abana is, by means of canals, made to water nearly every part of the city, and these canals finally discharge their waters into the same lakes. It is not strange that Naaman regarded Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel. Both together would not be so large as the Jordan, but they are very clear mountain-streams, whose banks are beautiful with the graceful poplar and walnut. They are to Damascus what the Nile is to Egypt—the life of the land. The Egyptians worshipped the Nile on this account, and the Damascenes regarded their rivers with peculiar esteem.

The city of Damascus is rather disappointing to one who has heard so much of this “Pearl of the East,” and visits it after having seen Delhi or Cairo. In this immediate section of the country it doubtless stands unrivaled, and was once of great splendor in the eyes of those accustomed only to the desert or the uninviting villages where human life is only found besides. It is still perhaps the commercial metropolis of Western Syria, and Damascene merchants are yet famed for their wealth. But the manufacture of fine Damascus swords has long ceased. The bazaars of Cairo are far more attractive, and the jewelers of Delhi present a more costly display. We looked in vain for remains of old buildings, which, as at Jerusalem, might at least carry us back to the Christian period of the city’s

history. Only remains of an old gateway, perhaps belonging to an early Christian church, and the general outline of the street called Straight, appeared to date back more than a few centuries, while the houses generally had the air of having been rather recently and very badly built, requiring considerable whitewash to make them look presentable. It is for what the city was, not for what it is, that it has any special interest to the traveler.

We visited the residence of a native Christian, in the Christians' quarter of the city. We entered through a gate in the wall, which shut out the dwelling from the street, and, in fact, entirely concealed it, save the almost invariable projecting window, which commands a view of the whole street. We found the house built around a court paved with marble walks, with fragrant orange and lemon-trees and beautiful roses on the borders. The reception-room had a floor of differently-colored marbles laid in mosaic, while the ceilings and walls were richly papered and hung with mirrors and chandeliers. The private rooms of the house, however, had fewer conveniences than are found in an ordinary house in America. Turkish rugs are for the floors of the parlor, and reed mats cover the floors of the sleeping-rooms.

In 1840 there were twelve thousand Christians in Damascus, and there were doubtless many more at the time of the massacre in 1860. Their numbers are respectable now, but they live among the most bigoted Moslems, and are in dread of another massacre. One of the few interesting ruins of the city is built into the great mosque. It is the upper beam of a gateway to a place of worship, having this well-preserved inscription in Greek: "Thy kingdom, O Christ, is an everlasting kingdom, and thy dominion endureth throughout all generations." From the remains of a richly-sculptured gateway near the



mosque, one would infer that the Christian period of the city was marked by liberal offerings for erecting and adorning the churches.

The principal manufacture of Damascus appears to be that of silk. We saw many busy looms in different parts of the city. A shawl for the head, much worn by the natives, and called a *keff'iyeh*, was the most common article being made. The dresses of many of the women are of silk, although usually concealed by the white linen sheets with which they invariably wrap themselves. These usually cover the entire person, except the face, which is hidden by a veil of some dark color. Many of them depend simply on their white wrapper with which to cover their faces if closely observed, but do not object to passing glances at their rather beautiful features. The frequent use of the Turkish bath gives them quite a clear complexion, which makes their flashing black eyes show to the best advantage. In this way, I am told, the Caucasian beauties were prepared for the market. We could not learn of any offered for sale now, but our guide insisted on showing us some Nubians, who were awaiting purchasers. There were only two for sale in the upper rooms of the court devoted to that purpose. They were black as night, and no parboiling in a Turkish bath could add to their beauty. It must be said, however, that they were offered cheap, only fourteen Napoleons, or fifty-six dollars, being asked for one of them. This, too, was simply the *first* price asked. She could have been secured for much less. They are usually bought for wives. This, however, is the rule in this country. No man, save of the poorer classes, sees his wife until his marriage. She is selected for him by his mother or sister, and purchased of her parents usually by the payment of a considerable sum, only a small part of which is her dower. Girls have a marketable



value, and are *preferred* to boys, whose wives have to be bought for them. It was here in Damascus, as mentioned in a previous letter, that I saw the courts filled with women asking protection against their husbands and each other.

Horses are sold somewhat more publicly. The horse bazaar is quite a curiosity. It is filled with men on horseback, who ride here and there auctioneering their horses, calling aloud and pretending to be announcing the last price offered. They are extremely shrewd, however, and many an Arab himself has been outwitted, being induced to buy a worse horse than that he was anxious to get off his hands, if, in fact, not buying back the same one disguised by the use of the shears and of lampblack. The saddles in use are often quite elegantly embroidered, while the bridles are often decorated with designs in shells. The jewelers' bazaar was one vast array of iron safes. They were usually shut, but the watchful salesman would open them on the approach of probable purchasers. Sometimes respectable merchants would follow us on the streets and invite us to visit and inspect their stores.

We were informed by our guide-book that the Moslem book-sellers near the great mosque were so bigoted that they would insult any Franks who might offer to purchase any books of them. We did not expose ourselves to insult in this way, but if the fact be as stated, their bigotry could find no stronger way of expressing its zeal for the truth to the Arab mind. The native who could resist the temptation to sell any thing to a foreigner is certainly a Moslem saint, and all of the class must live in Damascus. We never saw any elsewhere.

There is no tradition of Mohammed ever visiting Damascus, but the Damascenes have a tradition equally flattering to their pride, which at the same time does not leave their city wholly unnoticed by

the great prophet. Jebel Kaisun, a hill on the north of the city, commands a magnificent view of Damascus and the green valley watered by its beautiful river. On this mountain, the story runs, Mohammed stood while on his way to Damascus, and when he saw the wonderful vision of beauty, the white walls and domes shining like marble in gardens of perpetual verdure, while all around was desert, he remarked that man could have only one paradise, and he preferred not to have his on earth, and so passed on his way without entering the city. We stood upon the same spot, now marked by a dome supported by pillars, and looked upon the same scene. It did appear a very paradise. Damascus was like a pearl set in emerald. But we had been in the paradise to find the pearl a naked shell and the marble glaring whitewash. The prophet would not have sinned had he entered and claimed at last another paradise.

Larnaka, Cyprus, May 2, 1877.

## LETTER XXXVI.

## FROM BAALBEC TO BEYROOT.

WE left Damascus for Baalbec on the morning of April 24. We first rode up to the top of Jebel Kaisun, where it is claimed that Mohammed stood and looked on the same vision of beauty and dared advance no farther. Descending its steep slopes by leading our horses, which felt their way along with their feet, pausing occasionally to see whether or not their shoes would hold before taking a fresh step, we at length reached the fine *diligence* road which connects Damascus and Beyroot. We could see far below us before descending the steep gorge of the Abana, green with poplar and walnut. Crossing the river on a stone bridge, in place of fording its swift current, as we could easily have done, we rode several miles on the *diligence* road, which here runs parallel with the noisy river. All the life of the country seems to be down in this valley. Irrigating streams make green fields where else there would be only sand. Little fields of wheat are, after all, the chief dependence of the people, save their olives, figs, and so-called English walnuts. Some attempts are made to grow wheat above the line of irrigation, but the farmer will not get back more than his seed.

Mount Hermon looked down upon us all day during our brief ride. This summit showed quite a snow-storm since we had passed on our way to

Damascus. We found our muleteers trying to pitch the tents at Suk Wady Barada. Despite the heavy wind they finally succeeded, but we shall not forget the cold night we spent at the foot of Anti-Lebanon. If we were to believe the Koran, we had camped near the spot where Cain killed Abel. The old name of the place is Abila, or Abilene, the same mentioned by St. Luke. Many rock tombs abound, but what interested us most was the remains of an old Roman road cut through the solid rock of the mountain. The perpendicular sides were in some cases still perfect, with the tool-marks quite plain upon them. Equally distinct were several niches and inscriptions, which latter declared that the road was built in the time of the Roman emperors Marcus Aurelius and Lucius Verus, or about the middle of the second century. We were glad to see some of the work of the greatest road-builders of the world. Roman roads doubtless contributed their part toward the early and rapid spread of Christianity. As Dr. Schaff well said in a recent sermon, "God had three chosen people, the Jew, the Greek, and the Roman." From one came the Messiah, from another the language in which the Gospels were written and the truth most widely proclaimed, while to the Romans we owe the system of laws and the means of transit which secured for the apostles a speedy and wide hearing. Christianity then planted in many parts of the Lebanon along this very ancient road, though losing much of its early simplicity, has never ceased to maintain some sort of existence.

We passed the next day along a fertile valley through which a tributary of the Abana flows. The town of Zebedani is located here, but the numerous orchards well-nigh concealed it. It has a considerable Christian population. The principal thing that interested us was the number of gates to different

fields and orchards, an evident recognition of the laws of *meum et tuum*. We camped at night at Surghaya, the snows of Hermon and Lebanon both visible from our tent-door, while just above us the peaks of Anti-Lebanon were still white, tempting us to a deceitful ascent to reach the snow line. Near our tent was a wine-press, but recently used. It was a rectangular wall of stone, with a stone floor, and divided into two equal parts. In here the rich clusters of grapes were thrown to be trodden by human feet, while the purple tide ran through grooves into pits, or cisterns, a couple of yards distant. The whole affair was very rude. Large quantities of the refuse stems and skins, after having been thus trodden under foot, were thrown one side to rot. A building near by seemed provided with a furnace and caldron, as if the juice of the grape might be boiled before it was ready for use. The rude stone press reminded us of One who "trod the wine-press alone, and of the people there was none with him." Flocks of goats and kids were led past our tents by youthful shepherds, each of whom had a different call, to which his flock quickly responded. The shepherds appeared to be unconcerned, as if to say, "My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me;" but "a stranger will they not follow," "for they know not the voice of strangers."

We lunched the next day in the portico of the Temple of the Sun, at Baalbec. At certain points in our ride we commanded fine views at once of both Hermon and Lebanon. Our route lay mostly over the Anti-Lebanon mountains or through deep gorges by rushing mountain-streams. There were no solitudes too wild to remain uninhabited, provided only there was water there. As we approached Baalbec the six immense columns, over sixty feet high, the remains of a vast temple, appeared in sight. But before we could ride on for a closer view

we stopped at the quarry on the way, whence the huge stones were taken. A monster still lay in the quarry. It was seventy-one feet long and fourteen feet high. Remove the tongues, and it was as long as about five or six two-horse wagons in a line, as wide as one lengthwise, and as tall as one on the top of another, with several feet to spare. Yet such stones as this, weighing fully one thousand five hundred tons, had been taken nearly a mile, and lifted to their places in the wall of the temple. We had seen no such monster anywhere in the world. Yet they were preparing to remove this, too, as was evident from small rectangular holes cut in it at different points, the better to handle it; while all that remained was to loosen it from the native rock beneath.

We hastened from the quarry to the Acropolis itself, but we were not disappointed. There, in the outer wall of the temple, were three immense stones, only a little shorter than the monster in the quarry, all fully sixty-two feet long and thirteen feet high, and raised to their places in the wall nineteen feet above the ground. When? By whom? How? No satisfactory answer can be given. At least as early as the seventh century, and most probably by Antoninus Pius, as a temple to Jupiter, the massive structure went up; but how these great stones were handled is a greater mystery than the building of the pyramids. It would almost seem as if the Romans had taxed their powers to the utmost in getting those monsters in position, and durst not attempt a fourth a trifle larger. At any rate, for some cause the fourth remained in the quarry, and the temple was called the "Trilithon," or the "Three Stone Temple." What it is now may give only an imperfect idea of what it once was before it was shattered by earthquakes or its material used for building churches or mosques, and the whole premises changed into a fortress.



Our entrance to the inclosure was on horseback through a long vaulted chamber running the whole length of the court. The original design of this long passage, so well constructed and ornamented with sculptured faces and figures, none of us could conjecture. A better idea of the vast temple-inclosure may be given by going a few yards to the right of where we started to enter it. Here are the remains of a large portico, the spaces between the columns afterward filled up to serve as the walls of the fort. Standing in the portico we saw the fine entrance-court, which we entered by stooping until we passed through one of these doors, now much reduced in size. The court is one hundred and forty-seven by one hundred and twenty-three yards, and is all inclosed by the great wall, the inside of which is made of elaborately-carved stone arranged in different kinds of chambers, some rectangular, some semicircular, and all furnished with niches and pilasters. Beyond the court stood the great temple, which consisted of two rows of nineteen columns each, with ten columns at each end, the whole forming one vast rectangular, roofless structure, where worship was paid to all the gods. These columns were sixty feet high and seven and a half feet in diameter. Only six now remain of the fifty-eight original ones, and only nine were standing a hundred years ago. These are liable to fall with the first earthquake shock, even if they do not quicker succumb to the vandal Arabs who have dug into them after the iron clamps which hold the stones together. The bases and parts of the columns of the row parallel to these are now built into the wall of the fort.

Nowhere in the heathen world have we found any temple which could compare with this great structure which the Romans built at Baalbec, or Heliopolis, as the city was formerly called. After-

ward a Christian *basilica*, or church, was built within the entrance-court, but none of these great columns were disturbed in its erection. Other than Christian hands are responsible for their destruction. A mosque was also erected in another part of the inclosure. But military necessity seems to have done more than religious zeal in the new uses to which the old material was put.

The Temple of the Sun, built about the same time as this great temple, has had a much better fate. Rows of great columns, which belonged to the four porticoes on the different sides of the building, have in some cases fallen and brought with them the stone roof, but the walls of the temple itself remain entire. It seems to be doubtful whether this building also was ever roofed. If so, it was perhaps done during its use as a Christian church, and, being of a later date, the roof was no such part of the original building as that its disappearance would leave traces of its existence. Smaller than the great temple within the same inclosure, the stone-work is yet finer. The sun, which looked in upon these offerings of his worshipers, saw only the best work of the best workmen. In the stone ceiling of the portico were cut in bass-relief life-size figures of gods and emperors. The columns which support this roof are over forty-six feet high, so that the figures appear rather small as seen from the floor. The door-posts of the entrance to the temple are large stones with carvings of vines and garlands and *genii*. There are no windows in the temple. All the light that enters comes from above, so that the sun's worshipers must needs have been compelled to lift up their eyes, if not their hearts, as they made their offerings.

Both of these buildings, as well as a considerable fort, and the remains of the *basilica* and the mosque, are situated within the outer wall of the temple-

inclosure; nevertheless, there is room for an equal number of other buildings of the same size. Dr. Prime estimates that were all the ruins of ancient Rome now extant gathered together in one place they would not equal in extent or grandeur these vast walls and columns of Baalbec.\* Our party encamped within the entrance-court, together with a much larger party, yet with our nine tents and nearly fifty horses and mules tethered there the space that we occupied appeared very small—in fact, hardly noticeable. Another considerable structure is what is called the Circular Temple, located in the town a short distance from these. It appears to have been constructed originally of stones hewn for the purpose, but a mosque in the town and also one by the road which leads to Beyroot have been largely built of material taken from these old ruins.

Baalbec is quite a silk-growing place. There are extensive mulberry-groves all around the town, and even right under the walls of the temple. We were shown through one of the buildings where the young silk-worms were being fed. They were of all dimensions, from the head of a pin to an inch in length. They were feeding upon mulberry-leaves, which had been laid upon loose mats of reeds. A slow fire was kept burning in the middle of the room to keep an even temperature. The principal things necessary seemed to be plenty of mulberry-leaves and an even temperature, while the worms go on feeding, and finally begin to weave their costly cocoons. The town appears to be one of some importance, being connected with Beyroot by a telegraph line in addition to a well-built *diligence* road. A considerable part of the population are Christians, who have a separate quarter of their own.

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\*Dr. Prime would not say this since the excavations on the Palatine Hill at Rome.

Leaving Baalbec on the morning of the 27th of April, we had not ridden many miles toward Beyroot before encountering immense swarms of locusts. The strong west winds of the few days previous had brought them over from the Hauran beyond the Jordan. They were much larger than those that scourged Missouri a few years ago, and were of a yellow color. They had come too recently to do much damage to the growing wheat, and yet were evidently foraging, although much disturbed by the strong winds which were still blowing. They were very vigorous, and of so large a size that it was not at all pleasant to have one strike you in the face while riding by. A flock of nearly a hundred cranes were busy feeding on the locusts a few yards away. Their visits occur here, as with us in Missouri and Kansas, only at intervals of several years, so that the people are evidently not accustomed to them as food. They are fine, plump fellows, and it would not take many, even when dried, to make a meal. Beyond the Jordan they are dried and used for food by the Bedouins, and, *it is said*, are even fed to their horses like barley.

Our ride all day was through rather a fertile country—a considerable valley, in fact, known as the Bekaa. Much attention is paid here to silk-growing, and there are large groves of mulberry-trees. Vineyards abound on the hill-sides. These latter are protected by watch-towers, as in Palestine, but the whole family usually sleep among the vines as the grapes begin to ripen. Far across the valley, just near where the *diligence* road comes down from the Anti-Lebanon, we could see the few ruins of Calcis, where Herod once lived.

The most interesting feature of the day's ride was a visit to Zahleh, a Christian town of some fifteen thousand souls. Just before reaching there we stopped at the village of Kerak Nuh to see the tomb

of Noah. We were taken up a pair of steps and then into a room, where was gravely pointed out to us a tomb, one hundred and thirty-two feet long, as the last resting-place of Noah. It was a Moslem shrine that we were in, or the almost irresistible impulse to burst into a fit of laughter would have been yielded to *before* we remounted our horses and got to a safe distance from the village. Conceive of a man one hundred and thirty-two feet high and of the conventional breadth, and you have the Moslem idea of the Prophet Noah. The tomb was of plaster, such as is common in Moslem cemeteries. Shreds of cloth were tied as votive-offerings in the windows, while the tomb was partly covered with embroidered cloths. The grotesque appears again in this, that the prophet was too long for his bed-covering.

Zahleh would impress any traveler as inhabited by a different class of people from the average in Syria. The houses are better built and neater, while the people have an air of life and business about them very unlike the lazy gait of the Arabs. The population are mostly Greek Christians, and have been so for many years. The town was captured by the Druses in 1860, since which time, after the expulsion of the Druses, the people keep armed ready for defense in the event of a new attack. It is a Christian stronghold, and already native Christians have begun to flock here from the more exposed cities, like Damascus. There are many enterprising merchants in the place, some of whom bring sheep all the way from Persia. Much attention, too, is paid to silk-growing and manufacture.

On entering the town we met the Rev. Mr. Dale, Presbyterian missionary there, who kindly accompanied us through the place, and afterward, in company with the Rev. Mr. March, of the same mission, dined with us at our camp near Sthora. Quite a number of clergymen of another party camping



at the same place called in afterward, when the whole mission-field in this part of the country was thoroughly discussed. A growing liberty is felt in preaching Christ in this town and adjoining villages, where the mission has some twenty schools taught by native Christian teachers educated at the Syrian Protestant College in Beyroot. While not many of the Moslems and Druses have been reached, many of their children attend these Christian schools, the demand for which is so great that the people offer to pay the rent of the building and furnish the text-books wherever one is established. As the text-book is invariably the Bible, copies of the Scriptures are thus bought in large numbers by the people, and they preserve and read them in order to get the worth of their money.

Aside from their influence on the non-Christian community, a decided effect is produced among the Greek and Latin Christians. Even the Jesuits have yielded to the demands of the people, and have furnished a translation of the Bible very little different from the Protestant version. The Turks are regarded as less bigoted Moslems than the Arabs, so that as long as immediately under Turkish rule there is some little religious liberty. All classes, however, are greatly oppressed by Turkish corruption and taxation. The same taxes are collected more than once, and unless the people respond a second and third time if necessary, the dreaded horsemen are quartered upon the village until the whole is paid. The tax-collectors now are as notorious sinners as were the publicans of our Lord's day. Our missionary friends are heartily devoted to their work. We marked the close of our interview, as well as the last evening of our tent-life, by all uniting in "All hail the power of Jesus' name!" and a most fervent prayer by the Rev. Dr. Schaff.

We started west with the sun on the morning of



April 28, reaching Beyroot by the time he was on the meridian. It was a long ride over the Lebanon. The excellent *diligence* road winds zigzag up the mountain, while the Arab road runs almost parallel to it, occasionally taking a shorter cut. Our party, now consisting of nearly thirty, including servants and muleteers, found the shorter cuts not economical of time, and so followed the *diligence* road nearly all the way. We had a steady ascent of some two hours before reaching the top of the mountain. Much money is yearly spent in keeping the road in a perfect state of repair, especially during the winter season, when it is blocked with snow. Extra poles, like telegraph poles, are placed along the more exposed parts to designate to the workmen the line of the road, even when it is entirely hidden otherwise by the snow-drifts. At length the stiff breeze which sweeps down from the top of the mountain assures us that the Mediterranean is near, and in a few minutes we see its blue waters extending as far as the range of our vision. A storm is evidently raging, and great clouds of sand are sweeping over the city of Beyroot, while the biting wind reaches twenty miles away to the top of Lebanon.

We descend somewhat more rapidly, passing numerous villages all along the slopes of Lebanon, and terraced valleys that would do credit to Japan. A most industrious people live on these slopes, for the influence of Christian Beyroot is felt for many miles around. The city is in sight for the last four hours of our ride. We stop for a hasty lunch within an hour of the town, when we hear the first authentic news of the declaration of war. Much of our road into the city was skirted by groves of pines, planted to protect from the sands which sweep in from the south. On the hills in the distance we could see an occasional cedar with its long

lateral branches, not unlike the small groups of the old cedars of Lebanon about a day's ride from the city. We were told that the cones are eaten by the goats as fast as they fall from these old trees, and that they promise before many years to wholly disappear without leaving any successors.

The first thing after reaching Beyroot was to take a Turkish bath. It is a fit ending of a life in camp and a good beginning of a new civilization. I enter a large domed building, hung with towels and paved with marble. A fountain plays in the center beneath the frescoed dome, while on a raised platform there are divans on each of the sides of the octagonal room. Some of these were in recesses separated by curtains from the rest of the room. In one of these an attendant wraps the would-be bather in long towels and leads him, walking on clogs, to the bathing-room. The temperature increases in the different rooms through which he passes until the large bath-room is reached. Here, on a circular marble platform in the center of the room, the bather stretches on a divan just spread with fresh towels. He soon begins to perspire quite freely, when the attendant aids the process of relaxation by pulling each finger until the joints crack, by kneading the whole person as if it were so much dough, and by twisting the limbs until they seem capable of assuming any position. While the heat is thus gradually doing its work the bather often smokes the nargile, or water pipe, and drinks Turkish coffee. These, however, I eschewed, and was the quicker prepared to be taken into a smaller room, where the temperature was yet higher. Here began the peeling process, as the attendant rubbed me with a glove of goat's hair until I lost all the flesh gained during the last three weeks of horseback riding. To let me see that he was doing his work well he would occasionally gather up a handful of the scrapings and show them. Next the

bather was covered with soap, a thick lather having been made and freely applied with a handful of coarse lint for rubbing it in. Then buckets of hot water were used for rinsing off the soap, and while the bather kept his eyes shut for prudential reasons, the attendant disappeared, taking with him the bucket of cold water that should have ended the bath. Unable to command enough Arabic to call for the cold water, I submitted to the slower cooling-off process of being wrapped in towels and going back on my clogs to the dressing-room, where, again declining the nargile and coffee, I was left to take a pleasant nap on the divan, or watch the skill with which the attendants could double up the towels in their hands and throw them so that they would fall stretched out properly on the lines nearly twenty feet above their heads. I left the bath feeling more respectable than when I entered, and more willing to be seen in civilized society after this strategic movement against the Syrian fleas.

The comforts of tent-life in Palestine are far greater than are usually imagined, and but for this omnipresent insect the drawbacks would be very few. The rides are usually not long, the horses are all fair walkers, and often canter and pace well, while the *cuisine* will compare with that of the average hotel in most of the cities. There is no difficulty about getting a good dragoman, provided one is not in a hurry. I would especially recommend not getting one until after visiting Jerusalem, where you may find a good hotel, and do not need his services, and can engage one there when needed. The trip from Joppa is best made in a carriage. I am delighted that the trip is over, in view of the increasing danger of travel on account of the war. Boat-life in China and tent-life in Palestine are among the most pleasant experiences of this tour of the world.

Beyroot is rather a beautiful city, especially as

seen from the water, a view which we did not have until leaving. It has a population of eighty thousand, and is, next to Damascus, the largest city in Syria. The Christian population is largely in excess of the Moslems. There are a number of Protestant agents at work here and in other parts of Syria, and already some three thousand persons are *enrolled* as Protestants, and are so recognized by the government. All taxes are raised from different sects—Moslems, Greeks, Maronites, Druses, and Protestants—and the people have to enroll themselves accordingly. It makes no difference to an individual in what class he may be taxed, but the Moslems oppose any one becoming a Protestant, because it lessens by one the number who must bear the Moslem share of the taxes. It is accordingly a decided proof of sincerity when any man volunteers to brave this opposition.

We were especially interested in the work of the American Presbyterian Mission. Years before I had heard the Rev. Dr. Jessup give an account of the work being done in Beyroot, and now I saw it, naturally exceeding this time the account then given. On Sabbath morning a congregation of natives completely filled the large and neat church. Of these more than two hundred were communicants. The Sabbath-school numbers four hundred scholars, and is as well conducted and orderly as any that I have seen in America. The native maidens, with their white veils covering the head but not concealing their features, would have been regarded as handsome anywhere in the world. Many of them, educated in Christian schools, are ushering in the era of neatness and cleanliness in the domestic life of the country. We heard two of them recite in Arabic, and almost without a balk, the whole of the Shorter Catechism. Nearly all the scholars have learned it, and the blind in the school have caught it from

hearing it so often recited. There were a number of blind scholars. One entire class is composed of blind lads and men, and is taught by a converted Druse. Aside from the congregation in charge of Dr. Jessup, there are others to which native preachers minister.

The Mission Press seems to be doing a fine work, from the number of volumes printed, and the different papers issued weekly or monthly. But most wide-reaching in its influence is the Syrian Protestant College. This is not under the auspices of any one denomination, although mostly officered by Presbyterians. It has an endowment of one hundred thousand dollars, and buildings and property worth as much more. Its course of study is high, and its professors are men of fine culture, who would bring honor to any institution in America. The institution has found many patrons and benefactors among the wealthy of England and America, and is well equipped with fine apparatus both in its astronomical and scientific departments. Its medical department is well attended, and its graduates are commanding extensive practice. In short, the whole institution, in its various departments, whether literary, medical, scientific, or theological, is doing a work that makes glad every Christian heart acquainted with it. Dr. Bliss is president, while such men as Drs. Van Dyck, Post, Lewis, and others, compose the faculty. It numbers over one hundred students, and has an income from tuition fees of about four thousand dollars annually. Its work is thus evidently appreciated by the natives, while it is so well done as to attract students from England and America who are anxious to acquaint themselves thoroughly with Arabic. We left our friend and fellow-traveler Mr. Sampson to pursue his studies here under these favorable auspices. The Christian atmosphere of the college is such that the

young men go out equipped no less as Christian workers than as physicians and teachers.

Seven years ago Bishop Kingsley, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, reached Beyroot after having successfully made this much of the tour of the world in the interest of the missions of his Church. He visited the college one day, and the following morning Dr. Bliss was suddenly sent for to find him dead, an attack of some disease of the heart cutting short a useful life. In company with our excellent consul-general at Beyroot, Mr. Edgar, Bishop Marvin and I drove out to his grave. A large granite monument, erected some years ago, bears the following inscription: "Rev. Charles Kingsley, D.D., Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Born in the State of New York, U. S. A., September 8, 1812. Died in Beyroot, Syria, April 6, 1870, while making for his Church the first episcopal tour of the globe. May his tomb unite more closely Asia and America!" On the reverse side are these words: "Erected as a tribute of affection and esteem by order of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church."

After a memorable visit of just a month we left Syria, May 1, for Constantinople.

The Dardanelles, May 7, 1877.



## LETTER XXXVII.

## FROM ASIA TO EUROPE.

WE sailed from Beyroot on the morning of May 1, in the "Espero," of the Austrian Lloyd Line. The first opportunity that we have had for seeing the domestic life of the natives of the Levant was on board this ship. The natives travel as deck passengers, and literally live, cook, eat, and sleep on deck, all the forward deck, as well as the entire left side of the vessel, except the state-rooms, being given to them. Here were grouped Arabs, Turks, Greeks, Jews, and Italians. The women were all fenced off to themselves, with a subdivision for the Nubians and Abyssinians. Every individual had a separate bed, a simple comfort usually, which also was used to squat on during the day. Here the women stained their finger-tips, smoked cigarettes, quarreled and gossiped, while the men slept nearly all the time when they did not smoke the nargile. Meal-time was always exciting, as grouped in companies around a single dish they all helped themselves with their fingers. Such things as knives and forks might as well have never been invented, so far as these natives were concerned. They simply tore off as much meat as they wanted for a mouthful and put the rest back in the dish until they wished some more. Such as I saw appeared to get along quite amicably together. I am told that whenever one wishes to show another a spe-

cial favor he picks out a choice bit with his fingers and puts it in the mouth of the other. It was thus that the Shah of Persia paid his compliments to the Princess of Wales at some state dinner. Occasionally we had a distinguished Turk on board, who smoked his silver nargile on the promenade deck and dined at the table; but the rule was to provide their own food and eat and sleep on deck.

As we sailed from Beyroot we saw the sites of Tyre and Sidon, as well as of Sarepta, and got our last glimpses of snowy Lebanon. When we awoke the following morning the "Espero" was anchored at Larnaka, on the island of Cyprus, where we spent the rest of the day. The old towns of Salamis and Paphos, where Paul and Barnabas preached, are entirely destroyed. Larnaka is located not far from the site of Salamis. The general appearance of the town is about that of a respectable Syrian town, with its mosques and whitewashed houses. It has a population of some six thousand. The whole island was once densely populous, but does not now number over one hundred and fifty thousand. Remains of a former civilization are found everywhere. General Cesnola, while American consul here, made extensive discoveries of old pottery, forming about the most complete collection of the kind ever made. His brother, who is here now, has also excavated with large success. They consist mostly of lamps, vases, bottles, etc. The Americans of our party, calling at the consulate to learn the most recent war news, were each presented with an antique lamp, such perhaps as were common in Palestine, and would be suggested to our Lord's hearers by the parable of the Ten Virgins. It is very evident, in seeing one of these tiny lamps, that they were very foolish virgins who took no oil in their vessels with their lamps.

Aside from one or two collections of antiquities,

all that we visited was the Church of St. Lazarus and a Franciscan monastery. The latter had some tolerable paintings in the chapel, and some very well-fed monks in their cells. They seemed very good-natured, and evidently enjoyed our call, although all the ladies of the party were of course forbidden to enter the monastery proper. On our way to the monastery we visited a Greek school, where several hundred boys were receiving instruction. The walls were covered with Greek mottoes, such as "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom," "Fear God, and honor the king," and "Love one another." They were quite bright little fellows, and one recited the Lord's Prayer and the Nicene Creed with a ready tongue. We inferred from the examples in arithmetic on the walls that they are quite in advance of the native schools in Syria, where they pursue the uniform custom of all the Orient of studying aloud.

The old church that we visited contains many columns and pieces of sculptured marble much older than itself, and perhaps belonging to an early Christian edifice. It appeared strange to have the tomb of Lazarus pointed out under a church in Cyprus. While, of course, nothing can be depended on in these traditions unless they are very ancient, yet there really appears some reason why Lazarus, whom Christ raised, might have finally found a grave in Cyprus. His life was sought before Christ was crucified, and doubtless much more afterward. When, after the persecutions which followed Stephen's death, all but the apostles were scattered abroad, it would not be strange if Lazarus was either with the men of Cyprus who, converted on the day of Pentecost, when driven from Jerusalem, went as far as Antioch preaching the word, and thence to their native island; or that he subsequently found a home in what was probably a

Christian stroughold. I was unable, however, to learn the date of the tradition about his burial here. Cyprus needs not his bones to consecrate it. As the birthplace of Barnabas, and the scene of his and Paul's labors, it will be as favorably known in Christian history as the worship of the goddess of love at Paphos was disgraceful to the island, making the very name of a Cyprian the synonym of lust. This was one of the first points touched in that grand missionary tour of Paul and Barnabas, which, beginning at Antioch, embraced nearly the whole of Asia Minor.

Rhodes is a day and a half's run from Cyprus. With a light cargo, and the screw of our ship nearly two feet out of water, the little swell of the sea, hardly perceptible otherwise, was enough to make most of the passengers disinclined to read, write, or eat, and the ship's cabin wore rather a deserted look, as most of them preferred their state-rooms. Early on the morning of the 4th of May we sighted, at the same time, the headlands of Asia Minor and the white tops of the Taurus Mountains, as well as the island of Rhodes, and we knew that we were about to enter the Archipelago, and to have a smoother sea. That which was first seen in approaching Rhodes was the invariable castle, which belongs to every respectable town in the Archipelago. This one had a peculiar interest, as the one so long and bravely defended by the Knights of St. John during their occupancy of the island after they were expelled from Jerusalem.

The boat which took us ashore passed into the old harbor within the walls of the fort, where once stood the famous Colossus of Rhodes, one of the seven wonders of the world. As it was only about one hundred feet high, it is very doubtful about vessels passing under it, or that it ever spanned the harbor. It was destroyed by an earthquake fifty-six

years after it was set up, and the very site where it stood is now disputed. The walls of the fort bear the coat-of-arms of the Knights of St. John. The same designs appear in the entrance to the Grand Master's house, now used by the fishermen as a place to dry their nets. An old church with a richly-sculptured door-way is now a mosque. One entire street, where the more distinguished of the order lived, has on nearly every house a marble slab with the usual coat-of-arms. Turkish soldiers now occupy as a barrack what was once a splendid hospital of the order. Very happily no vandalism has been shown in the needless destruction of these remains. The most of the ruins were occasioned by the explosion of a powder-magazine not many years ago. We stopped only a few hours at Rhodes, as Paul probably did while on his way to Miletus.

The sail on the Archipelago was peculiarly fine, especially recalling our ride on the Inland Sea of Japan. It needed, however, a better state of cultivation on the islands to make them as attractive as those of Japan. In some instances the slopes were quite green, but more commonly barren. Nearly every village had its mosque, while occasionally we saw a steeple. Passing Kos the same evening after leaving Rhodes, we saw in the distance, just at sunset, "the isle that is called *Patmos*." First a long line near the water's edge, at length some of its promontories standing out boldly, rose the memorable island where Jesus Christ appeared to his beloved disciple in visions of transcendent glory and mystery. Brighter than this evening sun had John seen that shining face, and well might he declare, "The city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it; for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof." Here he had received the messages for the seven Churches clustered so near together just over on the main-

land in Asia Minor. Here in rapt visions he had seen the moon become as blood, and the stars of heaven fall to the earth, even as a fig-tree casteth her untimely figs when she is shaken of a mighty wind, and the heaven depart as a scroll when it is rolled together. Here he had heard the trumpet sound, and saw the seals broken, and the books opened, and the vials poured out. Here, too, he had seen the gates of pearl, and the crystal river, and the celestial city. Next to Palestine itself is Patmos sacred for what was revealed and suffered there.

Nearly opposite Patmos on the main-land is Miletus, the place of the parting of Paul and the elders of the Church at Ephesus, who sorrowed most of all that they should see his face no more. We passed Samos during the night, and touched the following morning at Chios, at both of which places Paul appears to have touched on his way to Miletus. The country looked more beautiful in the morning, as we were evidently approaching more cultivated districts. A most pleasant sail on the Bay of Smyrna showed fertile slopes waving with ripening harvests or green with orchards of figs. The population appears to be comparatively dense in all this region. Villages abound, respectable towns are frequent, until we reach Smyrna, a full-grown city of two hundred thousand souls.

We had contemplated a trip to Ephesus, running down by the cars from Smyrna, and had made all arrangements to order the extra train for that purpose, when we learned that our ship would sail the same evening at an early hour, and that we must give it up. We not only desired to see the city where had stood the great Temple of Diana, but where Paul and John had spent some of the most fruitful years of their lives, and laid the foundation of that friendship which was one of the human elements in their inspired Epistles to the Ephesians.



There is much of interest to be seen there in the famous excavations made by Mr. Wood, revealing ruins of a very ancient date.

Smyrna is quite a lively city, with more of a European look, especially along its magnificent quay, than any city that we had seen since leaving Alexandria. It is evidently a place of considerable commerce, as seen by the number of vessels in its harbor and the busy aspect of things in the city. Cotton has long been one of its principal articles of export. It has served, too, as the place of shipping the great loads of goods of different kinds brought in by the caravans from all parts of Asia Minor, as well as from Persia and the whole Valley of the Euphrates. It is, in fact, the second city of the Turkish Empire proper. Smyrna figs are well known in America. We saw the manufacture, on a large scale, of fig-boxes that will make many a boy's mouth water, as stored with the sweet fruit they will fill some grocer's window in the United States about Christmas. Its bazaars are somewhat remarkable for the number of foreign articles which are found mixed up with the native goods, an index, perhaps, of the intermingling of European ideas. The Franks' street had many stores and stocks of goods creditable to any city of its size in America. One would hardly think of himself in Asia while passing through it.

One could hardly think of himself *out* of Asia, however, to see the human pack-horses. I think that we saw many men carrying several hundred pounds each. Boxes of goods, bales of cotton, barrels of wine, or several well-filled trunks, were common loads for one man. He always wore a sort of pack-saddle with arms extending over his shoulders and fastened around them, while the saddle was so made that when the man was slightly bent it had quite a horizontal surface, on which the loads were

placed. Usually they were borne in this way without even being fastened on. The effect of such heavy loads was to make the man's body well-nigh double, and to give the more vigorous of these human beasts of burden a prematurely old look, at least while at their work. It is here as in all the older nations of Asia—human muscle is cheaper than horseflesh, and the laboring classes are so accustomed to this style of work that they would be greatly outraged at any interference with their business, of which they have a sort of monopoly. True, we saw an occasional cart or other vehicle, but the rule was for all kinds of freight to be borne along the quay on the backs of men, and that, too, with a railroad track extending nearly its whole length, where it could be rolled on hand-cars. So slowly do the old habits of these Asiatics yield to the suggestions of European civilization.

Smyrna will always be interesting as the scene of Polycarp's labors and martyrdom. As we approached the city from the bay an old castle overlooking the town was pointed out as the place where he was burned to death after his memorable refusal to deny Jesus of Nazareth, who had never forsaken him. Smyrna, like Nazareth, is built largely on the side of a hill, houses rising above each other nearly to the top. We gradually made our way through the crooked streets up to the castle itself. Old as it is, the material of which it is built is taken from yet older ruins, marble slabs in many instances being placed under coarse limestone rocks in the castle-walls. It tells a story of war and ruin on its very face. From the number of excavations being made on the hill a couple of hundred yards from the castle, and the quantities of broken pottery being dug out by the rude picks and spades of the native laborers, it would seem probable that the old city of Smyrna once stood upon this site. It has

been more than once destroyed, and it is natural to account for the old material in the walls of the castle as having come from its ruins, built in perhaps by its conquerors, or even by themselves, as returning to their old quarters they made a place of defense. No place is designated within its walls as the spot of Polycarp's death, but a quarter of a mile distant, along the same ridge, his grave is pointed out under two cypress-trees. His bones were gathered up and buried somewhere, and the Moslems say that this is the spot, and have built over it a large plaster tomb, such as is common in their cemeteries, only larger, and have put on it an Arabic inscription. They have, moreover, put Polycarp in their calendar of saints, as the numerous shreds of cloth about his tomb, signs of votive-offerings, certify. It is the custom of the Moslem Turks to plant their cemeteries with cypress-trees, one at least on the occasion of every death. They make beautiful groves, and are believed to prevent malarial diseases.

From this hill we had a splendid view of the plain toward Ephesus, with the modern railroad track and the remains of an old Roman bridge or aqueduct side by side; of fertile fields and large orchards of figs; and then, looking toward the bay, of the city itself, beautiful for situation, the joy of Asia Minor. Our walk back led through the Jews' quarter, and it being on Saturday afternoon we saw them in their holiday dress. Many of their residences showed that some of them had been quite prosperous, although just without the walls which inclosed a fine house and a beautiful garden were the humbler homes of their poorer brethren. So, especially in all Asia, are poverty and wealth found together. We were much pleased with the fine faces of the Jewish women, who were all seated in their doorways. There was a type of beauty about them that we have seen in no other Hebrew faces. This may

be from intermarriage with the Greeks. None of the Jews have adopted the style of veiling their faces, so common to the Moslem women.

All the seven Churches of Asia were located near together, but only ruins or miserable villages mark the sites of the others. Smyrna is a prosperous city, while all the rest have long since been destroyed. Is this because in the messages to the angels of the Churches only Smyrna was left unrebuked? No, for Philadelphia, too, had only words of sympathy and approval. That is doubtless the right view which regards the blessings and curses of those messages to refer to the Churches and not to the cities. Doubtless curses were pronounced on *cities* by prophets and by Christ, and every word has been fulfilled. But in this instance, if I am right in my conjecture that the old city of Smyrna stood up near the castle, modern Smyrna may be regarded as an almost wholly different city, although bearing the old name. Moreover, its general situation is what has recovered it more than once from its ruins. It was doubtless a large place when the early Christians found it so hard to maintain an existence there. It is the natural and proper outlet to the sea of all Asia Minor. Navies could ride in its beautiful bay, and ships of all kinds may always be found there, while the others of the seven cities are all inland, and have none of its natural advantages.

We were not able to leave Smyrna until early the following morning, so that our disappointment at not visiting Ephesus was the more keen, since we could have gone after all. Just about noon on Sabbath we reached Mitylene, the place where Paul stopped on his way back to Jerusalem. The service of the Church of England was read, but on account of the confusion and noise of disembarkation at the time none of the ministers on board felt like attempting to preach. The situation of the town is

rather beautiful at a distance; with Mount Olympus in the same picture, its gardens and orchards had an attractiveness worthy of the place where Sappho "loved and sung." Two old castles and the remains of an aqueduct helped to make the scene more picturesque. The view from the ship was perhaps finer than from any point on shore.

By a recent order of the Sublime Porte no vessel of any kind can enter the Dardanelles at night; so that we took it very leisurely after leaving Mitylene, not reaching Tenedos until daylight of Monday. The name which Homer gave the place in his immortal Iliad, as the point to which the Greeks withdrew their fleet when they pretended to give up the siege of Troy, has long since supplanted its original name. It is a very compact place, built mostly around a fort near the water's edge. The fact that it is visible from *one* of the supposed sites of Troy is what has given Dr. Schleiman's claim to have discovered this as the true site almost the weight of certainty. The Plain of Troy we could see with great distinctness as we ran by. It shows some cultivation, and a respectable town or two near the *Ægean* Sea.

But more interesting even than Troy to the Christian is Troas, which we passed before reaching Tenedos. Off from the sea-shore in this historic place Paul, in a vision, saw the pleading form as he heard the man of Macedonia call, "Come over and help us!" Hitherto the continent of Europe had not heard the gospel of Jesus Christ, save perhaps as some Roman soldier told his breathless comrades at Rome of the strange events on the black Friday of Christ's crucifixion. Now begins the new era, as, hearkening to the voice, the apostle crosses the *Ægean* to give idolatrous Europe its future religion, which, even in barbarous Britain, was to transform into Christian citizens half-naked savages, who "pre-



ferred the flesh of the shepherd to that of his sheep." We soon had our first view of Europe, as the west shore of the Hellespont, or Dardanelles, rose before us. Approaching it as we did, from the west, after our long tour of nearly five months in Asia, we had first seen with some thoroughness Asiatic civilization. We had seen the finest monuments which that civilization could build—its temples, its mosques, its tombs. We had looked into its religion, its educational facilities, its domestic and social life, and the general condition of the masses of the people. The best that the Oriental civilization can produce I have already attempted to faithfully describe. Save where European ideas have been introduced, Asiatic courts are, without exception, controlled by bribes; women are not trusted away from home unless veiled, or as beasts of burden; education, wherever attempted, is of the most rudimentary kind, and the condition of the people is one of such intolerable oppression that they are liable to be compelled to pay the same taxes any number of times. Yet just across this narrow Hellespont reign in Europe laws of justice, with the ermine, as a rule, unspotted; woman is respected by confidence being placed in her character; education reaches the highest known limit; and there is appeal against all kinds of oppression.

Christian civilization appears in early times to have taken no very deep root in Asia, while it struck deep into the soil of Europe and transformed no less savage races. The debt Europe and America owe to Asia they are now beginning to pay. The exotic civilization of former centuries is slowly becoming the permanent civilization of the future. The voice that Paul heard from Macedonia now calls from all Asia, "Come over and help us!" Conscious of a better life, and struggling to enter on it, she pleads for instruction and help.



If the Christian religion can make so wide a difference between these two continents, lying the one on either side of the narrow Dardanelles, what words can express the obligation to share with Asia this religion and its fruits?

Constantinople, May 10, 1877.

## LETTER XXXVIII.

## IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

CONSTANTINOPLE has the most remarkable water-approaches of any city in the world. You cannot reach it from any direction by water save as you pass through a narrow but deep channel so fortified that without its consent no vessel dare enter it. Our approach was by the Dardanelles, or the old Hellespont, a narrow channel often less than two miles in width, which connects the *Ægean* Sea with the Sea of Marmora. No foreign vessel-of-war has for many years been allowed to enter the Dardanelles save by a firman of the sultan. The fortifications do not appear to be of the first class, but with the addition of new guns being put in position behind earth-works just thrown up, they could command the straits very effectually.

The other water-approach is by the famous Bosphorus, connecting the Black Sea and the Sea of Marmora. This channel is yet narrower and hardly less deep than the Dardanelles. If Xerxes bridged the Hellespont and Leander swam it in the ardor of his love, the Bosphorus is none the less historic as having been crossed by the Turks in order to their conquest of Constantinople. The place where they crossed is still pointed out near the old Phœnician towers, which give so picturesque a look to the hills which they crown. While at Constantinople we rode nearly the entire length of the Bosphorus

until within sight of the Black Sea, only four miles distant from the last stopping-place of the steamers which run almost hourly. It is a beautiful stream. Some compare it to the Hudson. But it has a beauty all its own. It is skirted by hills, none of which rise higher than five hundred feet, but they are well wooded and cultivated, while now and then a handsome private residence is seen on their slopes. Villages abound all along the water's edge, and while many of the houses are unpainted, yet the most elegant residences are often found on the Bosphorus. They are usually the summer-homes of wealthy Europeans living in Pera. The sultan's palaces are all on the Bosphorus. Several of them are buildings of great size, as well as of some pretensions to an elegant exterior. They are on both sides of the stream, but the sultan usually lives on the European side, where his larger palaces are. Not until you reach the lower end of the Bosphorus are you reminded of any thing Oriental about it. The fortifications, the villages and villas, the fine building of Roberts College, the gun-boats and shipping, are all Occidental, until as you approach the city proper, when the minarets remind you that you are still in the East.

As one approaches Constantinople from the Sea of Marmora the scene is one of rare beauty. There are really three cities which he sees. That to the left, and most imposing, is Stamboul, or Constantinople proper, one side built on the shore of the Sea of Marmora, and the other on the Golden Horn, an arm of the Bosphorus, a deep channel which extends up some five or six miles, when it makes a bend to the right and is terminated by the hills. The middle city, between the Golden Horn and the Bosphorus, is called Pera. It is the favorite dwelling-place as well as business center of the numerous Europeans who live here. They occupy the

crests and slopes of the hills, while the Turks, including the sultan himself, live near the water's edge. Here the hotels are located, and a traveler need hardly know that he is in Turkey. The remaining city on the Asiatic side is Scutari, where also many Europeans reside. To the south of it is Chalcedon, memorable as the seat of one of the great councils of the Church. New York is the only city that is recalled by the location of Constantinople. With the North and East rivers, and with Jersey City and Brooklyn on either side, as one sees the city from the bay, he can form some general idea of the remarkable location of Constantinople. It ought to be the finest as well as the largest city in the world. I had imagined it low, but it rises well, and on every side, from the water, as do the sister cities of Pera and Scutari, so that it can be seen from a great distance. With its lofty and massive domes and numerous minarets rising above the war-offices, the legislative hall, and the buildings of the seraglio, the view is peculiarly imposing. You wonder that this location was so long in being selected as the site of a great city, and that now, the connecting-link of two continents, and capable of ready railroad and water connection with the entire world, she does not outstrip London in population and commerce. Your wonder ceases when you see her master, the Turk, and yet you dare believe that some such great destiny must still await her.

Still the Turk impressed me more favorably than I had anticipated. As a rule, the better classes have adopted European dress, retaining only the fez. Dressed thus they are so like Europeans that you are apt to regard them as such. They seem, too, to move with some briskness, but we were informed by those who have long dwelt among them that they are greatly wanting in energy and enterprise. We had a daily proof of that in an iron

bridge across the Golden Horn which has been for years just at the point of completion, until it is beginning to look old, while the crowds have to hourly pass over a rickety wooden one. The Turkish soldiers, whom we saw in considerable numbers drilling about the city, look as if they would fight well. They are quiet, orderly, and earnest. But the masses are much better than the officials, and the soldiers than their commanders. There is but one voice about public officials—they are corrupt men, whose principal business it is to line their own pockets. The Turk cannot stand promotion. The officers are as overbearing as they are incompetent, while those who have access to the public funds in any way, knowing how short their term of office is, make provision for retiring into private life again with a competency. The Turk has been compared to some kinds of fish which do well in deep water, but on attempting to live near the surface soon show signs of corruption. This distrust of officials appears to be universal. With no respectable schools, there are few educated men, and the great mass of those who fill office are there less as the result of merit than of scheming and trickery. Custom-house officials receive bribes openly and without any sense of shame, and the people confess that money is necessary to secure any favor or carry any measure.

But the "Espero" has long since cast anchor in the Golden Horn, and it is time that we were ashore. A few francs enable the party to run the gauntlet of the custom-house. The trunks and valises are piled on the backs of human pack-horses, one carrying several of each, and we climb the hills of Pera to our hotel on the top. Be careful of the dogs! There they sleep in groups on the streets. They fear no danger, for the very horses respect them, and pick their steps among them. Lying in the

middle of the street, a Constantinople dog will barely lift his head when he knows that a horse is walking over him, and then resumes his nap. I saw one horse make a misstep, and the slumbering dog set up a howl which instantly awoke all the slumbering dogs in the vicinity, who, supposing him to be a dog off his beat, and not belonging in that part of the city, and who had as usual been attacked by one of their number, immediately set on the poor fellow, and I lost sight of him as he was being chased and bitten by the other dogs, who had failed to recognize him in their determination to keep out all interlopers. The dogs are the scavengers of the city. I have seen no less than twenty feeding on one pile of garbage. The people defend them, and will not allow them to be hurt. They abound in every part of the three cities. They are most disagreeable at night, when they are quite fierce, and keep up a perpetual howl. Many of them are loathsome-looking creatures, with a decided scrofulous tendency. Some of them have lost all their hair, and hardly fill one's ideal of a lady's lap-dog.

The best way to see the city is on horseback. Immediately after breakfast there were fourteen horses waiting in front of the hotel for as many riders. They were very spirited animals, and we soon learned to keep some distance apart, as they showed a great propensity for kicking. Our long cavalcade attracted much attention as it filed through the streets. Crossing one of the bridges over the Golden Horn, we were soon in Stamboul, or Constantinople proper. Our first halt was in front of the Sublime Porte. This is the gateway to the seraglio, where the sultan formerly lived, and where the public offices were located. It is a very tame structure compared with many in Lucknow and other parts of India, and yet it has given the name to the Turkish government—the Sublime Porte. We were not able



to enter, as visitors were before the war, but our guide stops for orders to visit the great mosques on the morrow. We then continue our ride, accompanied by our horse-boys, who manage to run as fast as the horses canter, until we reach the Seven Towers at the extreme western end of the city. We pass through the old gate, and ride several miles without the city walls. I say walls, for they are double, but much cracked and shattered by earthquakes. The sultan was on the point of removing them some years ago, but was dissuaded by the English ambassador, who assured him that he might have need for them yet, and that even in their present dilapidated condition they could give the enemy much trouble. Without the walls we saw little but cemeteries filled with turbaned grave-stones and graceful cypresses. Returning through another gate we passed the different quarters—Armenian, Greek, Turkish—hardly distinguishable from each other, but all sadly in need of paint. Like most cities of the Orient, Constantinople loses on close inspection. In this part of the city, among the miles of houses which we saw, there was not one that could be called comfortable. Some of them were large enough, but unplastered and unpainted, and with nothing to make them attractive. The Turkish quarter was as still as death, as the men were away and the women could only look through the lattice-work at the passers-by.

We knew that the oddly-dressed men that we passed occasionally were *dancing dervises*, on their way to worship. As this was their day for that service we arranged to be present immediately after lunch. Their mosque, located in Pera, is rather a neat one, but without minarets. The dervises are an order of monks, but permitted to marry. They are regarded as quite holy, and are much esteemed by the Moslems. Their dress consists of a long

gray cloak with a tall brimless hat of the same color. Promptly at the hour the muezzin's voice was heard calling to prayer, and the dervises entered and took their places within the railing beneath the dome of the mosque. All visitors stood without this railing, while the Moslems moved toward the niche in the wall in the direction of Mecca, and went through their usual forms of worship, the same that were being performed by the dervises. The leading dervis, after this preliminary service, led the way in a march around the inner circle, each stopping when opposite the prayer-niche and pointing his toes together and making a low bow. They paused to bow to each other at the opposite end, where the leading dervis usually stood during the service. This having been repeated three or four times, all save two or three quite old dervises and a couple of the leading ones, removed their outer cloak and loosened their white skirt so that it should come down to their feet. They were now all dressed entirely in white, save the gray hat which they wore. Moving slowly they began to turn in a circle, putting their bare feet one before the other with great dexterity. They moved faster and faster until they finally, at times, made as many as sixty revolutions in a minute. One hand in the meantime had the palm open toward heaven, as if to receive the blessing, while the other was turned toward the earth, as if to bestow it upon the people. This continued for some little time, until you expected to see some of them fall exhausted on the smooth floor. There were two slight intervals only, and then the dancing was resumed. Every thing seemed quite orderly, and while each man appeared to spin around the whole circle more than once there was no collision.

The number of dancing dervises was not over thirteen, but these were all in a circle twenty feet in diameter, and with their skirts so weighted as

to occupy all the room possible. There was no wild excitement. A precentor in the gallery sung some wild chants at the beginning, during which the dervises sat with closed eyes. His ceasing to sing appeared to be the signal for them to begin, which they did in a very matter-of-fact sort of way. When they were through and dripping with perspiration, the older dervises were ready with their cloaks to cover them, and so the performance ended. The general impression was greatly marred a few hours later when I saw one of their number reeling along the street in a state of intoxication. If it is a sin for a Moslem to drink, what must be the sin of a dancing dervis? I was glad to see that he was regarded with apparent pain by some of the order who saw him. The dancing dervises are much less fanatical than the howling dervises, who, by their continued shouts, work themselves up to a great frenzy, when the people believe that they can cure the sick by walking over them, and often give them an opportunity of thus using the healing art. Young children, even, are placed on the floor for them to walk upon.

The rest of the day is spent in the bazaars, which are finer and on a larger scale than any that we have seen in the East. The principal ones are located along covered streets, where the light is none of the best, and any defects in the goods are less readily seen. The tradesmen all have a word or two of English to attract your attention, but their stock soon runs out. The purchaser of Turkish carpets or rugs or embroidered cloths may find a vast supply to choose from, and at such a sliding scale of prices (if he is patient) as will both amuse and bewilder him, especially as the merchant at the outset solemnly announces his one and last price. A piano cover, which Faraway Moses & Co. could only sell at one hundred and sixty francs, they offered soon

at one hundred and ten, and it could have been purchased for one hundred.

The next day we were to see in detail that of which we had had only a bird's-eye view, and especially the great mosques whose exterior only we had seen. The old Genoese tower of Galata, as part of Pera is called, afforded us a fine general view of the three cities of Stamboul, Pera, and Scutari, with the wonderful channels which separate them. The famous mosques are all located in Stamboul, and so we crossed the Golden Horn again. The kavass from the Sublime Porte, who accompanied us, secured us ready admittance first to the Mosque of Suleiman the Magnificent, which has a lofty and immense dome, and is on a vast scale of costly magnificence. The next one was the Pigeon Mosque, or rather the court of it, where hundreds of pigeons are fed by the offerings of the faithful. The entrance of visitors or worshipers is the signal for hundreds of them to light all about you in expectation of the grain which you are supposed to buy of the custodian and throw to them. Then came Sultan Achmed's Mosque, especially noticeable for its immense columns or pillars, which are thirty-six feet in circumference.

What we most desired to see was the great Christian church of St. Sophia, which has been the model for all the great mosques of the world. It is now, of course, the Mosque of St. Sophia. It was begun in Constantine's time for a Christian church, and after being more than once accidentally destroyed by fire, it was rebuilt on a grand scale by the Emperor Justinian. He brought columns from all the great heathen temples of the world to support its dome, which rises one hundred and eighty feet above the floor. There are one hundred and seventy of these columns of marble, granite, and porphyry. The building is two hundred and seventy

feet long by two hundred and forty-three wide, being built in the form of a Greek cross. So great was Justinian's joy on completing it, in 538 A.D., that he ran with outstretched arms from the door to the altar, thanking God for its completion, and declaring, "Solomon, I have surpassed thee!" Happily few alterations have been made to transform it into a mosque. The prayer-niche, being to the right of the center of the apex where the pulpit stood, twists things a little out of their proper angles. The Moslem pulpit is on one side, and so, too, the marble screen-platform occupied by the sultan when he comes to worship. The old crosses, sculptured in the marble over each window, and the four great archangels at different corners, still remain. An inclined plane leads up to the galleries, whence one can look down on the wonderful scene below. St. Sophia may yet become a church again.

There are numerous remains of old Constantinople. Such are the one thousand and one pillars of Constantine, some thirty feet below the surface—a very forest of them. They probably supported the dome which covered a great reservoir. There was thus a vast water-supply right in the heart of the old city, and yet one could drive over it with impunity. It is perfect even now, although it has rapidly filled up. Here was the old Hippodrome, while along a line in the center rose the Tower of Constantine and the obelisk brought from Thebes. Near at hand is the Museum of the Janizaries, representing by lay figures the odd and varied costumes of different ages of these attendants in the palace. The variety of turbans is such as to challenge belief. In the old Christian church at St. Irene we found the armory. Guns freshly imported from America were arranged on the ground-floor, while all above the walls were hung with the coats-of-mail and battle-axes of past centuries. We were within



the seraglio proper, where we saw many fine sculptures, exquisite in some cases, though almost ruined.

Having seen the sultan's capital it only remained to see the sultan, Abdul Hamed. I am particular to give his name, since, as there have been three sultans within a year past, there may be yet another by the time these lines are in print. The Softas, who made and unmade rulers so rapidly, call themselves lawyers, but, as the Koran is the law, they are religious fanatics, who live about the mosques ready to lead in or swell any great movement. They first opposed themselves to the vizier, and obtaining his removal after much difficulty, they determined on another sultan who might better regard their wishes. We saw the present sultan on his way to his mosque to worship. He does not make known until near noon where he will worship on any given day, and not until the last moment how he will go. His carriage, his boat, and several fine riding-horses, await his choice. In the meantime a regiment of soldiers is waiting in the square in front of the palace to guard his way. At length the bugle-blast announced his coming, and the soldiers were instantly in line, guarding the entire way on each side from the palace-gate to the mosque, some four hundred yards distant. He was preceded and followed by distinguished officials on foot, while he rode a white horse gayly caparisoned with gold trappings. His dress was very simple, the only ornament being the diamond star of royalty that glittered on his breast. His figure is rather spare, and his pale face had an anxious, careworn expression. There was no enthusiasm. Aside from the soldiers there were not over five hundred people present. The cheering was done wholly by the soldiers, and at given signals by the bugle. There was one spectator at least who could not have been induced to exchange places with him.



Nominally the supreme ruler over one of the largest and fairest domains of earth, he knows not at what hour the caprice of his subjects may demand that he surrender the scepter.

Constantinople is quiet in the midst of the excitement of war. Save about the war-office and with the sight of drilling soldiers, one might visit the city without seeing any signs that the war is going on. Turkey has a fine navy—in fact, some of the best iron-clads in the world—and her soldiers are equipped with the best of arms, but her one great lack is leaders, men who can plan and execute. If she fails in this contest here will probably be found the cause of failure. I venture no opinion as to the righteousness of her cause. It is high time that the Eastern question should be settled in one way or another. May the God of nations shape the issue!

It was an interesting occasion when we met at the Lord's-table the members of the West Turkey Mission of the American Board. Here they had come in from Bulgaria to meet their brethren and take counsel together before returning to wait in suspense—their very lives in their hands—the issue of the war. They were heroic men, and did not falter. They stood between the yoke and the altar ready for either. I was glad to recognize two old classmates among them. They have not labored in vain. They have one thousand four hundred and twenty-nine members, of which over two hundred were added during the last year, and of these all but two on profession of faith. Many of the preachers have been raised up from among the natives. Most of the students of Roberts College, one of the best institutions of all the East, are from Bulgaria. Whatever be the future of Turkey, these noble men, if God shall spare them, stand ready to help shape it for good. There have been silently at work in different parts of the empire influences

which will be ready for the critical hour of the nation's need. New Turkey will feel the shaping-hand of Christian teaching.

A ride on the Golden Horn ended our many experiences in Constantinople. Seated in a caique, a long, narrow boat, which seemed hardly to do more than sit upon the surface of the water, our skillful boatman made it fairly shoot along at every stroke of the oars. We seemed to pass every thing in the stream except the steamers. Our objective point was the "sweet waters of Europe," or where the fresh water empties into this arm of the Bosphorus. The "sweet waters of Asia" are fresh water-courses which empty into the main channel from the Asiatic shore. We passed many boats filled with Turkish women, dressed usually in the brightest of colored silks, but with the invariable veil about their faces. They were going up near the head of the Golden Horn to spend the afternoon seated on the grass. We found many of them already arrived, and in some instances with their veils removed engaged in merry conversation. I wish that I could picture a beautiful grove and a greensward where they had gathered to spend the afternoon. But only one or two small trees afforded any shade, and most of the party were compelled to use their parasols, and were seated upon a very scanty supply of grass. Yet this is their favorite resort. What must their homes be, when this is such a paradise?

But we must return, and our boatman threads his way amid caiques and steamers, and under bridges, until he brings us to the ship's ladder, where we reëmbark upon the "Espero" for Athens. Constantinople presents the same magnificent view on leaving. The site for the greatest, finest city in the world, what generation shall see it realize its manifest destiny?

Corfu, May 29, 1877.

## LETTER XXXIX.

## A FORTNIGHT IN AND NEAR ATHENS.

TWO weeks was a longer time than we contemplated giving to Athens, but a low fever, perhaps as is often the case, originating in the exposures of tent-life in Palestine, had developed itself before I left Constantinople, and my first duty on reaching Athens was to summon a physician. Only a Greek physician could be had. His English was very limited, so that most of our interviews had to be conducted through an interpreter, but his skill was good, and after over a week's battle the fever yielded, yet leaving the patient very weak. Of the kindness of my companion, and of the excellent missionaries in Athens, who were untiring in their attentions, and of the interest and frequent visits of one or two converted Greeks, I shall ever have the most grateful memory. A stranger in a strange land—what meaning will those words ever have, "I was sick, and ye visited me!" If one must be sick away from home, Athens is the best place for that purpose. If liable to malarial fever, he had better recruit his health before visiting Southern Italy in the hot weather, and Attica will be found a good sanitarium.

With restored health I was able to visit in detail those interesting ruins of ancient Athens of which I had a remote view from the steamer as we approached the Piræus, and from the carriage as we

drove rapidly to the hotel. While yet on the *Ægean* Sea, and long before the *Acropolis* came in sight, we saw on the main-land the marble columns of a beautiful temple, which prepared us for the hardly greater splendor of the *Athenian Temple*. Very fitly standing as it did, overlooking the sea, it had been erected in the honor of *Minerva*, the goddess of the Greeks. Whatever houses may have surrounded it have long since disappeared. It stands as a sort of outpost, telling of other structures like itself, all of the costliest material and finest workmanship, in which were worshiped the gods of the Greek mythology. Many of them antedate the Christian era. But while neglected and forsaken they tell of a mistaken faith, they speak no less strongly of that true religious instinct that counts nothing too costly to be offered on the altars of devotion. Fine churches may not be the best means of glorifying God, but certainly poor ones are much less so. The *Temple of Solomon* tells us that no building is too magnificent in which to worship God. The example of the costly offerings of the heathen, whether Greek or Hindoo, might at least be commended wherever there is danger of going to the other extreme. It is always pleasing, as in this case, when the most striking object in a landscape or a city is a building for religious worship.

Before we climb *Mars' Hill* or the *Acropolis*, let us look at the interesting ruins at their base. Who has not heard of the *Stadium*, where occurred the foot and chariot races? Crossing the dry bed of the *Ilissus*, we entered a sort of natural amphitheater, made by the hills on three sides, where more than three hundred years before the birth of Christ Greek youths contended for the crown. One successful competitor, *Herodes Atticus*, provided marble seats for the fifty thousand spectators. Excava-

tions made during the present reign have brought these to light, as well as the marble pavement of the corridor leading to these seats. Unhappily, however, much of the marble has since been turned into lime in the lime-kilns, but enough remains to give some idea of the former extent and splendor of the place. A subterranean passage leading from the Stadium is regarded as rather a mysterious thing by some antiquarians. Our guide's explanation is at least in accordance with a true instinct when he says it was a way by which the unsuccessful competitors could retire. The more fortunate one was crowned with laurel amid the acclamations of the multitude. "They which run in a race run all, but one receiveth the prize." Between the Stadium and the Acropolis are the ruins of the Temple of Zeus Olympus, one of the grandest buildings ever erected. Nearly four hundred feet long by half as many wide, it was surrounded by one hundred and twenty massive Corinthian columns, each of which was over sixty feet high. Only sixteen of these columns remain, but they constitute a grand ruin, recalling the great temple at Baalbec. The Greeks lounging in their shadow seemed unworthy of such ancestors as had fashioned the marble which towered above their lazy heads. The memory of the martial deeds of their forefathers is more of an inspiration to the modern Greeks than the sight of these magnificent monuments. They are more eager for the fray that may recover part of their territory from the Turk than to preserve the glorious possession which they already have in these architectural remains.

But we are quite near the place immortalized by the eloquence of Pericles and Demosthenes. It was known as the Pnyx, where the public assemblies of the Athenians were held. It is on the slope of a hill near the Acropolis. The sharp angle of the slope is much relieved by a large stone-wall forming

a sort of terrace. The whole is semicircular, with the speaker's stand, a cubical block of stone cut out of the solid mass, at the highest point of the inclosure. The people apparently stood, as there is no evidence of seats, and the whole assembly had only the blue dome for their covering. Here were uttered those impassioned appeals which, though Demosthenes was the orator, were unavailing to arouse the people to resist the Macedonians, who were to destroy their liberty, and repeat their humiliation.

Just across the valley, and itself a spur of the general hill known as the Acropolis, is Mars' Hill, which heard from Paul's lips a speech hardly less eloquent than any that the Pnyx ever enjoyed. Never did even Demosthenes word an exordium more skillfully: "Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious. For, as I passed by and beheld your devotions, I found an altar with this inscription, To the Unknown God. Whom, therefore, ye ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you." Eager ears listened to Paul's account of the attributes of the true God, and devoured it none the less readily because of his apt quotation from one of their own poets. Many were eager to hear more, while others "clave unto him, and believed." His pulpit gave him, even as he spoke, a view of many "temples made with hands." Just at his feet was the Theseum, which had been erected five centuries before in honor of Theseus, who united into one the different States of Attica. It is standing to-day, the best preserved of all the ancient monuments of Athens. The Acropolis, on his right, was crowned with temples whose worshippers could almost hear him as he spoke. Greek skill had constructed their finest edifices for religious worship, temples which would almost have been a fit dwelling-place for the unknown God, if he could,



indeed, dwell in temples made with hands. But Paul proclaims a spiritual worship, worthy of the God of whom they confess their ignorance, and yet show their willingness to learn more. That memorable pulpit remains, perhaps not very different from what he left it. The space is not very great and the auditory on Mars' Hill could not have been large, although many could have heard his voice from the base. There are sixteen steps cut in the rock by which Paul and his hearers ascended, the same used by the judges of the Areopagus, the supreme court of Athens. While the summit is not very high, yet one side is sufficiently precipitous to serve even at the present day, if necessary, its old purpose for the execution of criminals by hurling them down on the rocks below. There are no evidences of any building on the summit.

But let us ascend the Acropolis, whose fortified summit was long the residence of the kings of Athens, and yet longer the supposed dwelling-place of the gods. As a fortress it is still impregnable, save to a well-managed artillery fire. We enter its gates, and ascend the steps which lead to the plateau, some three hundred and sixty yards long and of half the width, where stands the famous Parthenon. Of the exquisite temple of Athene Nike—beautiful even in its reconstruction from its old fragments which had been built into a Turkish bastion—I can give no just description. It is quite small, but a gem, and well deserves a place on the Acropolis. It stands on our right as we enter the magnificent Propylæa, or gateway with colonnades, leading to the Parthenon. There is now a gradual slope to the top, which had been leveled for the foundation of its great temple. All this space was once filled with the finest statuary, with here and there altars for votive-offerings. The ruts in the rocks still show the line of the old road which led up from the gateway.

But what shall I say of the Parthenon? The glory of ancient Greece and of its degenerate child; the admiration of conquerors, who spared it for its beauty; at length nearly destroyed by a Venetian bombshell in the endeavor to dislodge the Turks, who had made it their magazine; despoiled by Lord Elgin of some of its finest sculptures—it remains still a thing of beauty, a splendid ruin. Imagine a white marble building two hundred and forty-three feet long and one hundred and eight feet wide, surrounded by forty-six Doric columns surmounted by architrave and the most elaborately sculptured designs in high relief, representing the famous scenes of mythology, while within stood the gold and ivory statue of Athene Parthenos, forty-seven feet high, and we may form some idea of the great temple as Phidias left it. The explosion, however, threw down part of the walls and some of the columns, while the splendid marbles of its interior and approaches disappeared ages ago. I marvel not at the architect's enthusiasm as he looks on these wonderful columns, gradually swelling toward the middle and then tapering at the top, or the handsome steps so strangely convex that when our guide placed his hat on one end we with our eye on a level with the other end were unable to see it.

Only a few traces remain of the wonderful frieze, large fragments of which we afterward saw in the British Museum. No chisel has ever been so skillful as that of the famous Greek sculptors who fashioned this marble at will. The best Roman sculptors, Michael Angelo excepted, have been little more than imitators, if not copyists. The choicest works even in the Vatican and at Florence are believed to be by the old Greek masters. The famous Caryatides of the Louvre have their originals in the portico of the Erechtheum, which stands right by the Parthenon. In fact, the whole summit of the Acropolis

is covered with splendid fragments, either of the temples which stood there or of the imposing gateway by which they were entered. Many of those fragments have been collected in a museum, which has been too lately built for that purpose, after many of these treasures of art had gone to enrich other lands.

Let us look out from the summit of the Acropolis on the historical spots at our feet. Here are the ruins of the theaters—one holding thirty thousand spectators—where were acted the dramas of Sophocles and Æschylus. Cut in the rock of the hill just beyond is the so-called prison of Socrates. Beyond that mountain stretches the Plain of Marathon, where Miltiades led the Athenians to a successful victory over the Persian army, fifteen times larger than his own. In almost the opposite direction are the Straits of Salamis, where the Persians were no more fortunate in a naval battle. Yet beyond, only more to the right, is Eleusis, the seat of the famous Eleusinian mysteries. Between that point and Athens, and quite near the city, is the Academy of Plato. Even now it is known as the olive-grove, and it was this grove that Plato made immortal. It belonged to one Academus, who cheerfully gave it to the philosopher as a place for the assembly of his students, until his own name became inseparably linked with that of Plato, and the word “academy” is the universal synonym of learning. Just at our feet is the market-place where Paul disputed with the people before he was summoned to Mars’ Hill. It is the market-place still, after nearly two thousand years.

We also get a fine view of modern Athens, which is itself a somewhat interesting city of forty-five thousand souls. It covers only in part the site of the ancient city, which had more than three times its population. It was never its size, however, which

gave it importance so much as its being the seat of learning, where gathered the wise men of the land. Very fitly one of the most striking objects that greet us is the university where twelve hundred students receive instruction from some sixty professors. The building is a very capacious one, and the institution, founded only forty years ago, is modern in all save its location. It owes much to Baron Sina, a native of Athens now living in Germany, who has also erected an elegant Art Hall of Pentelican marble, in which the citizens feel a just pride. The Legislative Hall is also a creditable building. On one of the finest sites of the city is the Palace, imposing in nothing but its size. On no account have the Athenians reason to be proud of it, and least of all that it does not belong to them, as they have never been able to purchase it of their former king, who built it at his own expense. There are many private residences in the city which are more attractive than the royal abode.

A borrowed king is the strange anomaly which Greece presents to the world. Bavaria lent the former, who, after nearly thirty years' trial, left the country in disgust. After the nation had gone begging for several months for some other cion of royalty, Denmark sent out King George, who has proved a good ruler, but who has had frequent occasion to recall the proverb, "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." The modern kingdom of Greece is ludicrously small, even with Corfu added. The people recall their former domain, and are restless for the restoration of their old glory. The government is not strong enough to control popular feeling or to inspire general confidence. The king is looked upon with suspicion, as a foreigner and of a different religion. He is the merest figure-head on the ship of state, a gilded ornament over which must dash all the waves of the troubled sea through

which the nation is passing. While brigands are less numerous than some few years ago, when travelers in the interior were often seized and set at liberty only on the payment of large ransoms, exacted often by sending the ears of the prisoners to their reluctant friends, there is still danger of large irregular bands breaking into Turkish territory and embroiling the nation in premature war. She is no doubt watching for the moment when she may safely claim from Turkey a part of her old domain. Some of her citizens even aspire to Constantinople itself. In the meantime the king must study the popular will, and, whatever his private views, not venture to oppose it. Nominally a monarchy, Greece is really a republic. While we were there King George was enjoying a visit from his sister, the Princess of Wales, and the palace-garden, which was quite near our hotel, was daily enlivened by the choicest music, whose strains made glad the sick-room as well.

European dress is quite the rule in Athens. Occasionally one sees a man dressed in a jacket with open sleeves, and some dozen or more short white skirts, called, I believe, "fustanella." The costume when first seen would make a hermit smile. The skirts are too short to dispense with short breeches and gaiters. The fez is much taller than that of the Turk. Many wear a simple jacket and short, wide trousers. Shoes, when worn at all, are usually quite pointed. The complexion of the people is slightly dark, being less so than that of the Turk or Arab. There seems to be a fair amount of business done, considering the simple wants of the people. The fine, bold features of their ancestors seem sadly wanting among the Athenians of to-day. Their period of degeneracy was so long that there has been much intermixing of races, and the Greeks appear to be wanting in energy in ordinary affairs



as much as they are turbulent and revolutionary when the affairs of state do not seem to please them.

It is pleasing to see so many familiar names on the sign-boards, in both Greek and Roman characters. Sophocles, Xenophon, and Socrates, have forsaken the drama, and the sword, and philosophical disquisitions, and have gone to keeping drug-stores or selling meat and vegetables. While they can read the language of their ancestors, they have ceased to speak it. Modern Greek has such a strange pronunciation that only now and then can you catch a familiar word of the classic period. The daily Greek newspapers would contain dispatches from the seat of war which could often be read without much difficulty, but the same dispatches if read aloud according to the ordinary pronunciation would have been about as unintelligible as the language of the Turk himself.

The religion which Paul planted in Athens and Corinth, and which yielded in his day some of its best fruits among the Greeks, has given place to a Christianity which is such only in the name. A dead Church that believes itself alive, an impoverished Church that deems itself increased in goods and needing nothing, one that, losing its vital hold on Christ, has become a communion of mere forms, is the Greek Church of to-day. Hardly in any place is there so little fruit of missionary labor as where it has to contend with an effete Christianity. There are converts to a purer faith, but where the avowal of their change of religion means proscription few venture to make it. Even the work of secular instruction is seriously hindered if the teachers presume to tell of Christ as a personal, conscious Saviour. The priests wield great power, and are jealous of interference with their domain. The Rev. Mr. Leyburn, of the Southern Presbyterian



Church, is proving a faithful successor to his honored father in Athens, while Mrs. Fluhart, after considerable experience as a teacher in Columbia and Kirksville, Missouri, is now dedicating her life to God in the education of young ladies in the capital of Greece. We enjoyed pleasant Christian communion with them and the Rev. Mr. Constantine, a native Greek who was educated in America.

From our Italian steamer at the Piræus we take a final view of the twin hills of Athens, Lycabettus and the Acropolis. We pay our boatman our last drachma, and welcome the hour of our departure no less than we had done that of our arrival. After coasting along in sight of the Peloponnesus, the second day, May 29, brought us to Corfu, where we spent some ten hours. We were still in the land of the olive and the fig. Some of the finest of these trees that we had seen lined the road along which we drove out to the old harbor of the city. We found little to interest us in the city itself, which had lost its distinctive character under the long English supremacy. English appeared to be more commonly spoken by the natives than anywhere we had been. The King of Greece visits his subjects here during the summer months, and they have fitted up for him the official residence of the late English lord high commissioner. His queen, who seems much beloved, is also provided with a residence, located in the midst of a handsome garden, and commanding a fine view of the bay.

A night's run should have brought us to Brindisi. Our ship stopped, and when we arose supposing that we were in the harbor we found ourselves surrounded by a dense fog, unable to know just where we were. The fog lifted somewhat, but as the line to which the "Carriddi" belonged had suffered serious loss from running its ships in a fog, her officers had received strict orders to "stand by." At length,

about noon, just as we had finished our "breakfast," as the meal is called, we sight the land, and were soon at the wharf in Brindisi. We now felt as if we had reached Europe proper, for Greece and Turkey appeared no less Oriental than Syria. A good hotel affords us a few hours of quiet, which we vary by a walk about the old town, as Brundisium had figured in Hannibal's campaigns. Occasionally an old wall or house-front savored of antiquity, but the place is essentially modern, and owes much of its importance to the Suez Canal, and as being the most convenient European port to that great artery of trade.

But the train is waiting which is to take us to Naples, so that we leave the place of Virgil's death for the sight of Vesuvius.

Steamer "Britannic," Atlantic Ocean, Aug. 11, 1877.

## LETTER XL.

## IN NAPLES AND ROME.

THE train which bore us from Brindisi to Naples introduced us to some of the interesting scenery of Southern Italy. The Adriatic was in sight during a considerable part of the journey, while overlooking the sea were many vine-clad hills crowned with villages, whose whitewashed houses recalled Palestine with some of its cities set on a hill. The olive abounds in this part of Italy, while every field is a vineyard. It matters not what else is grown there, whether vegetables, or grass, or grain, the vine always has a place. Even where no attempt is made to cultivate the choicer kinds of grapes, in every field the common vine grows by elms planted and kept trimmed for that purpose. They are invariably in rows, and the vines often hang in festoons between them, sometimes for several hundred yards without a single break. Beautiful as was the picture, as we saw it early in the season, what must it be when the purple clusters hang from every bough? The country had every appearance of great fertility. In fact, vegetation of all kinds was so luxuriant and rank that I imagine fever and ague to be no strangers here. It was refreshing to see Indian corn growing once more, and our appetite was whetted for the roasting-ears and corn-bread of Missouri. We were really nearing home!

After traveling all night, when we awoke the

following morning we were still several hours from Naples. While we were on the lookout for Vesuvius we saw a mountain not very different from others that we had been looking at, save that a white cloud seemed to be resting on its summit—that was all. It might have been mist, but we knew from its location that the mountain was Vesuvius, and that the covering was a sulphurous cloud. I had expected to see smoke, if not flame, but there was only this white cloud, stationary, so far as the eye could see, and connected with the top of the mountain by a motionless white column. This was all that was to be seen during our stay of several days in Naples. Once or twice I thought I could detect some slight motion, and at night it appeared slightly luminous, yet this was the greatest volcano of the world, and I heard on every side that it was unusually active! My slowly-returning strength did not permit me to ascend it. Bishop Marvin attempted it, but on account of a fog the day was inauspicious for a view into its crater. He could, however, hear the angry dash of the fire-waves almost like breakers upon the shore. It was the lion growling in his den; we may hear before long of his venturing forth after his prey. There is good reason to believe, however, that no such violent eruption will ever take place again as that which buried Herculaneum and Pompeii eighteen centuries ago. Its violence then reduced its height by blowing off a considerable part of its top. It has been gradually consuming itself since then, until a difference of fully four hundred feet has been discovered in its height in the last few years. Still Vesuvius is a dangerous neighbor, and no one, after visiting Pompeii, would wish to live on its slopes. One might be pardoned for not even caring to reside in Naples.

What interested us chiefly in Naples was its great

museum and its strange cemetery. The city itself is the largest in Italy, and well located on its beautiful bay. But my notes of travel in Europe will have to be about simply the most characteristic things in each place that we visit. To attempt to sketch all objects of interest would be to make these notes far too voluminous. Moreover, we are now treading more familiar ground, so that an outline will suffice. The cemetery to which I refer was located on the leveled top of a hill just outside the city limits. It is inclosed by a high wall on three sides, and a long building on the fourth. Within this space are three hundred and sixty-five wells, one for every day of the year. Each is covered by a stone slab bearing its proper number. Early each morning the stone slab is removed from the mouth of one of these wells, and all the dead of the previous day are thrown in. Lime is then thrown in on their uncoffined bodies and the slab is cemented in its place again, not to be removed until the same day the following year. One freshly sealed told of its having been opened that morning. The man in charge unlocked several of the twenty or more chests on one side of the inclosure, and each contained a corpse ready for the morrow's burial. They were evidently the bodies of the very poor, for this is peculiarly their cemetery. Over one or two wells there stood poor women in tears. A husband or child had probably been thrown into the well beneath their feet.

The lazzaroni of Naples are far-famed. The government has done much to suppress begging, so that we found less of it than we expected, but we were often asked for alms by respectably-dressed people, who had probably begged themselves rich. Americans are proverbial for their thoughtless alms, and an American can be easily recognized anywhere in Europe.

The National Museum is peculiarly rich in treasures of art recovered from the ruined cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii. Perhaps nothing was more interesting than the old frescoes which once adorned some of the buried houses. Mythological scenes were so well executed in water-colors on the plaster that many artists now count it their pride to copy them in oil on canvas. Many were painted most elaborately, and are not rivaled by any frescoes of modern times. They have been but slightly injured in some cases, and have been framed and preserved here with considerable care. Here, too, are large supplies of utensils, whether for domestic or agricultural use, which were excavated at the same time. The beds, the plow-shares, the knives, the very bread, of old Pompeii are to be found here. There is a very fine collection of ancient pottery and of glassware, with those delicate tints which come only from a long burial in the soil. The gems, the coins, the statuary, of those days have all been recovered from their sudden graves. Here, too, in the secret chamber of the museum, are kept the memorials of Pompeii's shame. Vice had actually crystallized in frescoes, bronzes, and marbles. The destruction of that wicked city came none too soon, if we are to judge of its moral rottenness by these material evidences of its crimes. Wicked as is the world to-day, it may be doubted whether any city can rival this in gross sins.

Less than an hour's run on the cars brought us to Pompeii itself. Terrible as was its destruction, and so complete that it long lay forgotten in its sudden burial, yet it exists to-day, hardly less a city than before the clouds of cinders swept down on its ill-fated populace. True, its streets are silent and its houses empty, but the excavations have been so complete as to discover to the world the ancient city as it stood nearly twenty centuries since. The



roofs of the houses are, of course, generally wanting, for these were in most cases removed in order to clear them of the immense mass of ashes within, but the city itself is well defined, with clean, well-paved streets, temples, stores, theaters, forum, private houses, and cemeteries. We enter by the old sea gate, for the eruption which destroyed Pompeii filled up the bay for more than a mile, so that there is now a broad plain where before the waters reached to the very walls of the city. The streets are paved with large blocks of lava. The houses are built either of the same material or of small bricks placed diagonally in the walls. Here is a *basilica*, where courts of justice were held. At one end is the judge's seat, while back of and partly beneath it is the dungeon, where was found the skeleton of a criminal who was doubtless awaiting his sentence when suddenly called to answer before another judgment-seat. On yonder street is the wine-merchant's shop, with his huge wine-jars just as he left them, only empty. Near it is the baker's, from whose oven was taken the famous loaves. There are numerous private residences, with their courts, fountains, baths, and apartments as they were when occupied by their owners. One in particular has a tragic interest because the remains of the entire family were found in it. The father was a large wine-merchant, and his family took refuge in the spacious wine-cellar of his house, where they all perished from suffocation, while he himself met a similar fate in his garden. Near his house is the Herculaneum Gate, through which the famous Appian Way led into the city. Just outside the gate we saw the guard-house, where was found the skeleton of the soldier on guard. The storm of fire found and left him at his post.

Some seven of these skeletons are preserved in the museum near the sea gate. Some of them died

in great agony, as is evident from their open mouths and contorted limbs. I call them skeletons, but they are more strictly petrified bodies, for their shape is perfect, and they appear as hard as stone. The bodies of a man and two women, supposed to be husband, wife, and daughter, are preserved in one case. The petrified body of a dog excites much interest. It is so perfect that his dying *howl* seems petrified, too. Some of these skeletons have been discovered in the last few years, and the excavations now going on may disclose others.

It is very revolting, while even walking the streets of this city of the dead, to have thrust upon you evidences of their unblushing vice. Living they advertised their shame, and when quick destruction came upon them, as upon Sodom and Gomorrah, it but perpetuated the story of their wickedness. They profited not by example of the Cities of the Plain. Their infamy was even greater, in view of greater light. Yet these were the descendants of those cultured Greeks whose artists made the marble breathe, and painted so exquisitely that the birds picked at the grapes upon the canvas. Alas! this is not the only case where the highest culture has been wedded to the greatest vice.

From all that I could learn the people of Naples are more superstitious than those of Rome. Here, in its cathedral, according to popular belief, occurs twice each year the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius, while images of the Virgin are more frequently seen over the doors of the houses. We saw here, too, not far from the heart of the city, an immense crucifix with the figure of life size. I saw others like this in the rural districts in different parts of Europe, but in no considerable city save Naples. Yet with all this, and the example of Pompeii, and the presence of muttering Vesuvius, Naples is known as one of the vilest cities

of Europe. Superstition cannot save any more than culture.

While Bishop Marvin remained to make the ascent of Mount Vesuvius, I took the cars to Rome, in order to witness some of the exercises connected with the celebration of the pope's jubilee-year. The scenery on the way was a happy combination of hills and glens, with fine fields of ripening grain. The vine, so abundant in Southern Italy, is somewhat less frequent here, but by no means wanting. I reached Rome on Saturday night, June 2. The morrow was to be the great day of the jubilee which celebrated the fiftieth year since Pius IX. was made a bishop. By a strange coincidence the day was also the anniversary of the unification of Italy and her deliverance from papal supremacy. Victor Emmanuel's soldiers were marshaled for review by the king on one of the hills of Rome, while the pope's followers, under the leadership of Cardinal Simeoni, were assembled for high mass on another. The great service of the day was not in St. Peter's, as I had supposed it would be, but in the Church of St. Pietro in Vinculi, so called from its containing the chain with which it is said Peter was bound while in prison in Jerusalem, as well as his chain while at Rome. These chains hang together in front of the high altar of this spacious church. While I arrived at an early hour I found the edifice already crowded. Like all the other Catholic churches in Rome, it is without seats, so that the dense mass within its walls must have numbered six or seven thousand souls, counting one soul to each body. The church was festooned with thousands of burning wax-tapers, while, not in the best taste, strips of gilt border were hung about its grand marble columns. On one side of the altar were seats for Catholics of royal blood, whose devotion had brought them to Rome on this great occasion. They were mostly

princes, princesses, and dukes, from the minor countries of Europe. Their attendants did not deem it out of place to use their opera-glasses in eyeing the dense crowd. In short, as is too often the case in Protestant congregations, on special occasions, a murmur of conversation filled the church, which was not wholly discontinued during the services. Where I expected to see one priest I saw twenty throughout my week's stay in Rome; and nowhere were they so surprisingly numerous as here this morning. Fully one-tenth of that great throng were priests, either local or visiting. Mingling with the congregation, most of them were all curiosity to see what was going on, while now and then some followed in their breviary the prayers of the mass. Cardinal Simeoni, who seems to be the pope's immediate representative, was present in his red robes to conduct the service. He was assisted by a numerous body of white-robed attendants, much of whose time seemed occupied in adjusting the cardinal's vestments according to the different parts of the service. The singing was superb of its kind, the best voices of Rome being in the choir, and all specially drilled for this event. While the great throng were listening to the music or watching the ceremonies, many bowed at the side-altars to receive the wafer. There was no sermon, only one of those elaborate ceremonials for which Rome is so famous.

I looked in at St. Peter's on my way back to the hotel. The only services there were at the side-altars, or "chapels," as they are called. The great event of the day was in the other church, where petty traders did a good business in selling jubilee-medals with the pope's profile. But for these, and an oil-painting over the door, representing the pope's elevation to the episcopacy fifty years ago, a stranger might have been at a great loss to know the nature of the occasion.

So far as we could learn this was the extent of the jubilee services, with the exception of receiving deputations, congratulatory addresses, and presents. Deputations would be received every few days, the pope being wheeled in his arm-chair into the audience-room, and listening to the addresses or having them simply laid at his feet, according to his strength. We did not see His Holiness, but one who did represented him as comparatively vigorous considering his great age. He was spoken of as having an unusually strong voice. We visited the long corridors of the Vatican, which were lined with the pope's presents, that had been sent from all parts of the world to crown his jubilee. They were arranged according to the nations by which they had been contributed, and embraced nearly every conceivable article. There were paintings and statuary, silks, laces, linens, cloths, vestments, jewels, and furniture for the altar. Large numbers of articles were given evidently not for the pope's private use, but that he might distribute them to churches and priests, especially to missionaries. Crowned heads had been among the donors, and there were many articles of great cost. Among the presents were immense quantities of wine, some of superior quality and flavor, as I inferred from the pleased look of a group of rosy-cheeked priests who stood discussing it, and doubtless commenting on the great favors of the Vatican.

Curiosity was evidently a controlling motive with most of the priestly visitors to Rome at this time. We met them everywhere, driving about in cabs, visiting galleries, catacombs, and churches, guide-book in hand, and in the same spirit of sight-seeing as ourselves. Even Pilate's Staircase, which Luther climbed on his knees, and which we saw some of the laity climbing in the same way, we could not hear of being ascended by them. We saw others



kissing the toe of St. Peter's bronze statue, but no priests. The experience of other travelers with whom we talked being to the same effect is at least suggestive. There were several groups that came to Rome in their pilgrim's garb, staff in hand, and headed by their simple-minded village priests. Their appearance was so incongruous that they met with but little favor from the resident priests and others, and in some instances they were actually arrested by the police. Perhaps many of the pilgrims, when they saw the splendid carriages of the cardinals and bishops, and the costly array in the Vatican, may have chided themselves for their simplicity. It is easy to believe many left Rome wiser if not sadder than when they came. Let us hope that some left it freemen like Luther, with the words ringing in their ears, "The just shall live by faith." Never did the Epistle to the Romans seem half so weighty as when I read it aloud in my room one Sabbath afternoon in Rome. Were Paul living to-day he would again greatly "desire to preach the gospel to them which are in Rome also."

The same desire has doubtless influenced the Protestant missionaries who, in faith and in great patience, are laboring here. There are several churches here in which is preached the pure faith of the early Church at Rome. There have been several hundred converts, and among them some of the priests. Notably among the latter is a former professor in the Vatican college. His experience may be somewhat typical. He was designated for the priesthood from a child, and was educated for its duties, not because of any sense of personal duty, but at the wish of his parents. His talents commanded for him an influential place in the Church, but his inquiring mind led him to seek for the truth. He followed his convictions, resigned his professorship, found Christ, and is now preaching the truth as it



is in Jesus. I am not satisfied but that the ultimate conversion of the Roman Church will be largely from such men *within* her communion, but doubtless the only way *now* is separation from it. There is greater light in Rome, but there are many inflamed eyes there that cannot bear it. There is a spirit of deep hate in some quarters, which, as one of the missionaries remarked, "would, if it dared, burn us on the piazzas to-morrow." A devout Catholic visitor told us that he found a great many more churches in Rome than there was any occasion for. They are generally open for an hour or so in the morning, but only some twenty persons in many instances attend mass. It evidently requires a considerable share of Peter's-pence to keep up worship in some of these churches. A crisis is apparently approaching at Rome. The fearful disclosures about Cardinal Antonelli, who, notwithstanding the usual vows of poverty, died possessed of an immense estate—and although a celibate, a *daughter* appears on the scene with most plausible claims for recognition—naturally awaken much thought. The infallible old man in St. Peter's chair must soon have a successor, and grave apprehensions are felt by some of the faithful as to the approaching election. Will the next pope continue to be "the prisoner of the Vatican?" Will he be as harmless and amiable as Pius IX., whose magnificent tomb under the altar of St. Maria Maggiore is all prepared for its occupant, and for whom an apotheosis is even now waiting? Will the pretensions of the Church continue to increase as her temporal possessions diminish? These and other like questions must determine her future.

The most imposing church interior that I saw at Rome is that of "St. Paul's without the walls," located outside of the city, on the traditional burial-place of the apostle. Two mammoth statues, one of Paul and the other of Peter, stand in front of

the altar, while the columns of the latter are of the finest Oriental alabaster, and the pedestals inlaid with malachite and lapis lazuli. Beneath the altar is the *confession*, as the place is called, to which the remains of the apostles were *confided*. Eighty massive granite columns divide the two aisles on each side. The church is four hundred and twenty-three feet long and one hundred and fifty-three feet wide. Its grand simplicity is its charm. It is a fit monument to the memory of St. Paul. Another church, two miles distant, claims to be on the spot where he suffered martyrdom, while we passed a very small one on our way out that professedly marks the spot where Paul and Peter bade farewell to each other as they separated to die for Christ. St. John Lateran and St. Maria Maggiore are *basilicas* like St. Paul's, and of finer exterior. Their excess of ornamentation, however, renders their interiors less pleasing.

St. Peter's is, of course, the largest church in Rome, or for that matter, perhaps, in the world, as it is estimated that fully fifty thousand people can be gathered within its walls—that is, standing, of course, for it has no seats. To appreciate its size one needs to walk around it, as we had occasion to do, several times. The height of its cupola only appears after one attempts to climb it. So admirably proportioned is the whole building that its immensity is best seen by taking different parts by themselves. The interior is fitted up at immense cost. Angelo's, Canova's, and Thorwaldsen's marbles help to decorate it, while some of Raphael's and Guido Reni's masterpieces are accurately copied in mosaic. Confessionals for people of all tongues abound, so that no pilgrim may come to Rome without having some priest, most probably educated for that purpose in the College of the Propaganda, ready to hear his confession in his native language.

The whole building is on so grand and costly a scale that it required fifty million dollars for its completion, and over thirty thousand dollars annually is needed to keep it in repair. While the purest form of worship may not be celebrated there, yet I think that every Christian has a deep interest in the building, as undoubtedly marking the site of Nero's Circus, where so many early disciples were martyred. In fact, part of the old walls that witnessed the death of many of the noble army of martyrs may still be seen. The dome of the church is said to cover the spot of St. Peter's burial, a much more doubtful fact, for within ear-shot of the Vatican was lately held a debate in which the priests were defied to prove that Peter was ever in Rome, and they seemed utterly taken back at their own lack of evidence.

Two places of interest were the Catacombs, where the early Christians were buried, and the excavated *basilica* of St. Clement, which gives us some idea of their places of worship, at least as early as the sixth century. We walked through long subterranean avenues, where on each side of us were placed innumerable bodies literally moldered to dust. In many instances the shape of the bones was still perfect, but they needed only the slightest exposure to the air to crumble them into dust. They were placed in layers one above the other in niches cut in the tufa, or soft stone. The marble slabs in many instances remained in their original places. Those bearing inscriptions have generally been removed to some of the museums. The anchor and the fish are the devices which occur most frequently as symbols of faith. There are many catacombs about Rome, but those which we visited in connection with the Church of St. Agnese have been less disturbed than the others. This church was long buried out of sight, but has been excavated, and is now used as a place of worship.

The *basilica* of St. Clement is quite near the Coliseum. A church was built above it some six hundred years ago, and all knowledge of the original one was lost. Excavations show it complete in every part, save the furniture, which had been removed to the one above. The frescoes show how fast the germs of the papacy had developed at the time of its erection. Yet below it, however, were found the walls of a house believed to be that of Clement, one of the early Christians of Rome, a house perhaps not unknown to Paul.

The Mamertine prison is also beneath a church quite near the Capitoline Hill. Here Jugurtha was confined, and in its damp lower dungeon tradition finds the prison of St. Paul. If so, there is special force in his last Epistle, in which he urges Timothy to bring with him the cloak which he left at Troas, and to use diligence to come to him before winter. The dungeon is without any window, only an opening in the floor of the room above, through which food was let down to the prisoners. It is entirely possible that from this prison he was finally led out to his death.

Excavations are more and more disclosing alike the Rome of the empire and of the republic. The simplicity of the latter is as apparent on the Palatine Hill as the growing luxury of the former. Many of the palaces of the Cesars may now be visited, and the busy spades of Victor Emmanuel's workmen were revealing yet more of the treasures of this most historic of Rome's seven hills. It is thought that the very first wall of the city, when all there was of it was on the top of this hill, has finally been brought to light. The Forum is wonderfully perfect. In fact, from the Capitoline Hill to the Coliseum the traveler is almost led to look for some old Roman in his toga, so complete are the remains of his ancient monuments. There are the

temples of Saturn, Vespasian, Castor and Pollux, the arches of Titus and Constantine, and the *basilica* of Constantine, with the golden house of Nero, not to mention many other remains of the same sort. Let him continue his walk, and he passes the immense baths of Caracalla, next to the Coliseum the most important remains of ancient Rome, and finally he comes out on the Appian Way, in full sight of its numerous tombs and monuments, with Nero's Aqueduct in the distance. Or, let him continue his walk in the other direction from the Tarpeian Rock, now almost hidden from sight by the buildings on the Capitoline, which bear the well-known letters S. P. Q. R., and he passes by the Forum of Trajan and the Pantheon, and stands upon the banks of the muddy but most historic Tiber. In fact, old Rome, even where buried so largely beneath the modern city, continually crops out in some ancient monument or column.

Of its art-treasures none were more impressive than Michael Angelo's statue of Moses, and his immortal frescoes of the Sistine Chapel. His conceptions of the great lawgiver and of the prophets are of the highest character. If physical forms can express differences in style, then in the faces of Isaiah, Jeremiah, and Ezekiel, we have their peculiarities of thought. His greatest work, doubtless, is his "Last Judgment," the fresco at the end of the chapel. Though growing indistinct with age, it still remains the grandest contribution of art toward giving expression to the great realities of the last day. Although the artist gave to it some seven of the last years of his life, he did not rise above a vindictive feeling, which led him to paint in it one of his critics with ass's ears and among the lost.

It was a very common thing, also, for Raphael to paint the face of a contemporary, even in historic scenes belonging to a remote age. "The Transfigura-



tion" itself is thus disfigured by the forms of later saints. This greatest of oil-paintings is placed in a room by itself, flanked only by one of Raphael's Madonnas and Domenichino's masterpiece, "the Communion of St. Jerome." Artists were gathered before them making copies for sale. Some of Raphael's bolder conceptions are seen in the frescoes of three rooms in the Vatican, which were begun by him in his twenty-fifth year. He showed himself master of whatever style he attempted.

Many of the masterpieces, whether of painting or statuary, have a place in the wonderfully rich museums of Rome. None, however, can compare with the treasures of the Vatican. They were formerly the property of different churches, but Napoleon having taken away so many to crown his triumphs, when they were restored after the battle of Waterloo they were collected here for their greater safety. We wandered for hours amid their bewildering riches, but came away remembering mostly only a few of the greatest works, whether of the brush or chisel. In the Vatican library we expected a treat in looking over it, but none of its rare volumes were to be seen. We walked through splendid corridors containing vases and bronzes and beautiful mosaics. This was *called* the library, but the books were under lock and key, without even glass doors through which one might read their titles. Is the same difficulty experienced in consulting any of its contents that has been experienced in seeing its greatest treasure, a fourth-century manuscript of the Bible? Perhaps if the priests of the Vatican had consulted these shelves more carefully they might have been less eager for the debate to prove Peter's visit to Rome.

Just before leaving Rome we visited a Capuchin monastery quite near our hotel. The interest of the place centered in its remarkable cemetery. The



monks had for centuries been buried in the cellar, or crypt, and some Capuchin with a burning love of art, and unable to use chisel or brush, had exhumed their bones with which to fresco the ceiling and ornament the walls. They were hung in festoons, made into flower-baskets, arranged in columns, while here and there a grinning skeleton was clad in his old cowl and gown. It was the most wonderful art gallery that we visited in all Europe. It is shown with a real pride by an English-speaking monk, and nets no small sum for the monastery. But it is impossible to conceive of any thing more revolting. In what morbid forms may even the love of art display itself!

## LETTER XLI.

FLORENCE, VENICE, AND ACROSS THE ALPS.

“**I**S this Mr. Hart’s studio? Please hand him our cards.” “*La morte.*” *Dead.* We were in Florence, and were visiting the studio of Mr. J. T. Hart, formerly of Palmyra, Mo. He had distinguished himself as a sculptor, and all Americans, especially Missourians, were ever welcome in his studio. Our meager knowledge of Italian was ample to interpret the language announcing his death. He had died some four months previous to our visit. Less famous than Hiram Powers, he was nevertheless widely known, and the works of his chisel which we saw showed that his reputation was well deserved.

We also visited Powers’s studio, where his two sons handle the chisel, although less deftly than their distinguished father did. Copies of all his great works are on exhibition. Most famous is the “Greek Slave,” but “America” and the two “Eves,” one before and the other after the fall, have hardly fewer admirers. Here and in other studios we were introduced to some of the secrets of the sculptor’s art. A great artist handles the chisel but little, especially after his reputation is made. His skill is mostly seen in modeling in clay. Workmen then copy the original in marble, a system of measurements being observed that makes the work a mere mechanical one. Sometimes a few finishing touches

are given by the sculptor, but often the marble is wholly shaped by common, though skilled, workmen. Hence mere human faces or busts are not the highest style of art, but ideal conceptions, which are copies from no original. Even these latter are often due to some living face, which, to the artist's sympathetic insight, is an embodiment of grief or hope, of innocence or remorse. The finest figures are copies of no *one* original. We were told that it takes from twelve to twenty female forms to make up a complete model, perfect in every part. One furnishes the neck, another the brow, a third the arm, a fourth the foot, and so on, until, taking something from each, the figure approaches our ideal of woman's beauty before marred by sin. One sculptor assured us that in his most famous work he employed no less than one hundred different female models before he was able to perfect his ideal form.

The natural beauty of Florence is such that it is a very fitting home for some of the greatest works of art, as well as of many of the most celebrated living artists. The beautiful Arno, with its graceful bridges, divides the city in twain, while its handsome park and pleasure-drives are to be expected from its many elegant residences. Americans and Englishmen of wealth are here in no small numbers, and are amongst the most liberal patrons of art. In fact, art has nearly always owed its existence here to some such patrons, most generous of whom were the famous Medici family, whose name is thus associated with some of the finest statuary in the world. The very square where Savonarola was burned is now adorned with choice marbles, while the wonderful collections of the Uffizi Gallery and the Pitti Palace are without a parallel. Gathered in one octagonal room are the gems of the collection: the "Venus di Medici," "Apollo of the School of Praxiteles," "the Wrestlers," and "the Grinder, or

Slave;" while the walls are hung with some of the finest works in oil of Raphael, Michael Angelo, Titian, Rubens, Guido Reni, Van Dyck, Durer, Domenichino, Correggio, and others of the world's favorite artists.

We joined in the general admiration of the bronze doors of the baptistery that Michael Angelo said were "fit to be the gates of paradise," ascended the handsome Campanile, from which to view the delightful surroundings of the city, and looked in at the famous cathedral whose dome was Michael Angelo's model for that of St. Peter's, and which was Dante's special admiration as he sat and watched it for hours together. What wonderful power Michael Angelo had in his day! He was not simply the greatest sculptor, architect, and painter, but under his lead the city was fortified, and we were shown part of the forts which he built. A fitting tablet marks his grave in one of the churches of Florence, while her great galleries contain many of his unfinished works, more splendid in their incompleteness than the finished work of other artists. These galleries, like all others in Europe which contain works of great merit, are filled with artists studying and copying the famous originals. The copies may often be bought for a few dollars, where the original cost thousands. In fact, one hundred thousand dollars is no unusual price for a piece of canvas not larger than an ordinary window, but the brush of genius must first have left immortal touches!

Pisa accommodates the traveler by having her leaning tower, and famous baptistery and cathedral, with her strange Campo Santo, all in one square. The inclination of the leaning tower is hardly so great as we had thought, being only thirteen feet out of perpendicular, with a total height of one hundred and seventy-nine feet. Having seen several others at Bologna, I am rather inclined to the

opinion that they were all built that way originally. It is a style of architecture, however, attractive chiefly from its oddity, and which happily did not become widely popular. In this instance the tower is a bell-tower. We were amply repaid for climbing it, by the splendid view of the Mediterranean and the Apennines. In the baptistery near by there fell from the dome such echoes as we had not heard since leaving the Taj, at Agra. In the cathedral we saw the famous lamp which had suggested, by its swinging motion, the law of the pendulum to the thoughtful mind of Galileo. We had seen his rude astronomical instruments carefully preserved in one of the museums of Florence. The Campo Santo is the well-known burial-ground of Pisa. More than fifty ship-loads of earth had been brought here from Mount Calvary by the zeal of the crusaders, and this soil has for seven centuries been peculiarly sacred. The open rectangular space in the middle is surrounded by a one-story building with porticoes facing the interior. The walls contained frescoes of "the Judgment-day," which, for hideousness, might pass for a Buddhist purgatory. The monuments are often tasty, but, as a whole, inferior to those which we saw in the cemetery at Bologna. The place has given the name *Campo Santo* to every grave-yard in Italy.

Pisa seems to be a place of but little commercial importance now, but the splendid residences of its old nobility still abound along the banks of the Arno, reminders of former greatness. An exquisite little church stands all alone by the river, where it was erected many centuries ago for sailors about to go to sea. The principal industry that we noticed was the manufacture of silk. The market-place was filled with large baskets of silk cocoons awaiting a purchaser.

As for the next few days, my diary written on the

spot may best tell the story, somewhat "boiled down:"

*June 13.*—Left Florence for Venice, crossing the Apennines and enjoying some of the finest mountain scenery of my life. (I had not yet seen the Alps.) Stopped some five hours at Bologna to see "St. Cecilia in Ecstasies," by Raphael, and Guido Reni's "Crucifixion." (While painting this great picture, in order to get the proper expression of agony on the face of his model, bound on the cross, the artist seized a dagger, and in a moment of frenzy thrust it into the heart of the victim, and then, transferring his expression to the canvas, he fled from the city and remained an exile for many years, until finally his genius was regarded as atoning for his offense, and he was permitted to return.) Saw the churches where Dominic, the founder of the Dominican order, was buried, and where Charles V. was crowned. Drove out to the Campo Santo, with its magnificent monuments and crowded vaults. Saw on its commanding site the Madonna of St. Luke, a fine church, so called because containing a portrait of the Virgin said to have been painted by St. Luke. Reach Venice in a furious thunder-storm after midnight. Our gondolier points to the clouds and says "*Fulmen*," and we order a second gondolier, who helps to bring us to our hotel at an earlier hour—the Royal Hotel Danieli, formerly a palace—but in our weariness we could sleep anywhere.

*June 14.*—Rather jaded for sight-seeing, not reaching our hotel until 1 A.M., and then sitting up an hour later to read our letters. We visit St. Mark's Church and the old Palace of the Doges, including the memorable Bridge of Sighs and the prison with its different dungeons. Take a gondola down the whole length of the Grand Canal, passing under the Ponte Rialto and round through the Jews' quarter. Shylock's house and the palace of many a merchant



of Venice passed on the way. We paused to visit one of the great glass manufactories for which Venice is so justly famous. We witnessed the spinning and weaving of glass, and were shown some peculiar specimens of gold-stone, the mode of whose manufacture is a profound secret.

*June 15.*—Walk through the Merceria, the great business street of Venice. It is a mistake to suppose that one can go nowhere here without a gondola. Of the one hundred and seventeen islands upon which Venice is built, three are of very respectable size, and one may long walk the streets of these without seeing any canals or hearing the "*Preme*"—"pass to the right"—of the gondoliers. In the palace of Emo Treves we see Canova's last work, "Hector and Ajax," which one can never forget. At the Art Academy we see Titian's first and last paintings, "the Visitation" and "the Entombment," as well as his masterpiece, "the Assumption." We direct our gondolier to row us to the Arsenal, where we see the famous marble lion believed once to have stood on the battle-field of Marathon; and while in the Arsenal we see a model of piles on which Venice is built, and the rude armor of Atilla, with the remains of the doge's ship used in wedding the Adriatic. In the Church of St. John and St. Paul we see the finest bass-relief in marble that we have met with anywhere. A walk about Venice by moonlight gives us a charming view of its old monuments and palaces, infamous from the cruelty of the doges. An ascent to the top of the Campanile gave us a view of its one hundred and fifty canals, with glimpses of the lagoons and the sea.

*June 16.*—Leave Venice for Milan, passing in sight of the snowy Alps and the mysterious Lake Garda, whose surface is often as rough and dangerous as the sea. From Virgil's day till now its waters are rarely at rest. Can they have shared the disquietude

of the cities along our road, whose fortified walls tell of numerous past wars and of apprehended danger in the future? We reach Milan in time to ascend the graceful steeple of its world-renowned cathedral. Too hazy for a good view of the Alps, but we feast our eyes on the forest of statues which crown the cathedral roof and pinnacles. Begun in the fourteenth century, it has been over five hundred years in building, and can hardly be said to be finished yet. It has a look of greater elegance and costliness than St. Peter's, which it almost rivals in size.

*June 17.*—We see privately Leonardo di Vinci's masterpiece, "the Last Supper." Frescoed in oil on the wall of the refectory of a monastery, it stands entirely alone. The adjoining premises are military stables. The picture itself is rapidly becoming dim with age, and no art has been able to restore it. There were perhaps not less than a dozen easels before it, with copies in a greater or less stage of completion. It is a picture which will stand apart in the memory of the beholder, though seen in a crowded gallery.

Attended the Waldensian service in their preaching-hall, its simplicity in striking contrast with the great ecclesiastical edifices of Milan. The Presbyterian mode of service observed. The singing hearty and the sermon without notes, but not remarkable for the earnestness of its delivery. The Italian language peculiarly liquid and sweet, so that while unable to understand the sermon we still followed it with pleasure, catching now and then familiar words by their resemblance to the Latin, and especially pleased to hear the name of *Jesus*, which we had now heard spoken by his followers in so many of the languages of the earth. Milan is less a Sabbath-observing city than any one that we have yet visited on the Continent. Few of the places of business are closed on our street, the principal one of the city.

*June 18.*—Left by an early train for Como, where we take a steamer for a ride on Lake Como as far as Bellagio. The scenery peculiarly beautiful. What with the clear water of the lake, the bold mountains covered with luxuriant vegetation, the elegant villas on the slopes, the whole under a strangely soft, mellow Italian sunlight, we have not had the view surpassed in all our tour. From the hill back of our hotel at Bellagio we see the three arms of the lake, the whole picture combining more elements of the beautiful than are to be found blended in almost any other part of the world. Como has won my heart; I shall ever associate with it, too, some of Thorwaldsen's and Canova's choicest marbles which we saw in one of the elegant villas on its banks.

*June 19.*—Cross the lake in a row-boat to Menaggio, where we take a carriage to Porlezza. A splendid retrospect and some fine mountain scenery during our two hours' drive. While waiting for the boat at Porlezza we visit a silk-cocoon establishment, where we see the silk-worms in all stages of development, feeding on mulberry-leaves. When they have fed enough they begin to spin, and many had already imprisoned themselves in their bright yellow cocoons. This industry of silk-growing is evidently the leading one of this district, as we find mulberry-groves everywhere.

Our little steamer bears us rapidly over the smooth surface of Lake Lugano to Lugano, whence another carriage takes us to Luino, one of the prettiest places on Lake Maggiore. We cross the line between Italy and Switzerland on our way, and run the gauntlet of the custom-house. Italian is the universal language of the Swiss in this canton. A large boat awaits us at Luino, and I find my affection for Como almost shaken by the hardly less fascinating charms of Maggiore. But I have plighted my affection to Como, and I will not forsake "my first love." If I had

seen Maggiore first the result might have been different. It is the old story—

Of all the sad words of tongue or pen,  
The saddest are these, It might have been.

It is thus I think that travelers so widely differ in their admiration of the Italian lakes—it all depends upon which is seen first. They are almost equally beautiful. Como lacks the charming Borromean islands and distant snows of the Alps, but Maggiore wants Como's gardens and vineyards, and bolder mountains and narrower banks, dotted with almost royal villas. If I could only see one I should prefer—both.

June 20.—Crossing the Alps! It was useless to retire last night, for we did not reach Arona until 9 P.M., and the *diligence* across the Simplon left at midnight, so we engaged our places and dozed through the interval on our hotel sofas. Taking care to get rid of our Italian paper-money before starting, we formed in line, while the proper officer called off our names and assigned us places in the *diligence* in the order of our registering. A supplemental *diligence* is necessary, but we are all ready at midnight, and the crack of the driver's whip is heard with the stroke of the clock as our poor horses dash out into the darkness. A *diligence* I found simply a stage-coach with a French name. A place under the driver's feet called the *coupé*, and one on top at the back of the coach called the *banquette*, afforded somewhat less obstructed views than are had from the inside seats, but otherwise my Swiss *diligence* is the American stage-coach of my boyhood. Besides the driver, a man accompanies us, known as the guard, whose duty is to look after the mails and the passengers, and receive backshish at the end of the journey.

Between snatches of sleep I get glimpses of Lake

Maggiore, splendid granite quarries, the distant Alps, and wake up at daylight conscious by the changed temperature of being far up on the sides of the mountains. After a half hour for breakfast, we continue our ascent over a splendid mountain road, which zigzags up the slopes, along deep gorges, across mad torrents, by great glaciers, sometimes reaching almost to the road itself, always in sight of snow and the most charming of water-falls, from the delicacy of a bridal veil to the full volume of a river. If we expected a fine view of the Alps we were disappointed. We were too near to them for that. We could see the great heights above us, but not the complete view which remoteness alone can give. Our road lay along a natural pass in the mountains, which Napoleon's keen eye had detected as forming the basis of a great highway, and which he determined to utilize after his laborious passage of the little St. Bernard. The road as he projected it led from Geneva to Milan, but the railway now shortens the distance formerly traversed in the *diligence*. It is a great feat of engineering, which we best appreciated after crossing the Swiss frontier. We walked for several miles with the rocks standing two thousand feet above our heads, yet not too high for water-falls to burst over them and be dissipated into mist as they fall into the valley. We pass through a tunnel about two hundred and fifty yards long, known as the Gallery of Gondo, and walking along a deep ravine by the same name, we are so exhilarated by the mountain air, and so interested in the wild torrent which thunders at our feet, that we forget that our *diligence* was left more than an hour ago. We await its coming in one of the grandest parts of the road, where the houses of refuge standing close together tell of the peril of winter travel. What avalanches have swept down these slopes, hurling their ruinous masses of rock and ice

upon the road and sweeping out of existence such habitations as these, which, despite the danger, we see now clinging to the rocks on both sides! Their very roofs are weighted down with huge stones to keep them in their places against the fierce winds.

We lunch at Simplon, near the summit of the Pass, and soon reach the Hospice, kept by some of the monks of St. Bernard. In this large stone building travelers may always find a bed and a loaf. No fixed payment is required, the traveler usually dropping in the box in the chapel the full equivalent of his entertainment. The same kind of dogs that saved so many lives elsewhere in the Alps are sent out from the Hospice in times of peril. We stopped long enough to look in on the good-natured monks, and while some tasted the proffered wine all remembered the box.

We were now beyond the range of all flowers, except the Alpine rose, which flourishes amid the snow. Great banks of snow abounded by the roadside, while immense glaciers reached down from the mountains above. In a few minutes we have reached the summit of the Pass, and begin our descent. One wheel of our *diligence* is locked by having a flat iron shoe, a little wider than the tire, placed under it, and we speed down the winding road at a fearful rate. We pass through tunnels, and *under* waterfalls, and over mountain torrents, and amid clouds of blinding dust. The finest scenery we have already left on the south side of the Pass, but we get charming glimpses of the Valley of the Rhone and of the Bernese Mountains. Could we have stopped at Brieg, at the foot of the Pass, we would have written the day a delightful one, despite the dust, but we had fully twenty miles more to go, and that in the valley, with a high temperature to succeed the bracing air of the mountains. We finally reached Suste, the terminus of the railway which we were to take on



the morrow to Geneva, but the last three of our twenty-one hours in a *diligence* came near making us renounce it forever. But a good night's rest reconciled us, and we could have tried it again in the morning. The cars awaited us, however, and in a couple of hours or more we were ready to embark on an inviting steamer that was to bear us over Lake Lemman to Geneva.

## LETTER XLII.

## SWITZERLAND AND GERMANY.

“CLEAR, placid Lemán,” as Byron calls Lake Geneva, was in one of its best moods as we sailed its entire length on the 21st of June. We passed the Castle of Chillon, immortalized by Byron’s verse, and the little island on which the prisoner of Chillon ever looked, “the only one in view.” We were content with a view of the exterior, but we saw many pilgrims going in row-boats to see the pavement of the cellar worn by the steps of Bonivard and other prisoners. Coasting along the north bank of the lake we saw the beautiful villas and vineyards that skirt its shores, and we stopped every few minutes at some one of the numerous villages which are the favorite homes of Americans who summer in Switzerland.

In bright weather we should have enjoyed a fine view of the Alps, but their lofty heads had begun to attract the floating clouds several hours before, and soon each peak had on its “night-cap.” The clouds soon began to weep, but after a little the sun dried up their tears. Mont Blanc, however, refused to show his sublime head throughout the day, and during our entire stay in Geneva. I always looked for him the first thing on rising in the morning, but, while I could see several of the royal family near him, the monarch himself would not grant an audience.

Geneva shows signs of much business activity and growth. Many of its public buildings are of recent construction, and quite imposing. Its watch manufactories are run on an extensive scale, turning out over one hundred thousand watches a year. We were most interested in the older part of the town, where we saw Calvin's old cathedral, where the great reformer debated, and preached, and ruled. We had become so used to the cathedral of any city being Catholic that I could hardly realize for a few moments that this one had belonged to Protestantism since the Reformation. The inscriptions on some of the slabs in the floor, with an occasional miter or crosier cut in the stone, were the sole reminders of the reign of Rome. Here we saw Calvin's chair, from which he ruled Geneva with almost imperial sway. The museum contains some of his autograph letters, as well as those of Napoleon, Rousseau, Mirabeau, and many other distinguished men, making one of the richest collections in the world. Luther's handwriting is effeminate, while Melancthon's is as bold as he was hesitating. If chirography is an index of character, then all of these men were mysterious and "hard to be understood." One of the most interesting places in Geneva is an island in the midst of the rapid Rhone, called Rousseau's Island, where stands a bronze statue of this inexplicable man, whose history is so interwoven with that of the city itself.

Leaving Geneva on the 23d of June, we passed through Lausanne, where, in a garden, Gibbon at midnight wrote *Finis* to his great history; and after having some choice views of the scenery of the lake and the Alps, we reached Berne, the capital of Switzerland. Here we first visited the National Council Hall, where meets the unique assembly of this intrepid republic. We learned that the debates are in German, French, or Italian. In the absence

of any language of their own, the two former languages are in general use among the people, many speaking both. The French is most general about Geneva, while German is the language of the eastern part of the country. Italian is spoken in that canton that borders on the lakes of Italy. The president of the council always announces rulings, motions, and resolutions in both French and German, and sometimes an interpreter is employed to render a speech from one language into another while it is being delivered. Switzerland is really ruled by seven men, known as the Federal Council. These are chosen by the Federal Assembly, and hold their office for three years. Each has some department, such as military, finance, commerce, etc., and they jointly constitute the highest executive authority of the republic.

Berne has fewer modern buildings than Geneva, and has a large German element, as one would infer from the names of the streets. Of course we saw the bears for which the city is famous. There were only two of them in sight at the bear-pit, but the usual crowd were around them, tossing them cake and fruit and talking to them in German, which Bruin evidently understood. Bears, bears everywhere! I know not how many are in the bear-pit, but the bear is the favorite in all the wood-carvings; bronze bears abound in every fountain; they are on the coat-of-arms of the city, and they literally run the clock-tower of the city, where a whole troop of bears march around Father Time just before he strikes any given hour, as if to assure the people that they are their sleepless guardians.

Peculiarly fine views of the Alps are often obtainable from the terrace which overlooks the Valley of the Aare, but our visit to Berne was not on one of the favored days, for as Mont Blanc is seen on an average of about once a week only, even at Geneva,

so there are sometimes intervals of days together when the Alps are hid at Berne.

The cars, which we resumed after a five hours' stay, bore us amid just such hay-fields as abounded along our entire route through the country. Hay-making seems to be the largest part of farming, the short season preventing the growth of cereals to any extent. Everywhere the women lent a helping-hand in the hay-field, not simply to turn and dry the hay, but after it was cured bearing it in peculiar baskets on their backs to some distant hay-mow. While we were admiring the beautiful Swiss cottages, whose projecting eaves almost hid the little window-panes, the lifted clouds gave us a most charming view of Jungfrau, the "young woman" of the Alps! It was but for a moment, yet the memory is for all time.

We reached Interlaken after a pleasant ride on Lake Thun. Brienz is the lake on the other side of it that gives the town its name, "Between the lakes." It was just such a quiet place as we desired for the Sabbath. Christians traveling on the Continent know the hunger for the word which is due to the long fast from English preaching. The English and Scotch Churches send over preachers during the summer months, who may feed the hungry travelers and invalids gathered on the Sabbath in the more popular of these resorts. Interlaken is one of these, possessing numerous hotels, whose guests constitute the major part of the population. We found a good feast awaiting us at the Scotch Free Church, where the Rev. Peter Richardson preached an admirable sermon, remarkable for its terse and sententious style. It was the first that I had heard on the Continent. Notwithstanding the heavy rain in the afternoon, we each thought that we could digest another, which we found not less appetizing than the morning one. We stopped to

make the acquaintance of the minister, whose broad pronunciation only lent an added charm to his fresh and spiritual thinking. That Sabbath will stand alone in our experience. The company of worshipers gathered from all parts of the English-speaking world enjoyed in silence, save when broken by song or the minister's voice in sermon or prayer, the richest fellowship of saints.

In the morning we visited the celebrated Grindelwald Glacier, some eighteen miles distant from Interlaken. Our carriage served us as far as the village Grindelwald, an excellent mountain road following the course of the Lutschine until it left the valley to gradually ascend the natural pass between the mountains. We were early enough in the season to see the water-falls at their best, while the supply of water was greatest. The white crests of the Eiger, the Mettenberg, and the Wetterhorn, were only half revealed as we left our carriage and mounted on the most awkward and bony farm-horses to climb the mountain path that should lead us somewhere near the foot of the upper glacier. Imagine the stately trot of a couple of fence-posts and you have the gait of my noble steed whenever he reached a stretch of level ground. Then I sighed for an Egyptian donkey.

Below us in the valley was the lower glacier, nearly hidden from sight by its moraine, or load of gravel and stones. Reaching the end of the bridle-path, we walked about a mile farther, until we reached the more beautiful of the two glaciers. There it rested, an immense mass of ice almost perpendicular near its base and gradually sloping up toward the eternal snows that, melting, give it life. Once, as is evident from the glacier scratches on the rocks, it filled all this valley and was the source of a respectable river, whose increased volume probably made *one* of the now divided lakes of Thun



and Brienz. The little peasant girl who volunteered to act as our guide led us directly to the grotto cut in the ice. How long since it was hewn we were unable to learn, but probably many years, although the motion of the glacier doubtless causes a little additional work every year or two—the water rushing through one opening in the roof, while occasional fissures in the ice require at times the use of an umbrella for protection. We entered single-file, and walked two or three hundred feet to the end of this grotto of enchantment, lighted by the sunshine only through the clear crystal walls and arched roof hundreds of feet thick. We could see very little difference between the light in the grotto and that out under the open sky, the ice with its covering of gravel and small stones being only like so much frosted glass. Leaving the grotto, Bishop Marvin and I climbed up the side of the glacier and saw the torrent at its source, whose roar we had heard while below. By watching our steps we could have climbed up to the dizzy height where the snows form a perpetual covering. Returning I noticed in different parts of the valley just such glacier scratches as I had seen, when a student, on the mountain tops in Connecticut.

From Interlaken a ride in one of the miniature steamers on Lake Brienz brought us to Giessbach, where we saw the beautiful cascades leaping from a total height of two thousand one hundred and forty-eight feet. Giessbach Falls, while far inferior to Niagara, both in sublimity and size, still have a peculiar beauty of their own. At night they are illuminated by Bengal lights. After an elaborate *table-d'hôte*, served by Swiss girls in their neat white bodices, the ringing of the bell summoned the guests out on the terrace to see the illumination. A couple of rockets were fired, when instantly a blaze of light burst upon each cascade,

and in several instances behind it, adding greatly to the effect. These lights continued burning several minutes, changing from white to red and green, and finally were extinguished as instantaneously almost as they were kindled. After a refreshing sleep I awoke with the roar of the cataract in my ear, and was tempted to an early stroll up among the winding walks and bridges that lead to the very top. The spray, flashing like myriads of diamonds in the first sunlight, was far more beautiful than the strange combination of rubies and emeralds of the night before.

Through the Brunig Pass by *diligence* to Alpnach, thence by steamer over the Lake of the Four Cantons to Lucerne—such was our route from Giessbach. The scenery was often charming, but never rising to the sublime. At Lucerne we exchanged our steamer for the one that touched at Vitznau, on the east shore of the lake, where we took the cars up the inclined railway to the very top of Mount Rigi. The engine backs us up the mountain; and seated with our faces toward the lake, from which we were slowly rising, we found ourselves filled with awe, as the steamers diminished into so many ducks swimming on the lake, while all about us stood the peaks of the Alps, looking like white-robed specters. My sensations on thus rising into the clouds, and holding communion with those pure, majestic forms, were akin to those which I imagine a disembodied spirit to have in entering upon the sublime experiences of the unseen world. It was not a time for enthusiasm. There was a strange silence in that crowded car. It was the hush and stillness of deep thought. From what depths to what heights! The very chill of the atmosphere was suggestive. We were literally changing worlds! At length the valley, the lake, the mountain slopes, have all disappeared, and we see nothing but the

white Alps looking upon us with the grim visage of death. But our train does not stop in a graveyard, for eager hotel-runners wait our coming, and the spell of the strange ascent is broken by their disorderly scramble for guests.

We are too late for the sunset on Rigi; can we see the Alps by sunrise from this Pisgah of Europe? The polite porter, in his gold-lace cap, says that the Alpine horn will blow at 3:15 A.M. on the morrow, and that we shall then have time to dress and climb the hill back of the hotel, whence the finest view can be obtained. The Alpine horn! None can hear it to forget. The horn itself is about a yard and a half long, and there is *no end* to the sound it sends out; at least, so we thought the following morning. In vain did we say, "A little more sleep, a little more slumber." Our tormentor seemed to be at our very door, and the sound waxed loud and louder. The echo rang through and through the house, louder, it seemed, than the original blast. It recalled the same echo at Grindelwald, where also the *pistol*-shot increased in volume until the hills reverberated a *cannon*-shot. We sprang from our beds, and heeding the warning, posted in every room, not to wrap ourselves in the bed-clothing, we donned our clothes and soon stood shivering on the hill-top, dancing about to keep from freezing, but watching with delight "the purpling East." The finest view is a few minutes *before* sunrise, when there is light enough to see every mountain top with the utmost distinctness, and before the rays of the sun begin to attract the mists from the lakes. There was the whole range of the Alps from Sentis to Pilatus. The Monch, the Eiger, and the Jungfrau, that had been so coy before, were now surprised, and stood revealed in all their beauty and purity. Below us more than four thousand feet lay Lakes Zug and Lucerne, their unruffled bosoms

sharing the awful stillness of these snow-clad peaks. It needed but a precentor, and a hundred voices would have burst into "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow." The sunrise itself was nothing remarkable. In fact, a few shifting clouds more than once intervened for a moment, but not long enough to hide the glistening whiteness. In a few minutes it was all over, as the gathering mists began to settle about each summit, and the appearance of one peak especially made many a tourist glad, as he recalled the line:

If Pilatus wears his cap, serene will be the day.

We had spent the night and morning in December; we descended again to live in June. Laying aside our overcoats, we embarked on Lake Lucerne, charmed with the scenery of its eastern banks, which almost rivals that of Como. Switzerland is an American paradise. Its handsome villas and hotels are filled with pilgrims from Great Britain and America, and the banks of this lake are a favorite resort in summer. Lucerne itself is a pretty place, but chiefly attractive for its surroundings. We lingered to see the famous "Lion of Lucerne," a monument to the Swiss soldiers who fell in defense of the Tuileries in 1792. The design is by Thorwaldsen, and is a dying lion twenty-eight feet long, transfixed by a broken lance, but sheltering the Bourbon lily with its paw. It is hewn out of natural sandstone, which is also shaped so as to hold it in a sort of a grotto.

We passed an hour or two in Basle, seeing its great Protestant cathedral, located on the bank of the Rhine, and noticing signs of substantial prosperity in this wealthiest city of Switzerland. We did not forget the Basle Missionary Society, which has its head-quarters here, and whose operations reach to the most distant parts of the world. Happy those cities of wealth that know the luxury of such giving!

Our run in Germany was mostly in the Valley of the Rhine. Save occasional glimpses of the hills of the Black Forest, we saw mostly a level country, well cultivated and apparently fertile. The numerous fields of hops betokened the land of Gambrinus, and a rosy-cheeked passenger recommended "the famous Strasburg beer." The chief attractions of Strasburg to us were its great cathedral and its wonderful clock, and as being the bone of contention between France and Germany. Its immense fortifications, through which we had to approach the city, show the stress laid upon it as a strategic point. Prussian bayonets have conquered the hand of the city, but its heart is French. All that we spoke with much prefer the gay French rule to that of the niggardly conqueror, all of whose means is necessary to keep up his immense army. "See there, and there, and yonder!" said the custodian of the cathedral; "Prussian shells made these holes in our beautiful spire, and threw our great organ from the gallery to the floor, and we have had to spend a million francs in repairs." "Would not King William help to repair the damage?" "Too poor," was the answer, with the characteristic French shrug of the shoulders. The unfinished cathedral is a remarkable building, with the tallest spire in Europe, and doubtless in the world, measuring as it does four hundred and sixty-five feet from the pavement. The old woman at the door was unwilling to sell tickets to the extreme top, so that we contented ourselves with a somewhat lower ascent, which, however, commanded an equally fine view. The numerous storks' nests on the chimney-tops, with their awkward builders clambering up the roofs, make a unique picture. The sculptures of the door-way are remarkable no less for their size than their designs, which represent scenes from the life of the Virgin.

Who has not heard of the wonderful clock in the

south transept of this cathedral? I did not see it at noon, when the twelve apostles appear and move round a figure of Christ, but was present at 7 A.M., when old age came out to strike the last quarter, and an angel struck the hour, while a third figure reversed the hour-glass. The clock, with the globe to show the course of the stars, and a perpetual almanac, the dial giving the mean time and another showing the course of the moon, and many other mechanical devices, is most wonderful in that it is self-regulating.

Baden-Baden is one of the most beautiful cities that we visited in all our tour. Since gambling has been prohibited it has not ceased to be the principal watering-place in Germany. Another class of people taste its warm waters in the beautiful Trinke Hall, and assemble in its gorgeous Conversation Haus, or wander in its lovely park. The town itself is somewhat distinct from the park, which is the center of interest, but the hot springs are in the old town, and the primitive Roman baths are now giving way to palatial bathing-houses for pleasure-seekers and invalids.

Heidelberg is a larger place, and has more of local interest in its university, but the charm of its surroundings is much like that of Baden-Baden, only wilder. We greatly enjoyed a three-hours' stroll through the forest which skirts the town, and to its castle, the largest and most picturesque in Europe. Its architecture is rather composite, owing to the different ages of various parts, and the whole is now an ivy-grown ruin. In one of its cellars is the great Heidelberg Tun, a monster cask or hogshead, more than a hundred years old, and holding forty-nine thousand gallons of wine. A stair-way is built around it to enable visitors the better to realize its vast proportions. The old occupants of the castle lived right royally, as is evident from the space given to the



kitchen, with its immense fire-place for roasting a whole ox. The castle is so solidly built that when the French attempted to blow it up the part of the wall that became detached fell in an unbroken mass into the moat, where it yet remains. Whoever looks for a fine building in the Heidelberg University will be much disappointed. The eight hundred students room where they choose and do mostly as they please—which means largely practice with the sword for their famous duels—while the learned professors, who have given the university its reputation, lecture in comparatively small rooms or halls to such as care to listen.

Frankfort-on-the-Main interested us by its fine buildings in one part of the city, but more by the dilapidated houses of the old German style of architecture, which still remain in the Juden-Strasse, or chief street of the Jews' quarter. In one of these miserable houses, now untenanted, and with a chain and padlock fastening its door, was born the Rothschild who founded the present *ruling* dynasty in Europe. A group of Jews chatting on the street eagerly responded to our question, and pointed it out with manifest pride. It is a three-story building, made of plaster and timber, and with a projecting roof. With all their wealth, the Frankfort branch of the family maintain a becoming simplicity. Their immense banking-house here is a brick building, with nothing to distinguish it save the iron grating of the lower windows. It was in Frankfort that this family first began their immense business as money-lenders to European governments, which was possible in the first instance by the warm personal friendship of the rich Landgrave of Hesse. The foundation of their fortune was laid by having for eight years the free use of five millions in silver, during the troubles incident to Napoleon's wars. Their same rich friend knew that it was safest with

them, and subsequently allowed them the use of it for several years longer at only two per cent. per annum. It is said that the family made a million dollars by learning the result of the battle of Waterloo some eight hours before it was known in England. The five sons of the founder became associated with him in the banking business and made one firm, although their business was divided into five branches. Established in London, Paris, Vienna, and Frankfort, they control largely the finances of Europe. Within a period of some twelve years their loans to European powers have amounted to about four hundred millions of dollars. England, Austria, Prussia, France, Naples, and even Russia and Brazil, look to them for money. They make war and declare peace, according as they furnish or withhold the sinews of war.

From Frankfort we go to Mayence, where we embark for a run down the Rhine.

## LETTER XLIII.

## THROUGH HOLLAND AND BELGIUM.

WHAT a battle-field is all the Valley of the Rhine! Each city is a perfect fortress. Aside from the wonderful walls of Strasburg, the approaches to the city for miles are defended by a series of fortifications. Mayence, Cologne, and other important places, are more really walled cities than any we saw in China; for the walls in these cases are made to withstand the most vigorous artillery attacks. Life in this valley would seem to be no more secure than in many cities of the Orient. Nor have France and Prussia been the only combatants, for the ruins of old castles, which one sees in nearly every landscape, tell of dangers and battles for many centuries. Moreover, this ground promises to be equally historic in the future. Prussia, so long humbled by France, has reason to fear that her late victories are temporary. Her old foe will seek to reconquer the cities so lately wrested from her, and to repeat, if possible, Prussia's humiliation. There is eternal enmity between the two nations. King William's soldiers are massed in this disputed territory, while an explanation is demanded about every suspicious military movement of her old enemy. The time of the conflict may be remote, but each nation confidently expects it, and here will be the battle-field.

Prussia's most formidable fortress is situated on

the banks of the Rhine. It is called her Gibraltar. It is known as Ehrenbreitstein, and overlooks Coblenz, the emperor's summer residence. The immense forts are large enough to hold one hundred thousand men, and yet so strong as to be successfully defended by five thousand.

France has made Prussia the greatest military power in the world. Requiring her to have a standing army of only a few hundred thousand men, Prussia accepted the terms dictated by her conqueror, but by requiring military service of all her citizens, and thus from time to time having them all in the army, she has become a nation of soldiers. We saw them drilling in nearly every city, as if Europe were now in a state of war. Evidently her policy is to be ready for war at any moment. Her military system is certainly most costly, but saves her from the hardly greater expense of a long conflict. The fate of France was sealed in the late war in less time than it took Russia to get her first troops into Turkish dominions. The battles between the Russians and the Turks are now all fought in Berlin before the first gun is fired. The military opinion of leading German officers is telegraphed over Europe like the news of an actual battle.

The Rhine has the water and current of the Missouri, but the banks of the Hudson. The current is so swift as to run flour-mills anchored out in the river like flat-bottom boats. They are run on the principle of the under-shot wheel. Draw-bridges are opened and shut by the force of the current, and by a peculiar device ferry-boats are made to cross to either side of the river, from no other force than that of the running water. The principle in either case is the same. Each is provided with a simple steering apparatus, which, once being fixed, the current does not disturb. The boat, for exam-

ple, is anchored in the middle of the river, but by a cable so long that it can reach either bank at some distance below. Its prow is then turned in the direction you wish it to go, and the current takes it across.

The steam-boat which took us down the Rhine from Mayence to Cologne was very like the better class on our American rivers. The passenger-list was very large, and while aft you would imagine yourself on the Hudson, the German passengers being nearly all at the bow. We ran the entire length of the interesting scenery of the river, and over much of this distance the country was level and wanting in beauty. Along about Bingen, and until after we passed the Seven Mountains, the banks were often bold and beautiful, but the Rhine is not so attractive as the Hudson, either in the clearness of the water or the scenery along its banks. It lacks the palisades and the handsome villages of the Hudson, but it possesses the picturesque ruins of old castles. If the Hudson only had these historic remains it would be perhaps the most charming river in the world. It is these, in my opinion, which, more than any thing else, have given the Rhine its reputation for beauty. There are the Castles of the Two Brothers who fought each other to the bitter death; the Castle of the Cat watching the tiny Castle of the Mouse; and there are dismantled castles and castles restored. In fact, the whole river for many miles bristles with them, and they are its charm.

Cologne is one of the largest cities of the German Empire. Its public buildings are as creditable as the streets in the older part of the city are crooked and odorous. The drainage seems quite imperfect, and many of the numerous smells detected by Coleridge still linger in the air. One is reminded of his witty verse:

Ye nymphs who reign o'er sewers and sinks,  
The River Rhine, it is well known,  
Doth wash your city of Cologne;  
But tell me, nymphs, what power divine  
Shall henceforth wash the River Rhine?

The famous cathedral is still unfinished. More than six centuries in building, the different ages of its various parts are manifest in the appearance of the stone. What has been done is largely owing to royal bounty, and it would still require the contents of an imperial treasury to finish it. It strongly resembles the cathedral of Milan. One church in Cologne which I saw contains the bones of some eleven thousand virgins who were slain here with St. Ursula, while returning from a pilgrimage to Rome, according to the tradition. At any rate, these bones are placed pell-mell in glass cases which are arranged about the interior of the church. They are in full sight of the congregation, and are supposed to give great sanctity to the edifice. It was gratifying in such a city to attend service at a large Protestant Church, where the minister preached to a considerable congregation, whose singing, although like the sermon, in an unknown tongue, was with unction and power. In Germany, where the battle of the Reformation was fought, the victory was only half won, and appears to have been fully as much political as religious. Such German cities, at least, as we have visited seem hardly more Protestant than some in Italy. What we saw of the people confirmed our ideas of their thrift and industry and social habits, with which we are so familiar in America. Unhappily, I do not need to describe a German Sabbath.

From Cologne we went by rail to Amsterdam. This part of Germany, like most of the other parts that we traveled through, is quite level and apparently fertile. Such, we learned, is the character of



the country also between the Rhine and Berlin. Of course we found Holland flat as we entered it, and we soon had glimpses of her wonderful system of canals. We saw two great tracts of sand, perfectly sterile, with here and there a shrub struggling for an existence. These districts are, of course, uncultivated. The Hollander seems to shun them as hopeless, or at least as less remunerative than the bottom of the sea, after he has diked it and pumped out the water. Along the canals are many signs of prosperity. Every cottage, aside from the beauty of its own neatness and cleanliness, has a display of flowers in its yard. I doubt not that a close inspection would have discovered many of the tulips for which Holland is so famous, and which were once speculated in by her citizens as wildly as corner-lots in Chicago or mining stocks in San Francisco.

The Hollander's ruling passion is sand and soap. Whether the fair complexion of the women is due to the same cause I cannot say, but such clean door-steps and white windows and doors one cannot find anywhere else in the world. Even younger women wear white caps, which give them a most attractive appearance. I expected to find many very fat men, with pipes, but almost the only stout people that I saw were elderly women, and I cannot recall a single smoker. Perchance the *retired* Hollander is the traditional one, but such as we saw were brisk and energetic, and with not so much flesh as to interfere with business. The fattest things that we saw were strawberries, regular burgomasters that had lived on the fat of the land. They almost had to be eaten with a knife and fork. A hungry man might cut them in two with a spoon, but even he would hesitate to put a whole one in his mouth at once.

Amsterdam, like the other Dutch cities that we visited, is most substantially built. Its houses are of brick, and are usually quite tall, and with pointed

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roofs. Here we saw for the first time small mirrors in metallic frames, so arranged on the outside of the dwelling-houses as to inform the ladies what is going on in the streets. Sometimes there was such a combination of them that a lady, at her sewing or conversation, could see every thing on the streets below without changing position in her chair. Such are the luxuries of wealth in Holland! In fact, we saw no costly, elegant houses, but we judged of the good circumstances of a family by the number of mirrors. Even as with us, the poor sometimes imitate the rich. The Flemish ladies, too, we found, had adopted this custom, and it is not unknown even in London and New York, especially in the fashionable streets.

Amsterdam is a city of canals, which divide it into some ninety islands, connected by means of nearly three hundred bridges. The houses are all constructed on foundations of piles, just as in Venice. The water of the canals is quite uninviting, and only the introduction of pure water from the Zuyder Zee keeps it from becoming stagnant and foul. Water, which is Holland's greatest enemy, and requires constant watching, is depended on as her best ally in time of war, as the whole country can be instantly inundated, and thus check the progress of any foreign army. It is on the water that she has won her famous victories, and acquired her immense wealth. We saw some old warehouses which were in use when the Dutch established commercial relations with Japan, and alone, of all Europe, knew any thing of "the land of the rising sun." Even now on these canals float ships from the most distant parts of the world. A nation denied almost an existence on the land, Holland founded her colonies in Japan and Java, bought Manhattan Island, and projected what is already the third city in the world; and though still smallest among the nations, she is

one of the greatest commercial powers ever known. Her capital is located on a dam at the mouth of the Amstel, which gives the city its name, Amsterdam. Thus, no less at home than abroad, she rules the waves. The mouths of the canals and the river are closed with immense gates, which may still be opened whenever resort must be had to the dire remedy of flooding the country.

While we were most interested in this indomitable *people*, and in their harbors and massive piers, in their canal-boats and fishing-smacks, and their thrifty owners who lived upon them and *poled* them through the city, we found time to see something of Amsterdam's most famous home industry—*diamond polishing*. Having long dispensed with the services of a guide in Europe (as we would advise others to do), we consulted our invaluable *Baedicker* and found the location of a large diamond-polishing establishment on a certain *gracht*, or canal. On reaching the building its great size confused us. Here was an establishment large enough for a manufactory of agricultural implements; and could *diamonds* be in such numbers as to require even one such building, while this was only one of several in the city? Backshish, so powerful in all the rest of the world, opened this door for us in Holland. We found the whole run by steam, and the diamonds polished by being held on revolving disks of iron on which was placed a slight mixture of oil and diamond-dust. Sometimes a large stone is cut by means of a wire covered with diamond-dust, but usually the diamond is fastened by some sort of composition in the end of a small piece of iron not larger than an ordinary lead pencil, and this is held to its place on the disk. Sometimes a skilled workman had several in his possession, and his trained eye knew just when each face was sufficiently polished. It is mostly Portuguese Jews who have

established this great industry, and they employ a considerable number of men, commanding as they do the confidence of the leading jewelers of the world. It was in one of these establishments that the famous Kohinoor, Queen Victoria's diamond, was polished. The system of restraint thrown around the workmen renders losses or thefts almost impossible. I should think that more than a hundred men were employed in the building that we visited.

Our route from Amsterdam to the Hague and Rotterdam led through what, up to 1840, was a vast inland lake. It required some six millions of dollars and about thirteen years to drain it. Great as was the cost, the land sold for less than one hundred dollars an acre, and is now worth nearly four hundred dollars. Large engines were used for pumping out the water, and the numerous windmills of the country are still employed to remove any surplus water. This vast "polder," or drained bed, is evidently very fertile. It is one great field divided into smaller districts by means of numerous canals. These latter serve as fences as well as help to drain the land. Foot-bridges connect the different fields, but the opening of the draw in each prevents cattle from straying into wrong pastures. We heard of plans on foot for recovering from the sea yet vaster districts than this, once covered by the Haarlem Meer. The enterprising Hollander can almost regulate the seasons, allowing the moisture to remain so long as it facilitates the growth of his barley or oats, and then pumping it away whenever his crops require a dry season. Still the land is most favorable for cattle. Much of England's choicest beef is fattened in those fine pastures which lie below the level of the sea. Yonder dunes, or sand-hills, to the right, mark the bounds where the ocean beats and roars but cannot cross.

Amsterdam is the capital, and here we visited one of the royal palaces, but the king lives mostly at the Hague, or the Hedge, which formerly marked the favorite residence of the courts of Holland. It is a considerable city of nearly a hundred thousand souls, and being the residence of the court, has fine buildings and streets, and is the art-center of Holland. Here we found some of Rembrandt's best paintings in his peculiar style of art, where the picture is self-illuminated, with others of Van Dyck and Holbein; but, most famous, Paul Potter's "Young Bull," which is regarded as one of the first half dozen pictures of the world. It is so life-like that a nervous lady would be pardoned if her first impulse on seeing it was to run! Here, too, we saw the finest collection of Chinese and Japanese curiosities to be found anywhere. We saw nothing like them for completeness even in China and Japan. The peculiar facilities of a nation with colonists in remote regions have thus been faithfully utilized. Only England and Holland could gather such collections. Many of the articles were no doubt brought here centuries ago.

In the Queen's Palace, or "the House in the Woods," we found rooms entirely fitted up with Chinese and Japanese furniture, brought over when these articles were a world's wonder. Every thing was most elegant; but more wonderful than any thing else about the palace were DeWitt's paintings in relief, so perfect that we were slow to believe that they were not sculpture. The interior of the palace is as elegant as the exterior is simple and unimposing. Here lived and died the Queen of the Netherlands, who was as much an object of pride among her people for her gentleness and culture as her surviving lord is of pity and contempt for his ignorance and coarseness. The park which surrounds the palace embraces a considerable area, and



is filled with stately trees, most of them, no doubt, in their original condition when all this was a forest. The drives through this park are among the finest in the world.

In Rotterdam we visited one of the windmills for which Holland is so famous. It was a residence and flour-mill all in one. The wife presided in the office on the ground-floor. The family apartments were in the second story, and were as neat as a Dutch housewife always keeps them, while in the several stories above were the millstones and the wheat-bins. We ventured out on the roof, keeping at a safe distance from the long arms of the windmill, which threatened to demolish us at each revolution. Rotterdam gives one a fine idea of old Holland, as there have been but few modern improvements made. The principal street of the city runs along the top of a dike built to protect a large part of the place from inundation. The town is intersected by numerous canals crossed by draw-bridges. Large vessels can come up these canals to the very heart of the city and discharge their cargoes brought from the remote regions of the earth. A view from the steeple of the Church of St. Lawrence revealed a panorama of canals, windmills, and masts, as far as the eye could reach; and from some of the steeples one can see almost the whole of Holland. There is nothing but sand-dunes and occasional avenues of trees to break the level of the fields and water.

We were well impressed with the Dutch. The nation which produced a William of Orange and an Erasmus has still a race of industrious, enterprising citizens, for the most part stanch Protestants. Her vast commerce has brought her in large wealth. With becoming charity she cares well for her seamen. It was pleasant to find the English language spoken by nearly every one with whom



we had occasion to speak. It may be pleasing to American pride to know that our manufactures may always be found in Dutch stores. In fact, being compelled to buy a trunk, I was unable to get any other than one made in America, being assured by the merchants that they could purchase more reasonably of us than in England.

Entering Belgium from Holland, and observing the marked differences between the two people, one does not marvel that the union of the two countries into one kingdom was so short-lived. Together they made a respectable nation in size, but there was no sympathy between the two. The Belgians, especially the dwellers in the cities, are essentially French, alike in their language and instincts. The agricultural population speak the Flemish, which is closely allied to the Dutch. Antwerp and Brussels are really French cities, second and smaller editions of Paris. Both cities have fine boulevards and parks, while the stores and residences are on a palatial scale, strongly contrasting with the simpler style of Holland. The dress of the people is Parisian, and their religion is Catholic. The clergy receive their stipends from the State. With so many points of dissimilarity it is not strange that the unnatural union lasted less than a score of years.

We found at Antwerp the masterpieces of her two famous artists, Rubens and Van Dyck. We lingered in admiration over the former's two great works in the cathedral—"the Elevation of the Cross," and "the Descent from the Cross." These, and other paintings which we saw in the museum, are *winged*—that is, have a companion-piece on each side connected with the central picture. The art-collection here is quite rich in the works of the Antwerp school, not least distinguished of which was the former blacksmith, Quentin Massays. It was to be expected that we should find here a *Dutch*

Madonna, as we had found *Italian* features in Rome, and saw that a *Spanish* face was Murillo's ideal. The cathedral, a large and beautiful Gothic edifice, is an elegant home for some of the finest productions of the brush and of the wood-carver's art. The confessionals and the pulpit are marvels of skill. Quite near the cathedral we found the famous well-cover of Antwerp's blacksmith-artist, an exquisite piece of work, which tradition says he made entirely with the rude implements of his smithy.

Taking a carriage for a drive about this old Dutch town, so fast becoming French, we could not understand for a time why the numerous ships at the wharf should be so gayly decorated with bunting. Could it be some religious festival that called out such enthusiasm, even from the sailors? What was the saint's day? Corpus Christi was past—they were celebrating that when we were in Naples. What was the day of the month? Why should the *stars and stripes* be floating at so many mast-heads? It was the *Fourth of July*. I doffed my hat at the memory of my country's birthday, and sat a trifle more erect at its recognition in a foreign land.

If Antwerp was a gay city, what shall I say of Brussels? Only this, that it was as much more like Paris as it is geographically nearer. Here are made the delicate laces which adorn the fashionable world. Would the ladies know how they are made? Come with us about sunset, as we visit one of the largest establishments in Brussels. The silk or linen thread on these spools is the very finest that is spun. This display in the salesroom is worth hundreds of thousands. Who made these elegant shawls and wonderful collars and handkerchiefs? Look at the long row of pale, bowed, toiling women, and listen at the pick, pick of the needle or the noise of the bobbin.

They have been at work since sunrise, and they must labor *twelve hours a day*. What though their eyes grow weak and their fingers ache? there are children at home whose bread must come from the meager wages of a whole day's toil. The contribution-box is more tempting to me than the laces, and I remember our Lord's words, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." About one hundred and thirty thousand women are employed in this way in Belgium, and they make ten million dollars' worth of laces each year.

It was in this gay capital where brave men were called from the dance to the battle. Who can visit Brussels and not see Waterloo? For us the chief object of interest was this battle-field of Europe. In the early morning a large four-in-hand drives around to the leading hotels, so that all guests interested may, for a fixed fee, not including backshish for guide and driver, visit the scene of Napoleon's defeat. A bugler discourses music until we reach the fine boulevard that leads from the city, when with a last grand flourish he leaves us. There is not a *Frenchman* in our party. Our guide whom we took on at Waterloo—a dry wit, dressed in a peasant's blouse—said it was a great pity that Napoleon was not killed on the battle-field, as Frenchmen would then come to see where he died, while as it is none ever come. The only ones that ever visited it, so far as is known, were French soldiers on their way to Antwerp, in 1832, who stopped long enough to hack off part of the tail of the monumental lion, and who would have blown it up had they not been prevented.

Followed by peasant boys and girls, turning somersaults in hope of coppers, we at length reached the town of Waterloo. We stopped in front of the house where Wellington spent the night and wrote his dispatches after the battle. Why should it be

called the battle of Waterloo, when the fight took place four miles distant, and much nearer the village of Mont St. Jean? Let those who have never done so read Victor Hugo's description of this "hinge of the nineteenth century." No one will attempt to describe it after reading his graphic sketch. No doubt, as he says, the field has been greatly changed by the triumphal mound, some two hundred feet in height, made of earth filled with human bones buried where mowed down by shot and shell; yet the general outline of the battle-field is the same, and what most impresses you is that in so small a space one hundred and fifty thousand soldiers could be maneuvered. But so it is; the whole extent of the field is within easy sight. The farm of Hougomont, which both Wellington and Napoleon regarded as the key of the situation; the heights of Belle Alliance, where the French troops were stationed, with the Allies only a mile distant; the long undulating hills, with the slight valley between; such is the simple outline which one sees, where "the light and shade of Europe changed places because a cow-boy said to a Prussian in a wood, 'Pass this way, and not that.'" Years before the keen eye of Wellington had selected this as a possible battle-field, and he knew every ravine and every foot-path and thicket. Here he took up his position with confidence. It was less a brilliant victory than a hard-won battle in which prudence and sagacity fought against venture and daring. The battle-field has been the study of successful military men ever since. "Your General Sheridan was here," said our guide. "He is a little man, just like me. I was his guide, but I could not tell him any thing about the field. He knew it all better than I did, and I have been over it a thousand times, and he was never here before!"

Belgium, the battle-field of Europe, is still not certain of peace, and her fortifications are among

the finest of the Continent. But her railroad system is yet more wonderful. The lines are more numerous, and the rates are cheaper, than in any other part of the world. They are largely owned and controlled by the States. The triumphs of peace may be thus greater than those of war.

## LETTER XLIV.

## PARIS AND LONDON.

A WEEK spent in Paris and eleven days in London do not seem enough time to give to the two largest cities of the world. In one view the time is very short, and yet in a few days of systematic sight-seeing a visitor may learn more of a city than is known to a resident of many years, who has never made it his business to study it. We came simply to see, and while we dare not say, "We came, we saw, we conquered," we can say that we employed all our time in seeking, by observation and inquiry, the most reliable information. These cities are already so well known that I shall simply consider their points of likeness and contrast.

Each city is a world in itself. London contains more people than the whole of Scotland. Count the population of London at four millions and Paris at two millions (which the census in each case will justify), and there are no other cities in the world that can compare with them. Formerly Peking and Yeddo were ranked as the most populous cities, but, through change of circumstances or on closer inspection, they have shriveled into moderate cities of not over a million each, and even these figures are possibly an overestimate. The three greatest cities of the world are doubtless London, Paris, and New York, including Brooklyn. The problem of supporting dense masses within a small area is best solved by Chris-



tian civilization. Despite their poverty, what are known as the lower classes in these vast cities fare better than the like classes in any metropolis of the heathen world. There are fewer famines, pestilences, and disastrous fires. These misfortunes have been blessings in other parts of the world, by reducing the population. The growth of these two immense cities is one of the marvels of the century.

Paris is a walled city; London has long since outgrown its original walls, and new ones have not been called for. This fact is an index of the character and history of the two people. The wars of the English have been mostly on the sea or in foreign lands; the French have had enemies at their very gates. The fortifications of Paris, erected at an immense cost, are among the finest in the world, and were equally difficult of capture to the Prussians and to the national army when the Communists held the city.

The traveler, on entering Paris, it matters not if his baggage has been already examined on crossing the frontier, must submit to a fresh examination. If he is out driving, he cannot reënter the city without having his carriage inspected. The contraband article is *food*. Compelled to raise immense amounts of money for the carrying on of the municipal affairs, paying debts, and making public improvements, a tax is derived from every article of food brought into the city. Thus the revenue is both sure and large. One enters London without any such interference. There is a larger sense of freedom every way on the English side of the Channel, for the French are essentially Imperialist and the English Republican, despite their nominal governments.

The Chamber of Deputies holds its meetings in Versailles, because there is less danger of force being used there to influence its proceedings, while leading

journalists are arrested for criticising the government. There is no guarantee which the Englishman has so sure as freedom of speech, whether in Parliament or out. While the English adhere in theory to the old belief that the king can do no wrong, yet they hold the Cabinet rigidly accountable. The members of Her Majesty's government have to submit to rigorous examination on all that they have done, are doing, or propose to do. If their explanation is not satisfactory, a vote of censure invariably means their resignation and a change of government. Even our American newspapers cannot outdo the London dailies in their fearless, almost savage, criticism of public men and measures. The Englishman seems so jealous of his freedom of speech that he often goes to extremes, saying much more than is necessary.

The House of Commons is one of the most disorderly bodies in the world. It was moderately calm the day we were present. The Opposition were questioning the government, and as all the questions were printed, and each member had a copy, there was not much excitement. Everybody, except the speaker and the visitors in the gallery, sat with his hat on. The Treasury-bench (as the seat occupied by members of the Cabinet is called) and the Opposition-bench face each other, and are separated only by a table. On the latter bench were Mr. Gladstone, Lord Hartington, and other prominent members of the Opposition, while the chancellor of the exchequer, with the secretary of war, and other secretaries just across the way, had to submit to a very storm of questions, some of them apparently asked for no other reason than to annoy, and to remind the government that they were watched. While the House of Commons numbers six hundred and fifty-eight members, it only requires the presence of forty for the transaction of business. In fact, the whole

business of the nation is done by comparatively few. Any matters of grave interest call in the absent members, however, from their country homes or sports. There seems to be but little fear of measures being smuggled through, as timely notice has to be given, and members are thus put on their guard. While freedom of speech is a passion with an Englishman, he has the profoundest respect for rule and precedent. The cellars of the House of Parliament are as regularly searched a few hours before the queen's annual visit as they were in the years immediately succeeding the Guy Fawkes Gunpowder Plot. Lady visitors are excluded from the House simply because it has been customary for nearly one hundred and fifty years. The queen's name must only be mentioned with the utmost caution. A rule passed to protect the House against the notorious obstructionists is first rigidly enforced against one most active in securing its passage.

Of the two cities, Paris is by far the more beautiful. We have seen nothing at all to compare with it in splendor. Under the last Napoleon many of its unsightly buildings were torn down to give way to costly stores or wide boulevards set with handsome shade-trees. We had to go out of our way to see the former prevailing style of architecture. These boulevards are now piercing even the more squalid parts of the city. The time seems approaching when Paris shall have nothing else but these splendid avenues and the finest streets, concealing every vestige of poverty. But though she may hide from view her men in blouses, they will occasionally rush out from their crowded attics, their wives and children with them; then—beware! About the most dreadful object in the world is an angry Frenchman—the most dreadful thing is an angry Frenchwoman. When they combine and find a common object of hate, fell destruction is in their path. During the

Commune they were bent on transforming the proudest monuments of Paris into blackened ruins. Tearing up the pavement-stones, they barricaded the boulevards; women entered the cellars of houses, and with the petroleum concealed about their persons saturated every inflammable article; the Tuileries, the Hotel de Ville, and other splendid buildings, were consumed, while the plan of destruction embraced the whole city.

Yet, other than in their moments of frenzy, these dangerous classes take as great pride as any in their magnificent city. Love of splendor and display is a French characteristic. The safeguard of any government is to make it appear that Paris leads the world in some great improvements. The Louvre was projected under the Directory, while both the Napoleons and Louis Philippe kept the people satisfied so long as they built triumphal arches, restored costly churches, and opened great avenues. The hope of the present government rests largely in the success of next year's Exposition. Projected so soon after the war to show the people that no less splendid things could be done under the republic than under the empire, one of President MacMahon's first acts, when the present crisis was reached, was to assure the people that the Exposition should go on; and by appearing in person on the grounds he showed the deep interest which he felt in its success. The museums, galleries, and gardens of Paris, all help to satisfy the love of display in the mercurial French. They are all open to the public, and are thronged by admiring, self-satisfied visitors. In fact, so marked are their esthetic tastes that nearly all their industries show in some way their love of the beautiful. Their numerous manufactures are all made attractive, while the love of dress is so innate that nearly every person met appears to be a gentleman or a lady; the vilest of the popu-

lation set the fashions, and the work of *convicts* is to color the fashion-plates which charm all Europe and America.

The same contrast which exists between the general appearance of staid, solid London, with her substantial but not showy houses, and brilliant Paris, with her streets of princely structures, each so fine that one is almost surfeited with their monotonous splendor, is true of Windsor and Versailles. Windsor Castle is remarkable for its general appearance of solidity and for the quiet elegance of its interior. The State apartments, which we visited, would not compare with the showy palaces of bankrupt Egypt. Every thing had a substantial air. There were Gobelin carpets and tapestry pictures, some good paintings, and one or two costly vases, nearly all of which were presents. The building seemed to be ample and the grounds and drives in keeping. The whole is thoroughly English. Louis XIV. could not have built the Versailles palace in England. The people who were so outraged by the extravagances of George IV. would have been driven to madness at the expenditure of two hundred million dollars for a palace and park. As it was, this wonderful royal abode, whose fountains are on so grand a scale that it costs two thousand dollars every time they play, whose terraces and gardens are forests of statuary, and whose halls, ample for half the courts of Europe, dazzle you with their splendid ornamentation, doubtless brought on the Revolution. But for a time the whole was so pleasing to the French people that they did not consider the tremendous debt which was being laid on the nation. As it is, such unpleasant memories attached to it that it ceased to be a royal abode, and was made one of the great art galleries of France. Here King William was crowned Emperor of Germany, and here the Chamber of Deputies hold those



stormy sessions in which the future of France must be determined. With the Tuileries and St. Cloud in ruins, and Versailles too costly for even a French king, royalty would seem to stand a bad chance; but the best days of the nation have been under a strong central government, which a republic cannot be. The Prince Imperial need not yet despair of his crown.

Judging from the past, while I do not believe the French people are yet capable of self-government, I believe that they have made progress toward it. Their self-control and calmness at this time are most creditable to the nation. True, the spirit of many is crushed and they have become indifferent, but others see that the successful course is to repress excitement, else the usual whirlwind will sweep through the land. Altogether I was favorably impressed with the French. They are not only industrious and prosperous farmers, and as polite and enterprising merchants as are to be found out of America, but they are a nation of manufacturers. This explains the wealth of the people and their ability to provide for their immense war debt among themselves. We visited the manufactories of Gobelin tapestry and Sevres porcelain, and felt the fascination which makes Paris a paradise to the American. We saw the Champs Elysees, with playing fountains and glowing lights, the gay boulevards, the elegant churches, the palatial stores, the wonderful museums and gardens, and the hundreds of our countrymen who, wild with delight, may always be found in the French capital. Despite all the recklessness and gayety of the people, Paris, if statistics may be relied on, is not a more immoral place than London, while neither is so bad as Vienna.

Of the two cities, I should greatly prefer London as a place of residence. While the Louvre is richer in paintings than the National Gallery, the British



and South Kensington Museums are incomparable for their collections of antiquities. Our nearly two weeks in London were less satisfactory than half that time in Paris, for we felt on leaving that there was so much yet to be seen. Paris, too, is a more expensive city than London. There are few articles, even of French manufacture, that cannot be purchased more reasonably in the English capital. Americans are doubtless largely to blame for this. They seem often to prefer buying in Paris at any price. There are no stores either in Paris or London that can equal A. T. Stewart's, or even Claflin's. Merchants in both cities with whom I talked conceded this. Moreover, neither Hyde Park nor the Bois de Boulogne can compare with Central Park for landscape-gardening. These two, and all the other great parks of Europe that we saw, depend mostly for their beauty on fine old trees, fair lakes, and good drives.

London is especially preferable, because the English cling to the Sabbath and the Protestant faith. We attended three Protestant services in Paris—in the American chapel, the Wesleyan, and a mission-service of Mr. McAll, who has been largely successful among the working classes. This last was on a week night, yet the hall was filled and the people even enthusiastic. They sung in French, with great spirit, some of Sankey's hymns. In the recoil from Catholicism they have a distaste for both ecclesiastical titles and ritualism. But Paris is essentially Catholic, despite a wide-spread hate of the Church and a good share of infidelity. Her churches are on a grand scale. The Madeleine has one of the finest interiors to be found anywhere. It is simple and elegant, without offending you by costly display. We looked in about noon on Sabbath and found it thronged, and the people had been coming and going for hours. We of course

saw Notre Dame, where Hyacinthe's eloquence won for him the ear but not the heart of France. Service over, Paris is gayer than ever on the Sabbath. As on the Continent generally, the art galleries and museums are crowded for the rest of the day, while such as can afford it are on the pleasure drives.

England is as thoroughly Protestant as France is Catholic, taking the capital of either country as the basis of our opinion, for it is hardly less true that London is England than that "Paris is France." Notwithstanding some germs of the papacy left in the English prayer-book, which the Ritualists justly claim authorize them in their practices, yet the great mass of the people repudiate their teachings, and will doubtless yet have to make those changes in its language which their great conservatism and respect for what is old have long kept them from doing. The whole country was agitated while we were there on the subject of the confessional. It had been discussed by the bishops; attention had been called to it in Parliament; the leading papers were full of it; and a monster mass-meeting was held in Exeter Hall to remonstrate against it. We attended as interested spectators, but we seemed almost the only calm persons of the three thousand present. Several members of Parliament spoke, while the platform was filled with clergymen and prominent laymen. I never knew feeling to run so high in a public assembly. Many of the friends of the confessional were present, evidently with the design of breaking up the meeting. No speech was allowed to proceed more than a few sentences at a time without being interrupted by storms of hisses. Instantly the whole audience would rise to their feet and stand until the police had arrested the disturber and put him out in answer to the demand. This was repeated so often during the evening that almost as much

time was taken up in that way as by the speeches. Of course most of those present were connected in some way with the Established Church. The speakers demanded that the confessors should go at once to Rome where they belonged, and not eat the bread of the Church which they sought to dismember. Their reply was, "Persecution," and that they taught only what was contained in the standards of the Church. The *Times*, which is so thoroughly English in all its utterances, remarked the following morning that it was very apparent that the English people repudiated the confessional, and it only remained to be seen whether in so doing they must repudiate the Church of England. The marked growth of the Dissenters may well set the Establishment to thinking.

One of the best sermons that I heard in London was by Canon Farrar, in Westminster Abbey, against the confessional. It was a logical, brave, manly utterance, which sounded all the better in what was once a Catholic church. The transepts and choir were filled with a breathless audience, in which "West End" and the "city" were alike well represented. The sermon held them to the close, in pleasing contrast with a service which I attended the following Sabbath afternoon in St. Paul's, when scores left immediately after the attractive singing, all the better under the wonderful cathedral dome; but Canon Gregory seemed so used to such a proceeding that he preached without any manifest embarrassment. There seem to be many more churches of the Establishment than are necessary, especially in the "city," as the old part of London is called. I looked in at several where there were not more than a score of worshipers.

I heard Mr. Spurgeon in his great Tabernacle before six thousand souls. The sermon was fresh, vigorous, and faithful, and the singing, led by a pre-

centor and joined in heartily by the pastor, was hardly less than sublime. A generous and hearty invitation for all Christians to remain and celebrate the Communion followed. The latter service was held in the lecture-room, which was filled. I had the pleasure of making Mr. Spurgeon's acquaintance at the close, and found him as genial out of the pulpit as he is great in it. His voice, while very strong, is not so clear as I had expected. Its tones are a little thick, but distinct for all that. His health continues very feeble. He is only able to preach a few Sabbaths at a time before he must be off to Scotland or on the Continent. He preached his last sermon for some time the night I heard him. His malady is said to be *insomnia*, or sleeplessness.

Dr. Joseph Parker has large congregations, not only on the Sabbath but every Thursday noon, when a large proportion present are ministers. The author of "Ecce Deus" cannot be otherwise than vigorous in the pulpit, but his mannerisms offend. His delivery is unhappily artificial, and savors of the stage.

Dr. John Cumming, who once had the ear of all London, and addressed thousands in Exeter Hall, now preaches to a very small congregation in his enlarged church near Drury Lane. The church itself is difficult to find, and unless the millennium soon comes the great prophet will be well-nigh forgotten. He has a pleasant voice and an attractive face. I was much pleased with his comments on the Scripture lesson. The sermon was confessedly one of the Exeter Hall series revamped, and although preached apparently from the printed volume which he held in his hand, it lacked animation; the side remarks were without much spirit, and he closed abruptly, as if conscious that he was making but little impression. He was either ill or is losing power—perhaps both.

Of course we visited Bunhill Fields, where John Bunyan and Susannah Wesley are buried, and City Road Chapel, where Wesley preached, and in the church-yard of which rest his bones, with those of Adam Clarke, Jabez Bunting, and others. The old tree which so long stood by Wesley's grave has disappeared. None have been admitted to a place in the cemetery since Bunting's remains were, by a special act of the city authorities, allowed to sleep by those of men with whom his name will be inseparably associated. The chapel stands quite near the site of the old Foundry. It is a spacious but not elegant church. It was well filled when we were there on the occasion of Dr. Punshon's preaching before the lord mayor and the sheriffs, all in their official robes. The sermon was good and most appropriate, but gold lace and other insignia of office seemed to divide the eyes if not the minds of the people. The walls are covered with tablets to the Wesleys, Watson, Benson, Clarke, etc. The pulpit is John Wesley's. Adjoining the church on one side is the chapel where he held five o'clock morning preaching, and on the other side the house where he died declaring, "The best of all is, God is with us." Every thing has an air of neatness and solidity. Like nearly all the churches of London, there is an absence of costly ornamentation. An Englishman's church is like himself, plain and well built. The Frenchman ornaments both his church and his person.

## LETTER XLV.

AT THE WESLEYAN CONFERENCE—ENGLAND, SCOTLAND,  
AND IRELAND—HOME.

ON reaching London, we found a commission from the College of Bishops authorizing us to represent the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, at the British Wesleyan Conference. It had been our purpose to visit it, and we were glad to do so officially, as getting perhaps a better insight into the workings of this great body. The president, the Rev. A. McAuley, being made aware of our mission, sent us tickets of admission, with which we repaired to Bristol in time to witness the opening exercises of the Conference. We hoped to witness the character of the review work of the Missionary Committee, who always have a public meeting the day before the Conference opens, but although we arrived at noon their work was already completed. The exercises consisted mostly of addresses by missionaries from different parts of the globe.

On the night preceding the Conference is always delivered the Fernley Lecture. This is an endowed lecture, and is to be on some important religious theme, and no minister is to be twice chosen to deliver it. The ablest men of the Connection are usually the lecturers, and having a year in which to prepare, and with no second opportunity, the best and ripest thinking is always to be expected. The Rev. E. E. Jenkins, of London, filled the office



this year, and gave a profound discussion of "Modern Atheism," which for freshness and force would have been creditable to any Bampton Lecturer. A large audience listened with eager ears during the two hours of its delivery.

The Conference met on the morning of July 25, in the old Market-street Chapel. Do not imagine a large, elegant church. The only one of that kind belonging to the Wesleyans that we saw anywhere was in Belfast, Ireland, and that was the gift of one man, a memorial edifice for his son. It was a most handsome building, entirely of stone, and cost one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The chapels of Bristol, like those of London, are substantial and roomy, usually with a gallery on three sides, and have a neat but not a costly aspect. The interior is always better than the exterior would promise. On a platform around the pulpit are seated the president, the ex-presidents, and the Conference officers, the secretary and assistants, the missionary secretaries, and the representatives from the Irish and French Conferences. The body of the house is occupied by members of the Legal Hundred and by delegates chosen by the different district-meetings. The galleries are occupied by young ministers who have come up for admission, and by a few American ministers who are so happy as to have tickets of admission. The entire number entitled to be present is about five hundred, for whom entertainment is provided. Two hundred others provide for themselves. The paper which all are scanning so eagerly contains the list of the appointments for the ensuing year. Already, before the Conference has really met, the Stationing Committee, consisting of delegates appointed by each district-meeting for that purpose, has met, and after considering the requests of different charges, has made out the list of appointments and published it thus early, so that any

changes necessary from the remonstrances of preachers or people, or from the elections made during the session, may be duly provided for. The limitation is three years in one charge, and six years in one place. It matters not if there are a hundred different charges in one city, no minister can remain there longer than six years at a time.

After the opening religious exercises, during which was sung the familiar hymn commencing,

And are we yet alive,  
And see each other's face?

the names of the Legal Hundred were called, and dispensations were granted to such as were absent. Fourteen vacancies had to be filled, five occasioned by death and nine by superannuation. These were filled by such as were eligible on the ground of seniority being elected to the even numbers in the fourteen, and such as were nominated taking the place of the odd numbers. The nominations, which were very hearty and complimentary, were made by different prominent members. After a considerable number were nominated, the Conference proceeded to their election by ballot, the secretaries counting the votes in silence, while other business engaged the attention of the body, such as speeches by those who had been elected by nomination or seniority.

The secretary then announced that all members of the Legal Hundred were eligible to the office of president, save such as had held that office at some time during the past eight years. The choice of the Conference fell on the Rev. Dr. W. B. Pope, a man remarkable for his thorough scholarship and his ability as a theologian. His election was evidently more a recognition of these than of his executive ability, for the duties of the chair were manifestly new and rather irksome to him. The ex-president turned over to him the insignia of the

office, consisting of the Conference seal and a Bible two hundred years old, which was long used by Mr. Wesley. The Conference seal bears the simple inscription, "The Seal of the Methodist Connexion. What hath God Wrought!" The Conference then immediately proceeded with a public prayer-meeting, which lasted for a couple of hours.

While the English Wesleyans have never adopted the episcopacy, the respect shown their president is fully equal to that shown a Bishop in our country. During his installation the whole Conference rise to their feet. Even before he takes the chair, his wishes are consulted as to the hours of meeting and adjournment. Every attention is shown him, and, with the Englishman's high regard for authority, he may venture to do things in the chair which would not be tolerated in one of our Bishops. The ex-president sits at his right, as his counselor. All the former presidents are treated with great consideration. To be twice elected to that high office is considered a distinguished honor, while Jabez Bunting was chosen president no less than *four* times. Among the ex-presidents on the platform at Bristol were such men as Punshon, Jobson, Osborne, James, Arthur, Farrar, Bradford, and Gervase Smith; some of these men of remarkable force, and several justly famous for their eloquence and literary ability. It is the presence of such men as leaders and counselors that has helped the Conference to tide over many a dangerous place. Dr. Osborne, whom all delight to honor, is a proverb of conservatism. With such men on the platform, very naturally the business is largely transacted at that end of the house. Several times while we were present the spirit of the Englishman clamored for fair play at the back part of the house, and demanded that there should be a more general distribution of the members on the committees.

An open session of the Conference was held on the evening of the first day, when speeches were made by representatives from the French, Irish, and Australian Conferences. The English are about as great speech-makers as ourselves. The following day there were numerous votes of thanks to the ex-president and secretary, the Fernley lecturer, and others, which had to be moved and seconded in formal addresses, and responded to in the same way. Then there was the opening address of the president and the usual address by the Non-conformist ministers of the city, responded to at length by two of the leading members. Thus, after over four hours of solid speech-making, the Conference adjourned to meet at 4 P.M., when the hearing of the deputation from the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, was made the special order of the day. Under these not very auspicious circumstances Bishop Marvin made an admirable address, which was heartily received with the usual "Hear!" "Hear!" and other marks of approval so common to English assemblies. Dr. Punshon had been designated to respond, which he did in a very happy style. The president then in the name of the Conference assured us of that cordial welcome of which we were already made aware, and which became more and more apparent every hour of our stay. A unanimous resolution of welcome was passed, and a committee appointed to consider the practicability of sending representatives to our next General Conference. Among other expressions of friendly feeling, the president gave each of us an elegantly bound copy of Wesley's Hymns. Of those whose kindness we have special occasion to mention were Dr. Jobson, Dr. Punshon, and the Rev. Richard Martin, whose thorough acquaintance with our ecclesiastical history prepared them for the most cordial fellowship.

All this was largely preliminary to the proper

work of the Conference. Of course there were numerous memorials on different subjects, which were always considered on the principle of "the maximum of adaptation and the minimum of change." The Rev. John Rattenbury reported that in the last three or four years he had secured pledges of over four hundred and fifty thousand dollars to the special fund for worn-out ministers and preachers' widows. The candidates for admission as recommended by the district-meetings numbered one hundred and seventy-nine, of which twenty-eight were *declined*. Of those accepted only sixteen were to go into the work immediately, either at home or abroad; the rest, save fourteen among the Welsh, were to attend either the Theological Institution for preparing students for the foreign work, or that for the home work. One gratifying feature was a list of thirty-four of almost all nationalities presented by the district-meetings in the mission-fields. The number of memoirs was very large, and there was evident danger of their reading degenerating into a mere matter of business; but occasionally there was the deepest feeling manifested, as when the character of such a man as Perks was sketched.

The Conference love-feast was held on Saturday night, and was a profitable occasion. The ex-president preached Sabbath morning, and the president at night, both to a crowded attendance. Dr. Pope's sermon was one of marked ability, and showed that exegetical skill which one would expect from the English translator of Stier's "Words of Jesus." The morning sermon was preceded by the regular morning service of the Church of England. We learned that this was the invariable rule in some of the Wesleyan churches, especially in those towns where they were established in Mr. Wesley's day. A number of the older ministers still have a warm side toward the Establishment, as Wesley himself



had all his life. The *Watchman* is supposed to reflect this shade of opinion, while the *Methodist Recorder* is much more advanced.

We left before the debate on lay representation, when the final adjustments were made before admitting laymen to the next Conference. The difficulties seemed mostly of a legal character, in view of the express terms of the Deed of Declaration requiring that in certain cases only ministers shall act. Nor did we witness the public examination of candidates for the ministry, which consists mostly in the recital of their Christian experience. We learned, too, after leaving that the Conference was very pronounced in its orthodoxy, refusing any place to such as were not clear on all cardinal doctrines. On the whole, we were well impressed with these representative men of English Wesleyanism. This Conference is more like our General Conference than any other body. Its Legal Hundred embrace the best men of the Connection, while many of the others in attendance are men of considerable force.

There was a peculiar interest attaching to Bristol that made it attractive despite the dingy, uninviting aspect of the older part of the city. Here Wesley built his first church, Broadmead Chapel, and it was while trying to raise money to pay off the debt on it that he organized his membership into classes, and thus began that system of class-meetings which is so essential a part of our economy. The chapel is still standing, and is now in possession of the Welsh Methodists. It will hardly hold, gallery and all, over two hundred and fifty people. In one little room in a corner near the pulpit were held some of the first British Conferences. Over the chapel are several rooms, long occupied by Mr. Wesley and his early preachers. The window-panes show inscriptions left there a century and a quarter ago. One, which I recall, ran:



On brittle glass I grave my name,  
A follower of the bleeding Lamb;  
But thou canst show a nobler art,  
And grave thy name upon my heart.

Here, too, in Bristol, Wesley preached his first open-air sermon. In the suburbs he founded the famous Kingswood School. It was to the Kingswood colliers that Whitefield preached, when he could see the effect of the truth in the white lines made by the tears that streamed down their sooty faces. Here, where Wesley held so many of his Conferences, he presided over his last. In Bristol were developed such characters as Samuel Budgett, the "Successful Merchant," whose large establishment is still kept up by his sons, and their business sagacity and liberality are of the same type as their honored father's.

In Bristol, too, Robert Hall began and ended his brilliant ministry, his chapel being within ear-shot of Wesley's first chapel and on the same street. Here, too, at present labors one of the most remarkable men of the century, George Müller. We visited his five great orphan houses, erected at a cost of over half a million dollars, and saw something of the working of those charities which command public confidence to such an extent that he receives unsolicited no less than a quarter of a million dollars annually for their maintenance. In short, since he began his work he has received in the same way no less than three and a half millions of dollars. There were nearly two thousand orphans in the different buildings when we visited the institution. Everything is conducted with the utmost system and with all proper economy. It is enough to say, such is the confidence felt, that among the largest contributors are Bristol merchants. Mr. Müller also maintains in the field, at home or abroad, no less than one hundred and seventy-eight missionaries in the

same way, besides circulating vast numbers of copies of the Scriptures and supporting, wholly or in part, nearly one hundred and fifty schools for Christian instruction.

Clifton, one of the suburbs of Bristol, is quite a pretty place, many of its handsome residences reminding us of Brighton, which we visited on our way to London. Yet even at their watering-places the English show much moderation compared with our displays at Long Branch and Saratoga. The "turn-outs" in Hyde Park, however, prepared us to expect similar ones in fashionable quarters elsewhere during the season. An Englishman's weakness is horse-flesh, but an English lady, as a rule, is a more graceful rider than her lord.

From Bristol we went direct to Oxford, seeing everywhere on the way the characteristic English landscape of green fields and the invariable hedge-row. The finest trees that we saw were along the Broad Walk, in Christ Church Meadow, at Oxford. They are the pride of the country, and have kindled many a poet's fire, from Keats's day and before. Oxford lies embosomed in trees, only the spires of her colleges revealing her presence at a distance. There are twenty-one of these colleges and four halls, which make up Oxford University. The oldest of these is Merton, dating from 1264; the youngest is Keble, less than ten years old. Perhaps Christ Church is the most famous. Founded by Cardinal Wolsey, among the eminent men who have studied in its halls are various members of the royal family, "Rare Ben Jonson," South, Ruskin, Wellington, Gladstone, Locke, William Penn, the two Wesleys, and Dr. Liddon. The several colleges have each the usual quadrangle. The buildings are generally of stone, and many of them were once rather handsome, but the stone is in many instances peeling off, and has to be renewed. In the Bodleian Library

we found Guy Fawkes's lantern and the death-warrant of Charles I. We also stood under the groined stone roof of the Divinity School, where Latimer and Ridley were tried for heresy a fortnight before they consecrated by their ashes a spot which Oxford has marked with a beautiful martyr's memorial. We of course walked down through Christ Church Meadow to the Thames, and saw the peculiar boats, or shells, in which the Oxonians have won so great distinction. Vacation as it was, they were not all idle.

We spent a night at Stratford-on-Avon, and saw the house where Shakespeare was born. One could pass by it without being struck with its age, as nearly every thing, except the old timbers, which, with the plaster between them, make up the walls, has been renewed, and even these have been painted. The yard is neatly kept, and is quite attractive. The house is evidently the pride of the village. What we desired most to look upon was the natural scenery of the place, which fed the genius of young Shakespeare, so that, as he termed it—

And this our life, exempt from public haunt,  
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,  
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.

We found there simply the quiet beauty of the English landscape, and the Avon no more attractive than the Thames.

We found Birmingham to rival Pittsburg in smoke, but saw none of the blackened ruins which showed a Commune in Pittsburg as unreasonable as any that ever held reign in Paris. The miles of splendid stone wharfs at Birkenhead and Liverpool interested us greatly, as perhaps the like is to be found nowhere else in the world. Liverpool has almost an American look. Perhaps it is because, being a comparatively new city, the style of architecture is more modern than the general English

style. Everywhere there is a reminder that there once lived a Wellington and a Nelson, while only Victoria and the Prince Consort approach them in the number of their statues.

The material secret of England's greatness is certainly her coal mines. We found her coal in all parts of the world, to say nothing of her manufactures, which are possible only from these rich mines of black diamonds. From Birmingham to beyond Liverpool would seem to be one immense bed pierced by thousands of shafts. It becomes a serious question what to do with the slate and shale, and acres of good land are covered with it to a great depth, so that many of the mining towns look as barren and uninviting as some of our own. It is rather surprising to see immense tracts of uncultivated land between Liverpool and Edinburgh. The cars run through long stretches of country with not a house in sight, and with only a few cattle feeding in pastures which seem green, less from any fertility of the soil than from the great dampness of the atmosphere.

The Scotchman loves to think that Edinburgh resembles Athens, but, as in most cases of likeness, the points of similarity are few. Calton Hill is a sort of Acropolis, and Arthur's Seat might pass for Lycabettus. Her great university can show names of which Athens even might be proud. We visited Holyrood Palace, where the beautiful Queen Mary spent so much of her unhappy life, and all that remains of the abbey where Charles I. was crowned and several of the Jameses were married. In the old castle we saw the crown-jewels and the room where James VI. was born. We saw the famous Cowgate Street, whose poverty and wretchedness Chalmers and Guthrie did so much to alleviate; and John Knox's house, where the great reformer passed into a quiet haven after his stormy life. His last resting-place is marked by a simple slab in the

pavement of Parliament Square, and the only inscription are the letters J. K. Burns, Scott, Livingstone, and Dugald Stewart, all have statues erected in their honor, and while Edinburgh has Knox's ashes, Glasgow has for him a splendid monument in one of the finest cemeteries in Europe. Altogether, Edinburgh is one of the prettiest cities to be found, since she has transformed her ravines into parks and flower-gardens.

We went to Glasgow through the Trosachs and over Lochs Katrine and Lomond, with the Frith-of-Forth in full view as we left Edinburgh. The considerable rain which fell upon us, as we drove in open coaches through the Trosachs, our driver pronounced, in his broad accent, "only a Scotch mist." Embarking on a miniature steamer, we coasted by Ellen's Isle, which the "Lady of the Lake" has immortalized, and soon reached the other end of Loch Katrine, where coaches waited to convey us to the steamer which was to bear us over Loch Lomond. Both these beautiful lakes are quite interesting as connected with the romantic history of Rob Roy, and as reflecting the lofty heads of Ben Lomond and other peaks.

Glasgow is a most substantially built city, and one of considerable wealth, to which tobacco, cotton, and iron have largely contributed. The Clyde is lined with ship-yards, which now, unhappily, owing to the extensive strike among the workmen, are filled with the iron frames of unfinished ships in all stages of building. They wore more of a deserted look than usual perhaps when we saw them on Saturday afternoon, the workmen's holiday. The Clyde is one great sewer, and the excursion steamers which plied between different landings only helped to uncork the odors, which made us eager for our ship to get out into the Frith, on her way across the North Channel to Belfast.



The prosperity of Ireland seems mostly in the North. There are few better citizens than are to be found in Belfast. The city's growth shows the presence of men of much public spirit and enterprise, while her institutions of learning are of a high order. Yet even between Belfast and Dublin we saw an occasional hut most suitable for a pigsty, such as are quite frequent nearer Cork. Trinity College, Dublin, has the largest quadrangle that we saw anywhere, and several of the public buildings of the city are quite massive and imposing. The statues of some of her statesmen reminded us that we were in the land of great orators. We spent a day on the charming Lakes of Killarney, and listened to the singing of our Irish boatmen and to the quaint legends of the O'Donohue. Muckross Abbey is one of the finest ruins that we have seen anywhere, while the view from the top of Ross Castle was one of real beauty. We had the pleasure of seeing an Irish fair in Killarney. It was wholly for the sale of hogs, and we had to brace ourselves to resist the importunity of Patrick's and Bridget's eloquence to buy their pets, which had fattened almost out of their very hands, and had really shared their roof.

We did not venture through the rain to kiss the Blarney Stone while we lingered in Cork awaiting our ship. With glad hearts we embarked, in the spacious Queenstown harbor, on the "Britannic," which was to convey us across the Atlantic in the shortest time ever made, being only seven days, ten hours, and fifty-three minutes. If the slow passage of the "Alaska" across the Pacific showed our reluctance at leaving, the speed of the good "Britannic" was in sympathy with our hearts in their eagerness to reach our native shores again. The "Emerald Isle" soon faded out of sight, and in less than a week we took on board the pilot who should



bring us into New York harbor on the night of August 17.

Home! Our own country had a new look after having been so long in the early home of the race in the Orient, but it was *home*, and to be chosen above every other land on earth. None can show such a history, none such a destiny. "He hath not dealt so with any nation." After a Sabbath in New York, it needed only about fifty hours to complete the circuit of the globe. Joy! they are ended at last, and loved ones are waiting on the platform with their welcomes.

THE tour of the world was made in ten months and three days. By continuous travel it can be made in less than three months, so that we had over seven months for a somewhat careful though rapid survey of the field, aside from the general knowledge which comes from hurried travel through a country. We found the English language to serve us everywhere, for even when we could not speak the language of the country there were always natives who spoke English, and served us as interpreters. The whole line of travel is so well equipped with steam-ships, railways, and telegraph-lines, that we did not miss a single connection nor lose a single letter. One that I failed to receive in India afterward came to hand in America.

After a survey of the whole field, the conviction strengthens—the *world* which has been subjugated by the art of man—threaded with all facilities for travel and commerce—the *world*, vast as it is, is not too large a conquest to be made in the name of Christ.

IN MEMORIAM.



## IN MEMORIAM.

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JUST as this volume is about coming from the printer's hands, a calamity has befallen the author and the Church which demands some fitting reference here. On the morning of November 26, 1877, Bishop ENOCH MATHER MARVIN "fell on sleep" in the fifty-fifth year of his useful life. It was the prospect of his genial company that led me to take this tour around the globe when I did. The opportunity of seeing and discussing with him the great missionary fields and the most historic lands, together with the vast false religions of the world, added largely to the satisfaction of the tour. The unrestrained intimacies of travel only revealed more fully the estimable traits of a character I had long admired and loved. His sudden death throws back upon our delightful tour its only shadow, and even that is relieved by the joy that he did not fall on some distant continent or sea. But how sacred will always be every league of the journey when I remember that the companion with whom I measured it has passed to his reward!

Bishop Marvin was born in Warren county, Missouri, June 12, 1823. He joined the Missouri Conference in 1841, the year following his conversion. So unpromising were his early attempts at preaching that he

received no encouragement to continue in his sacred calling. After a few years, however, his native force of intellect became so apparent that he was taken from frontier missions and circuits and sent as junior preacher to serve the Methodists of the metropolis of the State. But he was hardly yet adapted to the work of a city pastor, in which he subsequently became so eminently successful. After serving the Church on various stations, circuits, districts, and agencies, he finally returned to St. Louis, where, as pastor or as resident Bishop, he spent more than a third of his life.

By his published volume of "Lectures on Transubstantiation," and his acceptable pulpit-work in various parts of the territory occupied by his Church, he became so favorably known as an able defender of the faith, and as an eloquent evangelical preacher, that he was chosen in 1866 as one of the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. As in all other departments of Church-work, he grew into his new position and exercised its functions with rare ability, alike in the pulpit and the chair.

His early preaching was marked by an exuberant imagination. This occasionally appeared in his later efforts, which were, however, most characterized by close analysis and philosophical breadth. The change in his style of preaching he attributed largely to a prolonged time of reflection, when, during part of the war, he was unable to preach owing to ill health. It was during this exile from the pulpit that he matured his wonderful little volume on "The Work of Christ." When he began to preach again his sermons contained more matter and of a different sort. He then mapped out those great lines of thought which appear in his published book of sermons. His greatest efforts were

the growth of years, and will compare favorably with the pulpit of any age or country. Preaching was with him a passion. An opportunity had the authority of a call, and he rarely refused to preach, and never without cause—with what clearness of exegesis, with what power of statement, with what fidelity and impassioned eloquence, thousands in every part of the world can testify.

A ruling trait of Bishop Marvin's character was unselfishness. He loved others not simply as himself, but, catching his Master's spirit, *more* than himself. An affectionate husband and father, he was almost a stranger in his own home. He not only went on long absences of twelve and fifteen months at a time, but on returning again to his family counted not his own strength or comfort against the first call for aid. Had he husbanded more carefully his naturally delicate physical powers, he might have blessed the world for a score of years with the results of his recent observations, which he had made when his intellect was at its ripest. His active mind and heart made drafts upon his physical strength of which he was unconscious. His busy pen was the wonder of thousands of readers during much of his public life, and especially while making the tour of the world. Not only did he not rest during his absence, but he gave himself no leisure after his return. He was never in "labors more abundant." The three months after his return which preceded his death are unparalleled in what he did and planned for Christ. Not only was he for five successive weeks in the chair and cabinet, presiding over Conferences, but this was followed by dedications of churches, numerous sermons, and exhausting literary labors.



This book was undertaken at his suggestion while we were yet in Ceylon, and he agreed to prepare an Introduction should I consent to publish. Seeing how busy he must be, I suggested to him that I could only ask for a brief one under the circumstances. His note accompanying the manuscript lies before me as I write, and it shows how full his heart was of the subject of Missions. He says: "In your note you ask for a short Introduction. I could easily have written more. I pray that your book may be made a blessing to the Church. How I do long to be able to send out two or three new men every year!" This, too, was while he was busy preparing his own letters for the press; and it was while at his desk finishing the closing chapters of his forthcoming book that he was taken with the final chill that was followed by pneumonia and death. Aside from this, he was gathering the necessary papers for the "Life of Bishop Andrew," and was contemplating still another work on "Chinese Civilization Without Christianity," a small volume, which he did me the honor to invite me to assist him in preparing for general circulation throughout the Church by way of awakening a *special* interest in our China Mission. The general scope of the volume and even the headings of the chapters were fully discussed while yet on the Indian Ocean, but, alas! probably never committed to writing.

His recent tour was made a great blessing to every land where he touched. His guileless simplicity and magnetic sympathy won all hearts. So unpretentious was he that in many instances his *title* passed for his *surname*, and some supposed that he was the Rev. Mr. Bishop! None who heard him preach, however, failed to recognize the man of commanding intellect. On

the Pacific and the Atlantic, on the China Sea and the Bay of Bengal, on the Arabian Sea and the Ægean, as well as in Japan, China, Ceylon, India, Palestine, Greece, France, and Great Britain, he preached the gospel he loved so well. Even in Egypt and in Turkey he spoke in his Master's name. He filled with peculiar ability the trying position of a representative of his Church to the British Wesleyan Conference, and won a just recognition from that important body. If his life must needs have been cut short at so early a period, it did not lack abundant and distinguished labors.

But it is not so much the wise Bishop, the ready writer, the eloquent preacher, that I remember as the companion of my travels, whose name is so often mentioned in this volume, as it is the genial Christian gentleman, at once father and brother. At our family worship on shipboard, in the almost hourly communion of ten long months, in the interchange of thought and experience, what most impressed me was the transparency of his character. He made no attempt at concealment, but in the most uninterrupted confidence disclosed the thoughts of his inmost soul so far as he was himself conscious of them. They showed a spirit much given to introspection and consciously weak, but clinging with an unwavering faith to Christ. Jesus was the magnet that could instantly attract and recover his soul. He communed much and deeply with God. His private devotions were often prolonged by intense earnestness. He was much given, especially at night, to ejaculatory prayer. He thus constantly threw his soul on Christ.

Well did his pious mother call him *Enoch*, "dedicated," "disciplined." His character and life are summed up in that one verse, the golden stalk in the

stubble-field of the fifth chapter of Genesis, "*And Enoch walked with God, and he was not; for God took him.*" Still walking with God, may I be permitted to join him in exploring yet other worlds in the name of Christ!

Glasgow, Missouri, Dec. 4, 1877.



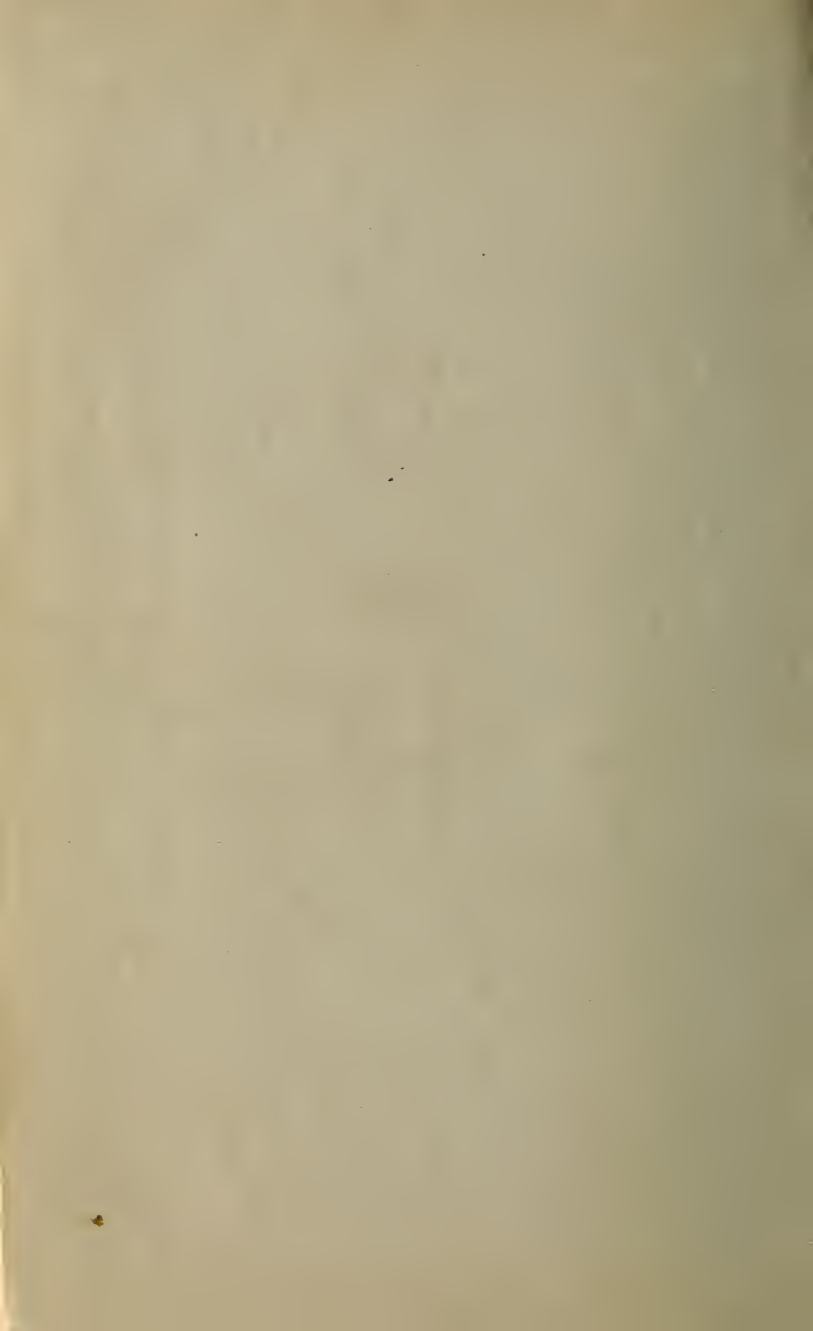














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